Collier's

JANUARY 10, 1948

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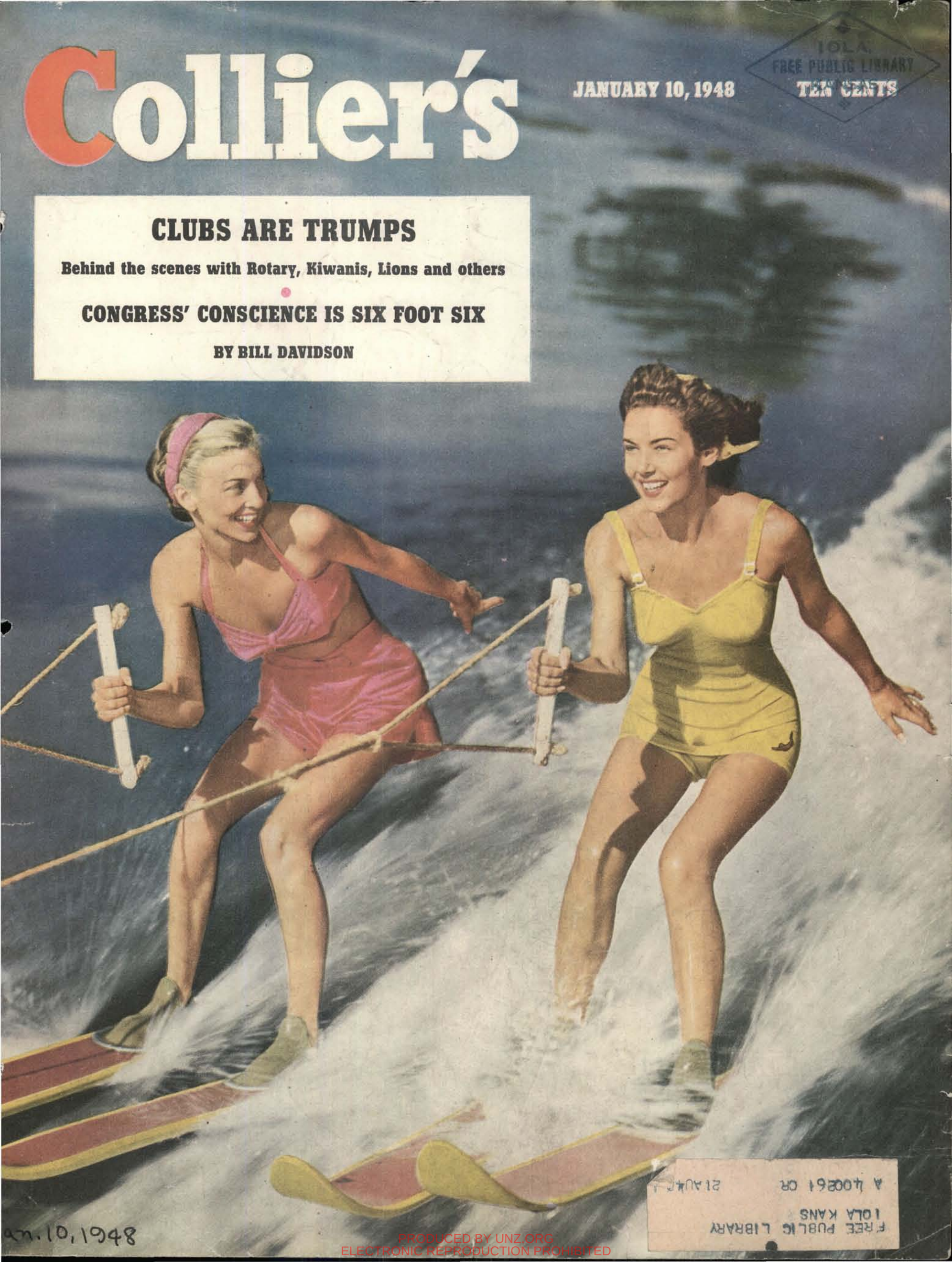
CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

Behind the scenes with Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and others

CONGRESS' CONSCIENCE IS SIX FOOT SIX

BY BILL DAVIDSON



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THE WEEK'S MAIL

LEINO'S INFERNO

EDITOR: Congratulations on your revealing article on the Soviet system (U.S.S.R.—Workers' Inferno, Nov. 29th). The picture of those miners shows an electric head lamp equal to, or superior to, those in general use here. And that all-Soviet-built car coming off the line is almost a spitting image of the 1947 Chevrolet. How do they do it?

Of course, this Leino or Lyin'o will presently be shown up, as were the Valtins, Levines, Smiths. WILLIAM MCMILLAN, Washington, D. C.

. . . I have been in Communist Russia, and can testify that the working man or woman's condition there is every bit as wretched as described and also that the Russian Communists, while regarding American Communists as useful tools, despise them as traitors, to be cast off and liquidated when they have served their purpose. B. FRANK BORSODY, Floral Park, L. I., N. Y.

. . . I would like to believe that John K. Leino's article accurately tells of the failure of Communism and I hope it is not one of those lullabies designed to lull Americans to sleep.

E. H. BORCHARDT, Belle Glade, Fla.

. . . There is nothing Mr. John Doe American would rather know than that the present Communist danger is nothing but a lotta malarkey.

Mr. Leino concentrates on the stupid, fumbling leadership of prewar Russia which is fairly common knowledge, but he says nothing of the leadership or spirit of the people that broke the German war machine at Stalingrad. Nor does he mention the productive knowledge and capacity that, toward the end of the war, were turning out matériel, superior not only to our own, but to the very best—the German.

Could such a system of ignorance, despair and personal greed as Mr. Leino describes even survive a war, to say nothing of playing a major part in winning the war?

Does the broken-down, jalopy variety of prewar Communism Mr. Leino portrays really exist *today*, or are the 1947 Soviets a grim, tough efficient people with the know-how, resources and determination to force their way of life upon the world? DONALD L. HATHWAY, Port Jefferson, N. Y.

(Continued on page 61)

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RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

MERLE OBERON finds crossing rubble heap in Frankfort is dangerous business, so Roman Toporow, member of cast, lends a hand. Scene from RKO's *Berlin Express*, first American film to be made in post-war Germany. Co-stars are ROBERT RYAN, CHARLES KORVIN, PAUL LUKAS.

THEY WILL MAKE YOU believe in miracles. FRED MacMURRAY, VALLI and FRANK SINATRA, stars of RKO's *The Miracle of the Bells*, film version of Russell Janney's best-seller about a press agent who starts a national sensation. Produced by Jesse L. Lasky, Walter MacEwen.

TORN by conscience over their crimes, ROSALIND RUSSELL, sustained by her iron will, comforts her brother, MICHAEL REDGRAVE, in this scene from RKO's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. RAYMOND MASSEY, KATINA PAXINOU, LEO GENN, KIRK DOUGLAS are co-starred.

MASTERPIECE OF AMERICANA. Warring Indians supply a thousand thrills in *War Party*, which stars JOHN WAYNE, HENRY FONDA, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, PEDRO ARMENDARIZ, and cast of thousands. Film is a JOHN FORD-MERIAN C. COOPER Argosy Production.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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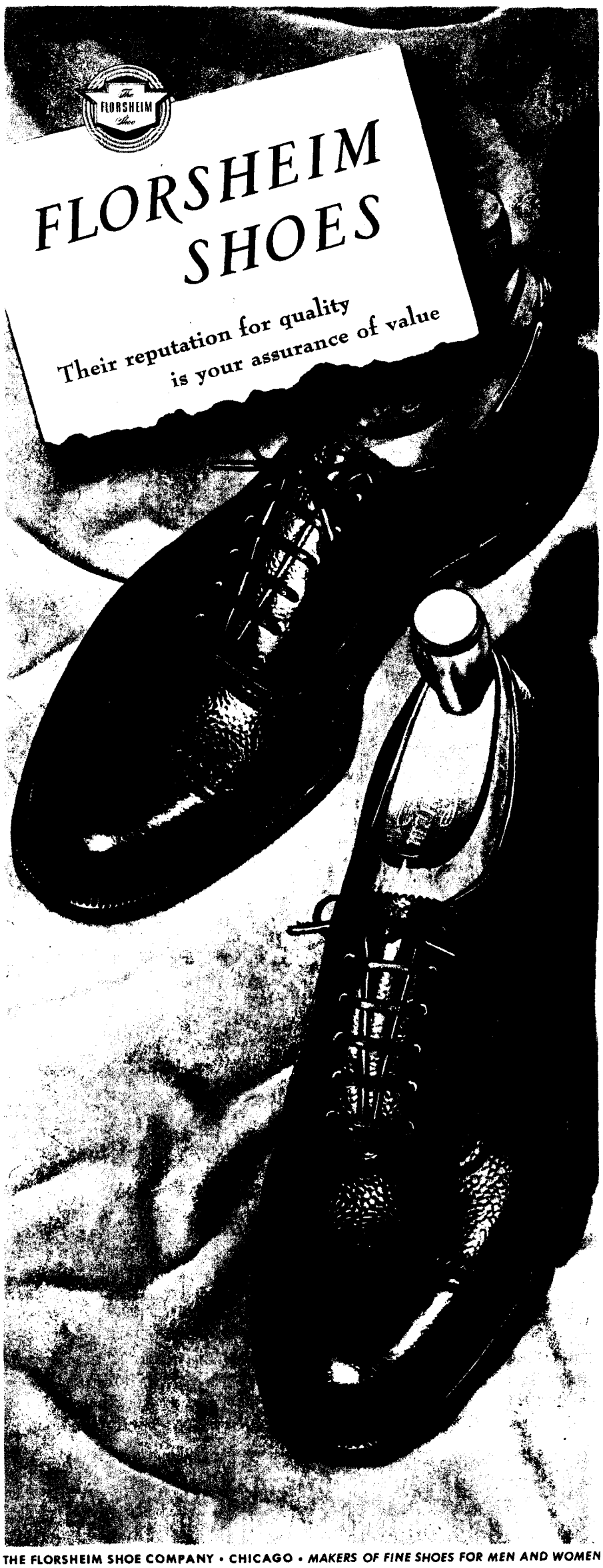

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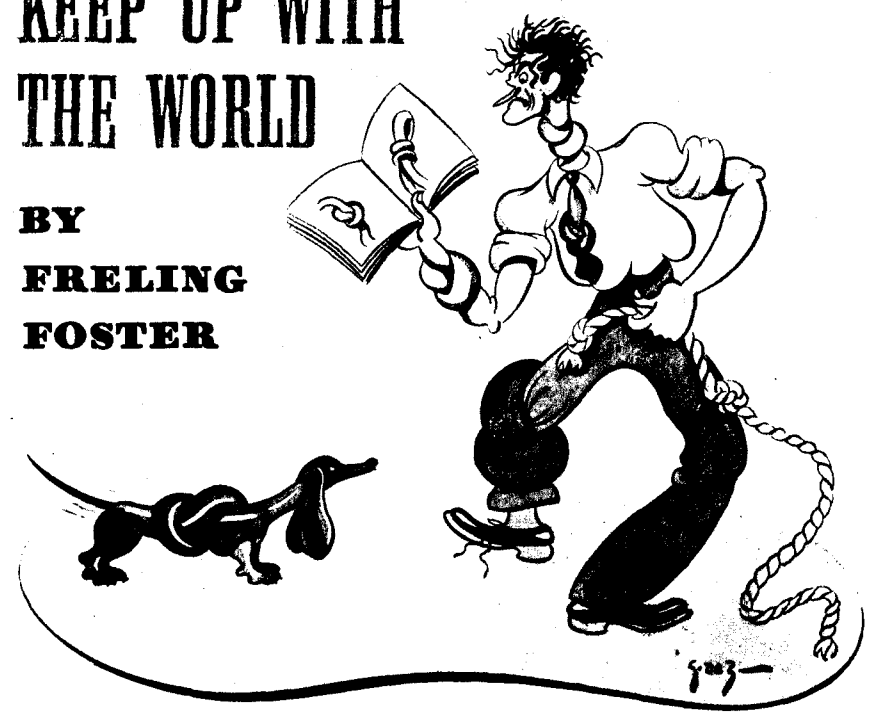
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Probably the most complete work of its kind is a recently published book on the tying of knots which describes and illustrates more than 3,900 varieties that are used by persons in nearly 100 occupations.

Two Negroes so far have their portraits on U.S. postage stamps. The first was Booker T. Washington, whose picture appeared on a ten-cent stamp issued in 1940; and the second is George Washington Carver, whose picture appears on a three-cent stamp that goes on sale this month.

The greatest change in American eating habits in the past ten years has been the swing to processed fruits and vegetables. While the per capita consumption of the fresh products has increased eight per cent, that of the canned and frozen varieties has increased 63 per cent.

Although King Ibn-Saud of Saudi Arabia is an absolute monarch, any of his subjects may have him brought to court. In one such recent trial, he was accused of breaking a Koranic law by leasing oil lands to infidels. The king appeared and won the case by claiming he was obeying the will of the Prophet by making his country prosperous. In the past ten years, it is estimated, royalties resulting from these leases have totaled more than $200,000,000.

Between 1932 and 1935, a Texas widow was the victim of an incredible swindle by two crooks who won her complete confidence because one posed as a minister and wore clerical garb. They told her that, a century before, gold had been buried in various places on her vast ranch and that maps revealing the locations could be purchased in Mexico. Consequently, she had them make many trips to buy these maps, each of which enabled the men to "find" the fake gold bricks they had buried. Three years later, after the crooks had dug up $4,000,000 worth of "gold" and the widow had paid them $300,000 for their phony maps, their lavish mode of living aroused the suspicion of government agents, who then uncovered the swindle and brought about their conviction.

Australia's most feared crocodile was ambushed and shot to death recently near the Gulf of Carpentaria where, during the past century, it had terrorized the inhabitants and killed and eaten several natives and scores of animals such as pigs, cows, horses and wallabies. Because of its notorious record, the body of this 18-foot, one-ton monster was brought 2,000 miles to Melbourne and paraded through the streets on an open truck.

One of the first devices invented for obtaining the nickel from the user of a public telephone was a booth having a door lock that snapped shut when you stepped inside and required the insertion of the coin in order to be opened.—*By Mrs. Angus K. Tate, New Orleans, La.*

Life insurance cannot be obtained by persons in scores of occupations. Those refused policies by most American companies today include jockeys, steeple jacks, wild-animal trainers, mountain-climbing guides, salvage and sponge divers, auto and motorcycle racers, professional boxers and wrestlers, drivers of nitroglycerin trucks and circus freaks and side-show performers.

Because Panama has such lenient laws governing conditions on vessels sailing under its flag, many foreign shipowners have, in recent years, transferred the registration of their ships to that country. Today, this republic, although smaller in population than Milwaukee, has a Merchant Marine of 604 vessels totaling 2,400,000 gross tons, the fourth largest mercantile fleet in the world.—*By George A. Battaglia, Castle Point, N. Y.*

Shortly before the 20-year-old "marriage mill" of Elkton, Maryland, was wiped out by a state law in 1937, this little town of 600 families was deriving an income of nearly $250,000 from the 12,000 couples being married there annually.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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CAN YOU Guess their real names?

Here's a double quiz. Do you know these famous stars by both their screen names and their real names?

1. It's a rare person who won't know the screen name of this famous beauty presently starring in Hunt Stromberg Productions. But do you know her real name . . . the name she used all through her school days? A hint —which probably won't help you much—is that her father was a director of the Bank of Vienna.

By way of interest, she likes dirndls, coffee ice cream, writing poetry, ice skating and driving her car. She always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "One of the first things I learned about America is that the best gasoline is in the pumps with 'Ethyl' emblems."

---

2. They love this man in St. Joe, and just about everywhere else. His sixteen years of comedy on NBC (Sundays, 7 p.m. EST) have made his professional name a byword. But chances are you can't recall his real name —under which he embarked in vaudeville at seventeen.

On the air he plays a squeaky fiddle and jokes about his broken-down Maxwell car. Actually, he is an accomplished violinist and drives a well-kept 1941 convertible. He always uses "Ethyl" gasoline. He says, "I wish the 'gas' in my scripts was always as good as the 'Ethyl' gasoline in my car!"

---

3. The screen name of this brown-haired, blue-eyed star—soon to appear in Samuel Goldwyn's **"THE BISHOP'S WIFE"**—has been up in electric lights so often that the chances are you know it almost as well as your own name. But do you know the name she was given when she was born in Salt Lake City—the name her old friends still prefer? Here are a few facts that might help your identification:

Her last picture was "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER." She does a lot of automobile driving because her hobby is collecting antiques. She always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "I like old things—but I want my car to act *young*."

Check here to see how many you got right:

If you're really up on your screen stars, you undoubtedly know that their names are: **1.** Hedwig Keisler (Hedy Lamarr) **2.** Benny Kubelsky (Jack Benny) **3.** Gretchen Young (Loretta Young).

These famous stars look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark on gasoline pumps for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They know that the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem means that the oil refiner has improved his best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance—helps cars run their best. Ethyl Corporation, New York.

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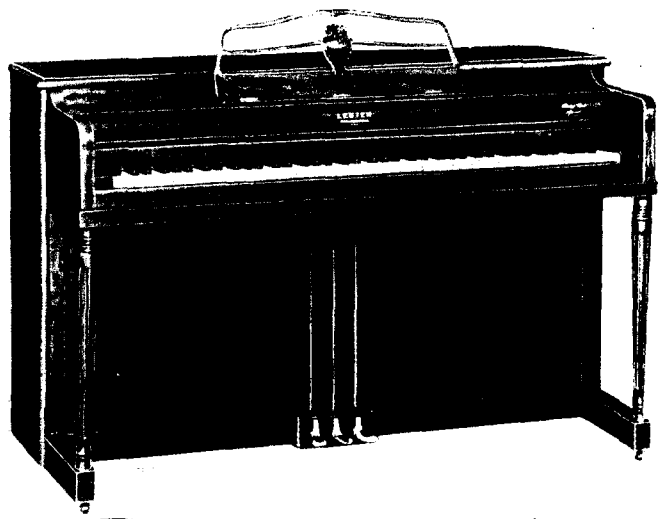
A BEAUTIFUL PIANO WITH A MAGNIFICENT TONE

LESTER *Spinet*



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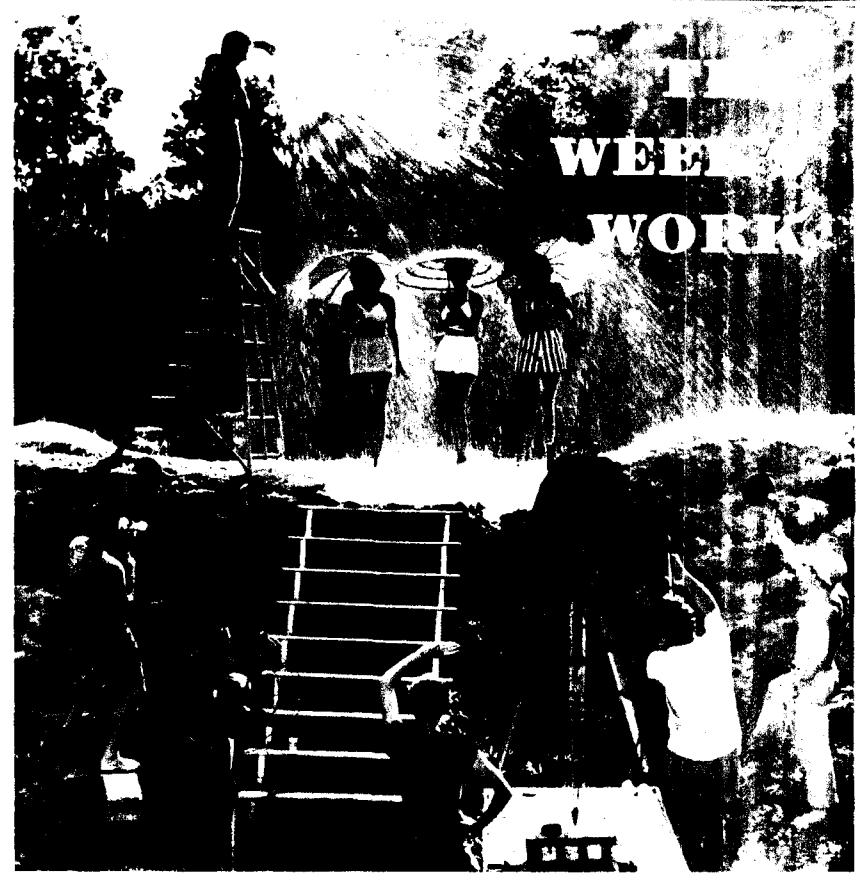

THERE are those who prefer Florida for its sunshine, but when that mad genius, the photo-snatching Dave Peskin, invaded the Cypress Gardens at Winter Haven, Florida, he prayed for rain. He wanted to get a shot of several lovelies under umbrellas in a California-ish downpour. (See Ladies in Wading, p. 44.) Evidently the Peskin connections are bad, so he appealed to Dick Pope of the Gardens.

Obligingly Pope provided, as can be seen above, what is probably the first imitation hurricane ever to hit the Land of the Orange and $30-per-day room. "We owe Collier's plenty for working with Mr. Peskin," admits the very modest Pope. "It was an experience completely out of our world, this world and any other world."

AFTER eight years Eric Hatch returns to Collier's with The Last Fox Hunt, p. 20. His lastie, He Licked the Champ (Dec. 23, '39), has since become an anthology fight yarn.

Eric, as anyone with a funnybone knows, started writing at nine, when he published what he tags "a perfectly horrible poem," and has been investment banker, warrior, scenarist and light fictioneer for years. Some of us recall when he wrote for the old Life and for Ballyhoo, and owned the only Rolls Royce in the Western world that had to be pushed when it stalled in traffic. Today he stalls his Piper Cub.

As for The Last Fox Hunt, says Hatch: "I used to do a great deal of fox hunting quite a few years ago and my sympathy was always with the fox. One day recently, my wife Connie and I were driving to our place in the country and saw a fox just coming out of our driveway. We stopped the car and saluted him with all the formal courtesy the fox-hunting tradition demanded. He looked at us with wonder, and, I felt, with a great deal of reproach. Funny, there's no fox hunting within forty miles of us. Two days later I wrote the story. But the real reason I wrote it must remain a secret between Kenneth Littauer, the fox and myself."

SAMUEL W. TAYLOR received the inspiration for Hole in the Ground, p. 46, from Utah mining lore. It seems the number of holes dug in Utah's intermountain territory through the influence of dreams, visions, messages, and oracular twinges is possibly beyond count. Most classic hole is the Dream Mine, opened by one Jesse Knight because of a "Voice from the Heavens, telling of mineral wealth Jesse was to dig from the earth and use for the welfare of his people." Though the mine hasn't produced a dime in fifty years, it paid off for Jesse and started the gold rush in the rich Tintic district.

"And they're still digging them," says Taylor, who lives in Redwood City, California. "The detailed description of a mountain's interior a man can give before he sets pick to ground is amazing. There are times I wish I could do likewise, but I fear I'm just made of common clay."

OREN ARNOLD (Clubs Are Trumps, p. 11) is quite a clubby fellow himself.

Among others, he's first vice-president of the Phoenix Kiwanians, has eaten flocks of cold chicken and bushels of rubber peas, and taken and dished out considerable after-dinner ear bashing at club binges. For instance, a talented much-in-demand speaker, Mr. Arnold some years ago toted Arizona's Governor-Elect J. C. Phillips around to a luncheon. Phillips, a rabid Republican, had just unseated the incumbent Demmie, Governor George W. P. Hunt, after a bitter struggle. Arnold wound up a glowing introduction with: "And now I give you the next governor of Arizona: *George W. P. Hunt!*"

A Texan, who immigrated to Phoenix, where he lives in a picturesque pueblo-style house, Mr. Arnold's a happy forty-seven, father of three gorgeous dream girls, a square-dancer and desert-flower fan, and a successful free lance. He's written innumerable articles, and has fourteen books to his credit, including Arizona Brags, and California Brags. His latest, Sun in Your Eyes, is fresh out.

This week's cover: Water Sprites. The water-skiing Aquamaids are blond Barbara Deniston and brunet Martha Mitchell of the Cypress Gardens staff. Barbara's twenty-two, married to an ex-Army flier, a crack model and is wearing a Gantner suit. Martha is twenty-three, models, works in the Gardens office, holds the Dixie Women's water ski-jumping title. She's in a Jantzen.... TED SHANE

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Mrs. Arthur W. Backer, formerly Miss Alice Perrin Collins of Pasadena, California—painted by Victor Tischler

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CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

BY OREN ARNOLD

The Rotary Club of Winsted, Conn., opens its meeting by singing America. L. to r.: Ted Vaill, the Rev. Roderick MacLeod, the Rev. Murray Hunter, Arthur K. Pelkey (hardware dealer), and Leader D. Fletcher Alvord (insurance)

Once a week a million members of the "service clubs" meet for a meal and conversation. This mass group is growing more powerful every year and is now strong enough to control the nation. Fortunately it works only for good

ANY typical business or professional leader in any American town will tell you that a certain hour-and-a-half period this week is almost sacred.

He has to go somewhere. He has to be there on time. He knows what will happen when he gets there, and that he may even be a little bored with it, but he wouldn't think of giving it up. He is a club member, who will join 25 to 150 *compadres* in what he calls an eatin' meetin'. Next week, and every week, he will repeat; he has been at it for years.

Since about 1930 the rest of us have watched his ascendency with growing awe. In the aggregate he now totals about 1,000,000 men, in some 15 separate organizations. Suddenly we realize that these are perhaps the most important groupings of men in the world today; the most influential, the most impervious to criticism. If they wish to, they are now strong enough to control this nation. It is comforting to know that they work only for good.

Their club names, as with the names of church denominations, are relatively unimportant; the separate groups have almost identical ideals. Oldest is Rotary International. Close to it in general prestige are Kiwanis International and Lions International. They are the big three of America's service clubs, each with more than four times the membership of the next largest, the National Exchange Club.

At least 12 others, including such better-known groups as Optimists, Civitan, Co-Operative, Round Table, Gyro, Twenty-Thirty, Ruritan (which is primarily for farmers and meets monthly) and Kinsmen (which is only in Canada) have more than 5,000 members each. Somewhat similar is the large National Junior Chamber of Commerce, yet this has a program uniquely its own and many of its members also join the other groups.

We knew them for years as luncheon clubs, but almost a third now meet at night instead of noon, and their program of service to humanity has far exceeded their original purpose, which was simply the enjoyment of food and fellowship.

Their meetings are seldom distinguished. As the men gather they shake hands, slap backs, talk much and laugh much. They eat mediocre food without complaint. They go earnestly through a somewhat stereotyped program—salute to the flag, a mumbled prayer, nostalgic singing (Home On The Range is far and away the most popular club song) and a fair-to-middlin' speaker who runs six minutes overtime. They utter many trite phrases and generally appear so conventional and self-satisfied as to set outside sophisticates a-twittering.

But such surface mores are forgotten when we check the club committee reports. One item alone shows that 1,220,000 needy children were helped by these men in just one month, apart from all church, community chest and other charity work. The records are rich with heart stories.

In Chattanooga a Lion went to in-

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Ladies' Day at the Phoenix Kiwanis Club. Most towns have Rotary-Anns, Kiwani-Anns, Lionesses and other such groups for wives, but they are relatively inactive. Ladies who are more service-club minded have at least six groups—somewhat similar in ideals and requirements to the men's—with which they can affiliate

vestigate the report of a blind Negro girl who was in need. His club had a fund for the necessary aid, but the man himself ended up by financing the girl through school, paying all medical bills and securing a job for the father. That's almost routine.

Clubmen at Sapulpa, Oklahoma, discovered a sweet kid who had musical talent but lacked the funds for study. They sent her to school. There she made progress; and she also met an aggressive chap named Tom Dewey who fell in love with her and married her. Together they have done right well in New York.

In Phoenix, Arizona, one May noon Kiwanians were awarding gold watches to high school graduates who over the years had shown the most progress toward knowledge and citizenship. A handsome, well-poised lad stood up to receive his, then walked gracefully to the microphone. "You gentlemen will not remember me," said he, earnestly, "but I am the same boy whom you held up on this same table 15 years ago, as one of the club-footed orphans you were helping. My gratitude is beyond words."

Few clubs permit any sort of "charity appeal" to be made during the sacred 90-minute sessions: such things must be handled by directors or committee. But there is the true story of Harry Hansen, now a distinguished orchardist at Chico, California. He was president of a club when a program chairman led him into meeting and openly passed the hat for him.

Disguise Fooled the Members

Over fifty dollars was put in for him, in all seriousness. Harry had simply made a facial change; he had put in a set of false teeth which protruded a little over his regulars, and he had pulled his usually neat hair down over his forehead. He looked like the poor needy wretch that the chairman said he was. The deal cost *them* another fifty dollars, for charity.

Just one club organization, the smallest of the big three, last year conducted 745 specialized aids to business and industry plus 40 major regional activities in conservation of natural resources. Others served in proportion. No town today dares launch a drive for anything, whether it be a simple get-out-the-vote effort or a campaign for a new harbor, without being sure the clubs will back it.

Even nonmembers feel that there is something "solid" about service clubs, that the selectivity in memberships is a good thing. Many citizens vaguely resent the secret rituals of fraternal organizations, but the fact that any person can attend practically any service club meeting as a guest has contributed to popularity here. Hundreds of clubs have been made beneficiaries in private wills. At Spokane, Washington, the same doorman greeted Kiwanians at their luncheon hotel for years, and when he died they had been given his home and two vacant lots that he owned. Even more touching, however, was this letter received one day by Kiwanians in Philadelphia:

"Dear Sirs I am six and a one-half. I am going to have a serus oper—oper—" (she never quite finished the word operation). "Aunty says you will have to pay for it goody but if i die and go to heaven you can have my wagon and purse the blu one i may not die . . . love Alise"

The real pay-off came a few months later, however, when Alise wrote what obviously was a dictated note of thanks for the clubmen's generosity. To it she had added her own postscript:

"I did not die so I will keep the wagon and purse."

As a significant generality it can be said that service club members now combine the best industrial work of the chamber of commerce and the best spiritual work of the church. This is possible because, unlike the chamber and the church, membership in the clubs is selective. A potential member must be an owner or an executive in his business, must have demonstrated both moral and business success, and can join only on invitation. Thus the clubs get only the outstanding men in their fields, citizens who are willing and—more important—able to accept community responsibilities. In addition, the various clubs have almost no sense of serious competition one with another, and are so co-ordinated that their activities seldom overlap.

On the other hand, these same pub-

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lic-spirited leaders have served only in a small, indirect way to control politics.

"It is our shame," said one of their distinguished officers this year, "that we don't do more toward cleaning up the graft and inefficiencies in city, county and national governments." His thrust went home. Already many individual clubs are putting "clean politics" on their agenda.

Any enthusiasm is contagious, and if this one spreads, it may become the most important club service for the ensuing decade.

Babbitt Proves a Blessing

In his Babbitt, famed novel of the 1920s, Sinclair Lewis conceived his main character as a financially successful but exceedingly fatuous, conceited and narrow-minded individual, then thrust him at us as America's typical Rotarian. To a degree the indictment was accurate, hence valuable. All service clubs, suddenly put on the defensive, began to clean house.

Lewis himself came to recognize this improved situation after a stranger knocked at his door at seven o'clock one morning a few years later. A servant let the eager caller in. The author stumbled sleepy-eyed from his bed into his living room.

"Who're *you?*" he demanded.

"I'm the new editor of The Rotarian magazine," the stranger replied. "I came to learn what you've got against Rotary. Also I want you to write an article for me to publish."

The sheer audacity of it won Lewis. Similar approach ultimately won the other two major cynics of the day, Henry L. Mencken and George Bernard Shaw. All three "enemies" of service clubs became cordial contributors to The Rotarian, which was edited then as now by an exceedingly keen student of current affairs, Leland D. Case.

Any mistake made by the clubs today seems inevitably to react in their favor. As recently as July, 1947, Kiwanians in small Ahoskie, North Carolina, suddenly found themselves on page one of papers throughout the nation. One of their committees, a scant dozen men, had conducted a "car raffle" in direct opposition to Kiwanis ethics. But worse—a Negro won the car and they wouldn't give it to him, but drew another number that awarded the car to a white man instead.

It made sensational news for a week. But the indignation which flared everywhere was almost entirely from Kiwanians. The Ahoskie men were quickly contrite. They apologized, gave the Negro a check for $3,200—in lieu of a Cadillac, at his request—and begged the world to forgive them. Meanwhile the editorial writers and radio commentators were defending Kiwanis International, saying—accurately—that the mistake in Ahoskie did not reflect Kiwanis standards, and in millions of words airing Kiwanis' good deeds. It was free ballyhoo which the national organization could never have purchased.

Nobody knows precisely why the service clubs have been so successful, unless it be that they are a part of the deeper Christian ideal, which politically is the American ideal. Some alarmists will tell you that the clubs are replacing the church as a working "religion" for men, and it doubtless is true that any preacher would dearly love to have church efficiency comparable to the clubs'. Much less than 50 per cent of all church members in America attend church regularly, whereas service-club attendance is above 80 per cent. Fewer than 30 per cent of the nation's church members are regularly active in church work, the direct giving of personal time and talent. But fewer than 30 per cent of the clubmen are *inactive.*

Many clubmen have records of 5, 10, even 20 years of perfect attendance, week after week. A few have been perfect for more than 30 years. Kiwanis by-laws flatly authorize each club secretary to dismiss a man who has four unexcused absences in a row. Among those who have received this form letter is a likable, hearty, semi-Babbitt type of Kiwanian from Missouri. It seems that his haberdashery business encountered hard times so that he just couldn't afford to keep up club attendance. Subsequently he has done better in another business classification and has been reinstated; Harry Truman is perhaps the most typical service-club personality in America today.

In Russell, Kansas, a club organizer got 25 men in to a meeting one night, but they came through a terrific dust storm. One man was pessimistic about it. "Why do we bother to start a service club?" he demanded. "This region is doomed anyway. Russell is small. What could we find to do that is worth while?"

"We could fight the dust, if nothing else," said another.

"How?"

It was challenging, as most service programs are. The men talked it out until midnight. Next day they went to the state agricultural college and got 50,000 seedling trees. These were sold at one cent each to school children, who planted and tended them. The whole state then took up the idea, so that plantings moved into the hundreds of thousands. "Cover" for Kansas soil has been a vital factor in controlling the wind erosion there.

Hammering on Sunday Morning

A club in Spokane, Washington, was erecting a home for widowed mothers in need. The men themselves did most of the actual construction. The site happened to be across the street from a church, and when the men stopped their Sunday-morning hammering so as not to disturb worship, the preacher came over.

"Keep right on with it, gentlemen," he ordered. "I am only talking about the Lord's work, you are actually doing it. We'll have a hot meal in our church dining room for you at noon."

Those who would be mere knife-and-fork members can be sadly embarrassed. The president of a Kiwanis group in a California city suddenly called an accounting after he had been in office six months.

"Joe Blank," he addressed a prominent banker member, "come up here to the head table. Stand there so your fellow members can see you. Now tell us what your committee has accomplished to date."

He was chairman of a committee that hadn't even met. He turned pink. He tried a sheepish grin, and mumbled some stock alibis. The president struck his gong, then called three other culprits.

All three were guilty, with Joe, of simply being "busy" with private affairs.

"But twelve other committees have been doing community work," the president charged. "For the remainder of the year, therefore, you are hereby bonded a hundred dollars each, to be deposited in the crippled children's fund. If your committee reports are acceptable six months from now you can have your money back."

Their reports six months later were excellent, but they didn't dare claim that money. They were all well able to leave it. And they had learned club policy the hard way.

Clubmen seldom allow any important rivalry between clubs in any one city or state, but intersectional competition is encouraged. One month during the war, clubbers in Washington State sent 40 boxes of their choicest apples to as many clubs in other sections of the country, to be auctioned off. They brought a total of $4,500,000 in War Bond sales. But when Georgia heard about it, she retaliated by sending out one box of her equally famous peaches, ordering that they be auctioned individually. These brought $2,500,000.

The basic idea of "men's clubs" is as old as man himself—we can be pretty sure that Pithecanthropus Erectus and his pals assembled in a cheerful cave to chew the fat literally and figuratively. The polished Athenians had clubs. So did Sparta of Lycurgus' time, where the tables sat 15 each and all vacancies were filled by ballot. Cicero referred to election of a club president. Those Greek and Roman clubs differed in many respects from our clubs of today. Still they *were* clubs where men assembled and discussed various matters. In England the Rota Club, not unlike our Rotary, was founded in 1659 for the purpose of changing magistrates and legislators by rotation. Pepys and

(Continued on page 48)

Cartoonists doing their stuff at the annual cartoonists' luncheon party and variety show sponsored by the Lions Club at the Hotel Biltmore, New York City, for the benefit of the blind

INTERNATIONAL

Everett Bowman, Arizona cattleman, inspects the badges of the Valley of the Sun Kiwanians, just before a luncheon

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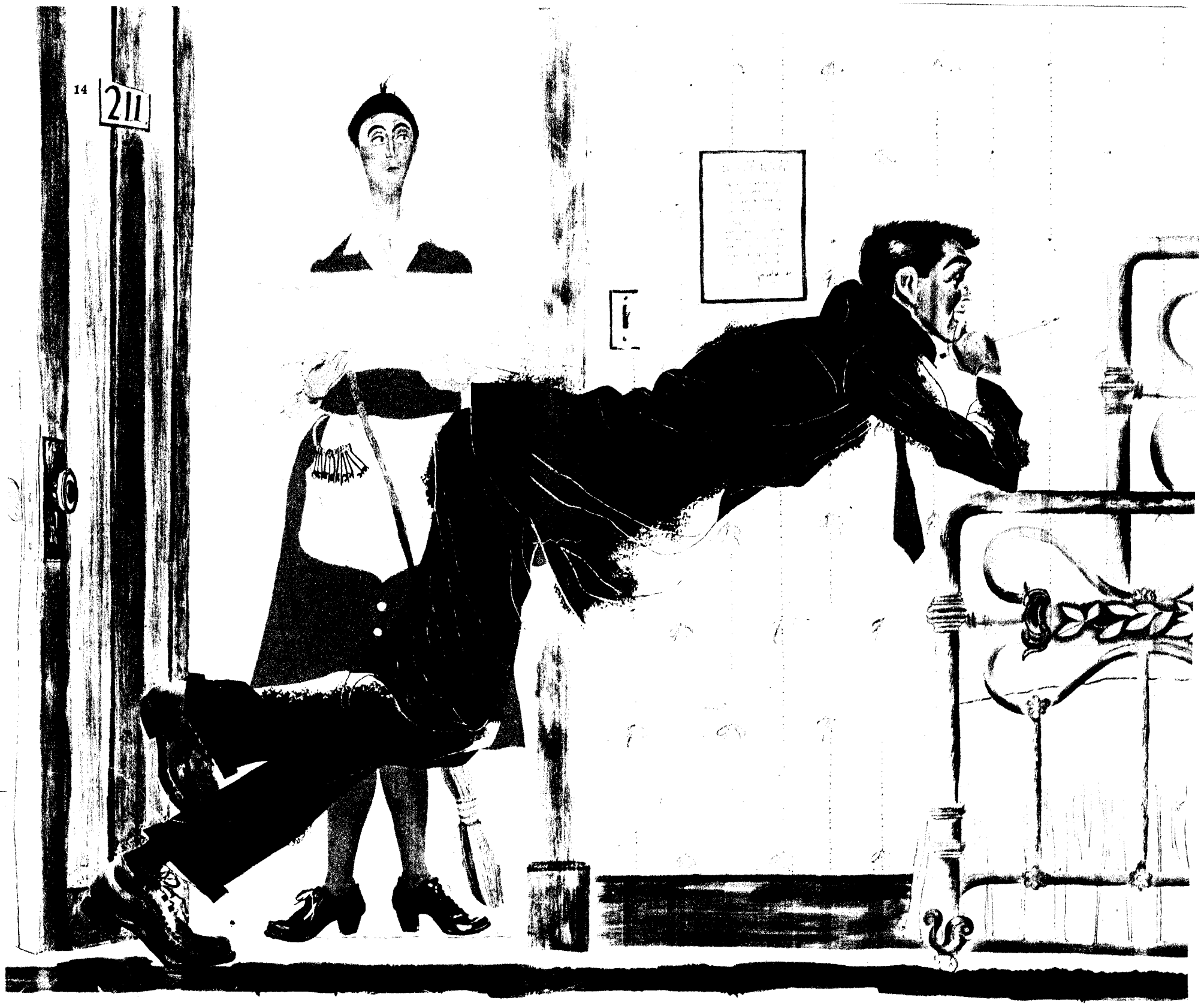

"Find out how many dates she has—what was the first time she ever was kissed," Mr. Bolliver said. "But of course you know what the average girl is like, Jimmy"

HE RL

BY COREY FORD

JAMES LOVERING II rested an angular elbow on the grocery counter of Lovering's General Store and waited patiently while Mrs. Libbey tapped her teeth with the knuckle of her right forefinger. Mrs. Libbey's teeth-tapping, he knew from experience, signified an effort to concentrate; and there was no use popping questions at a customer who was trying to think. Her eyes rose at last from the shopping list in her hand and came to rest on an upper shelf. "Oh, yes," she recalled, "and I want some coffee."

"Coffee," said Jimmy Lovering with alacrity, uncoiling his lanky six feet four and picking off a jar with the ease of a giraffe cropping the top of a tall palm. He glanced surreptitiously at a notebook on the counter beside him. "Speaking of coffee, Mrs. Libbey," he inquired, "does it ever keep you awake at night?"

Mrs. Libbey was engrossed in her list. "Why, no, Jimmy, I never noticed."

He stole another glance at his notebook, and his smile became even more disarming. "Speaking of sleep, Mrs. Libbey, what time do you and Mr. Libbey usually go to bed as a rule?"

"I guess about ten," Mrs. Libbey said absently, "but sometimes Mr. Libbey likes to look at the papers—he don't come upstairs till after eleven." She folded the list. "I guess that's all today, Jimmy."

He began piling her purchases into a bag. "Speaking of bed, Mrs. Libbey, I was just wondering," he persisted, his manner elaborately casual, "do you and Mr. Libbey use twin beds or do you still prefer a double—"

"Jimmy!" the elder Mr. Lovering interrupted, sticking his head out of his private office and beckoning. "You're wanted here on the phone."

Mrs. Libbey, struggling to retain a grip on her purchases and her composure, expelled her breath in an indignant "We-ell!" She watched darkly as Jimmy vaulted the counter and hurried across the store. "I declare," she declared. "That's the most inquisitive young man I ever met in my life."

"Always asking questions, everybody comes in the store," a neighbor agreed indignantly. "You know what he asked me just now? If I used twin beds."

"That's what he just asked me," another customer nodded. "And last time it was how often I listened to the radio, and before that it was my favorite laxative." She lowered her voice significantly. "Do you suppose that he's, I mean, all *right—?"*

Certainly Jimmy's behavior at the moment would have justified a certain amount of suspicion. He replaced the

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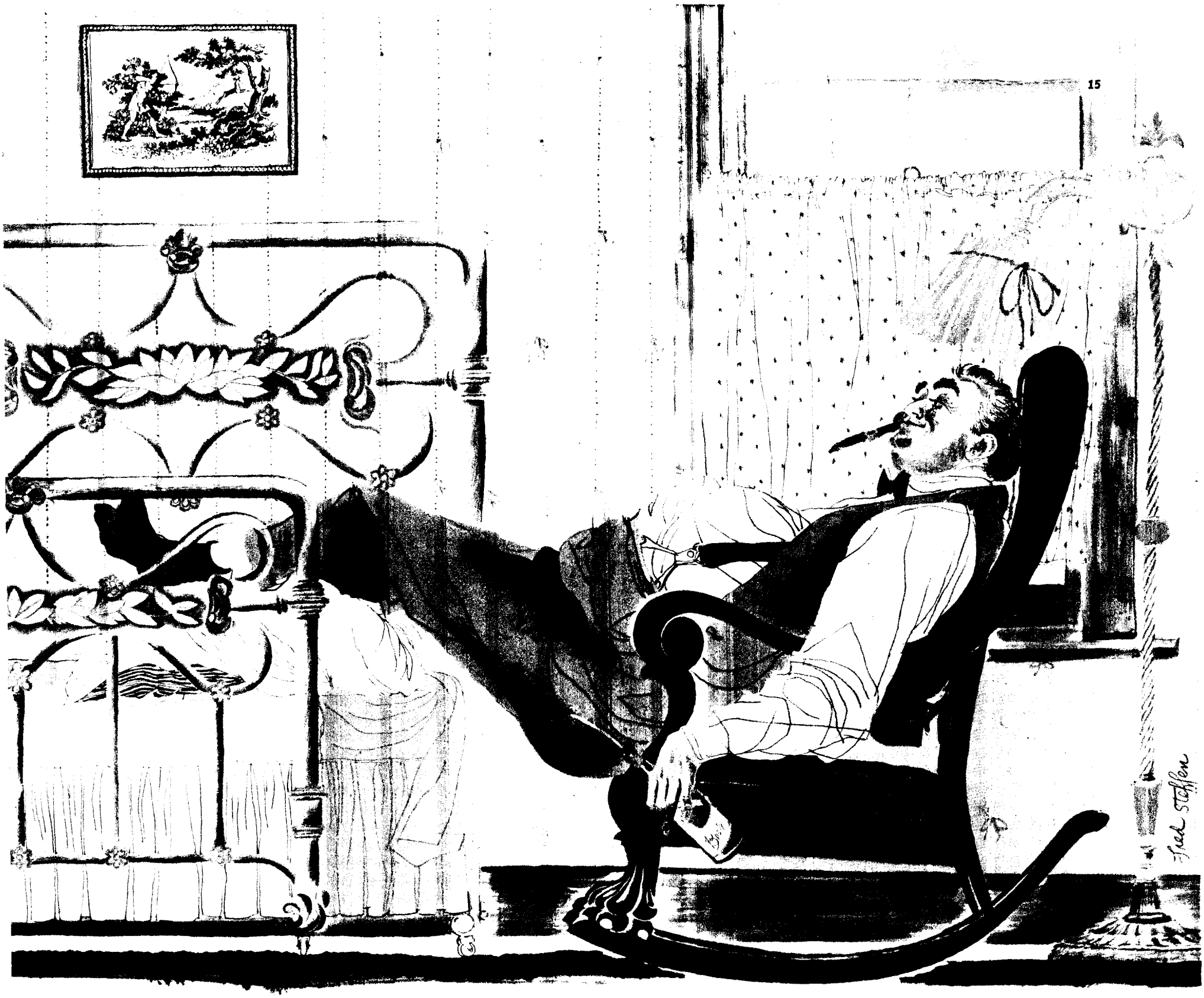

NEXT DOOR

Jimmy Lovering made a business of prying into other people's personal lives—until he acquired one of his own

receiver on its hook and mopped his perspiring face. With a furtive glance at his father's unsuspecting back, he exchanged his white store coat for a street jacket, thrust a long leg through the rear window of the office, and set off with rapid strides in the direction of the Weston Inn, leading hostelry of East Weston. Before the entrance of the inn, he paused and gave another quick glance up and down the block to make sure he was unobserved. Quickly he sidled into the lobby, and hurried up the creaking stairs to the second floor. At 211 he halted, and knocked three times.

"Come in," a cheerful voice called.

Bertram Bolliver looked up with a smile as he entered. Aggressive good cheer radiated from every roll and curve of Mr. Bolliver's ample form. He was tilted back in a comfortable chair, his vest unbuttoned on a melon-shaped paunch, his ankles crossed on the pillow of his bed, sipping a bottle of beer through a straw. "Welcome, Jimmy my boy," he beamed, extending a fat hand, which Jimmy was reasonably certain would be wet.

"Thank you, Mr. Bolliver," Jimmy said, shaking his hand. It was wet.

"Sorry to call you away from the store," Mr. Bolliver apologized, "but I thought it would be better if we avoided suspicion by meeting here. Might put people on their guard if they knew what you were up to, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said. He took the notebook from his pocket. "I'm afraid I haven't got this sleep survey quite finished, though, Mr. Bolliver. Out of twenty-one persons questioned so far," he began, "fourteen use twin beds, three prefer double beds, three wouldn't say and one was undecided. The average hour for retiring is ten thirty. Seventy-two per cent snore—"

Mr. Bolliver held up a hand. "Some other time, Jimmy. Those mattress people can wait. The reason I came to see you today," he said, "was about a new assignment."

Jimmy looked worried. "Is anything wrong?"

"On the contrary," Mr. Bolliver smiled. "Your radio poll last week was a model of accurate sampling. I was pleased. Trott Surveys was pleased. Dr. Trott phoned me personally from New York to express his pleasure."

"It wasn't anything," Jimmy said modestly. "I just asked everybody I knew."

"That's precisely it," Mr. Bolliver nodded. "That's the reason for your success, my boy. You know everybody." He took a long sip of beer through his straw. "You see, Jimmy, you live in an average town. You're an average person yourself. So"—

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

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CONGRESS' CONSCIENCE IS SIX FOOT SIX

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Representative Christian A. Herter is a quiet, forceful man who seems headed for a top job in Republican ranks. Of him Philip Wylie said, "It appears that Herter is taller inside than out"

ON THE day after the World War I armistice—November 12, 1918—a gangling, twenty-three-year-old American diplomat named Christian Archibald Herter was whisked into Germany from Switzerland to caution American prisoners of war to await rescue in their camps and *not* break for the front lines and thereby starve, the way thousands of French and Belgian POWs did. In the largest of the American POW camps, the young attaché noticed something not exactly kosher. The POW camp was being run by a German corporal with a red arm band on the sleeve of his uniform. Second in command was a German lieutenant general in civilian clothes.

Herter scooted back to Switzerland and wired this intelligence to the State Department in Washington. The State Department said, "Find out more." So young Herter contacted an old friend inside Germany and asked him to come to Switzerland to explain what was going on. The friend arrived at Herter's hotel room swathed in bandages on a stretcher; his plane had been shot down by Swiss ack-ack at the border. But he told Herter that Germany was on the verge of going Communist and that only American food could keep the impoverished, war-weary state out of the hands of the Bolsheviks.

Herter relayed this information to the State Department and within a day or so Food Administrator Herbert Hoover had poured $256,000,000 worth of food into Germany from a warehouse in Rotterdam. With this prop, the tottering German moderate government recovered its balance, and the Communists never again came so close to gaining control.

On noting later that Herter almost singlehanded had prevented a major face-lifting job on the countenance of Europe, Hoover remarked, "That boy probably will go someplace in the foreign affairs business."

This Hoover prophecy apparently has come true, even though the subject pursued a rather circuitous course in fulfilling it. Today, skinny, six-foot-six-inch Republican Congressman Christian A. Herter, a comparative neophyte serving his third term, threatens to displace veteran Foreign Affairs Committee chairman Charles A. Eaton of New Jersey as the big voice on foreign policy in the House of Representatives.

The Vandenberg of the House

Congressman Herter is, in fact, to the House what Senator Arthur Vandenberg is to the Senate, and last summer, when the House sent its first important committee to Europe on a foreign policy matter (until now foreign policy has been the exclusive province of the Senate), Herter was chosen as its working head.

This was the famous Herter Select Committee on Foreign Aid, and under the leadership of the lanky Harvard graduate, 17 congressmen apparently absorbed more knowledge of foreign affairs in a six-week period than a whole chamberful usually gets to know in a year. On the way to Europe on the Queen Mary, Herter had skilled consultants lecture the members of the committee for about ten hours a day, and when the ship docked, a sign mysteriously appeared on the door of the lecture room:

"Here sat the Committee on Foreign Aid.
It worked like hell while the others played."

In Europe, the schedule increased to a 16-hour day, with parties and receptions completely taboo. So thoroughly did Herter indoctrinate his committee members (nearly all of whom were seniors to him) that when their plane flew over Pisa in Italy, and Representative Harold Cooley pointed out the famous leaning tower, Representative August Andresen refused to look up, saying, "What do you think we're doing—sight-seeing?"

On the return trip on the Queen Mary, a group of five congressmen headed by Mike Monroney of Oklahoma used involved plots to rent deck chairs for the voyage on a small sun deck inhabited by Greta Garbo. The congressmen enjoyed the Garbo landscape for exactly five minutes before they were hauled down for more lectures and reports by Chairman Herter. "Do you think we ever got to see Garbo again on that trip?" asks Monroney. "No," answers Monroney, "we didn't even get to see the *ocean!*"

As the result of all this, Herter is credited with doing one of the biggest jobs of selling internationalism since the heyday of Wendell Willkie. After serving with Herter on the committee, some of the most unreconstructible isolationists in the House astounded their colleagues by coming out in favor of the foreign aid program, an occurrence comparable to Diamond Lil joining the Salvation Army.

Before the opening of the special session of Congress last November, Representative Monroney, a leading pro-Administration Democrat, said, "The keyman in the passage of any foreign aid program is not Truman, not Marshall, not Vandenberg—but Chris Herter. Without Herter, no European recovery program would ever get past the House, which still controls the purse strings and which still flirts with its traditional isolationism."

This appraisal of Herter's worth extends to nearly all members of the House, and he becomes, therefore, one of those rare Republicans about whom not even the most left-of-center Democrat can find anything very nasty to say.

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Former President Hoover, shown here with Herter during a visit to Boston in 1937, taught the tall Yankee his own efficient work habits

What His Critics Say

The *worst* criticism leveled at Chris Herter is that he is perhaps a little too conservative, and that he is so scrupulously honest that sometimes he is maneuvered into acting as a front man for high-pressure groups whose personal-profit motives he fails to recognize. Since this criticism, compared with the usual Washington vitriol, is like 3.2 beer compared with vodka, Herter must be an able congressman. Philip Wylie, the professional cynic, said of him, "It appears that Herter is taller inside than out."

On July 8, 1947, Speaker Joe Martin, spoiling to get into the tax reduction debate, turned the Speaker's gavel over to Herter for the afternoon. Commenting on this, the Boston Herald (which in the past has proved astute in divining such matters) wrote, "Important administrative duties may be awaiting Herter in the event the Republicans capture the Presidency in 1948." It is an open secret among high-ranking Republicans that Herter currently is slated for a high-ranking diplomatic job, perhaps Undersecretary of State, and that a drop in relations between Senator Vandenberg or John Foster Dulles and the Republican leadership could mean that brother Herter quite conceivably may be placing his immense brogans on George C. Marshall's desk.

Actually, the fifty-two-year-old Herter—who has a lisp, a handsome countenance, a full head of hair and a disjointed gait reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln—intruded into foreign affairs at the earliest possible age. He was born in Paris on March 28, 1895, just next to the Luxembourg Gardens, the son of a pair of expatriate American artists then attempting to keep pace with Degas and Renoir in a Left Bank attic. Lest this give the impression that the elder Herters were poor and struggling, the record indicates that the spoon which protruded from young Chris' mouth at birth was solid sterling silver. Herter's great-grandfather and grandfather had done very well after they came to this country from Germany in 1848, and Herter's father merely was allowing the family fortune to lie fallow for a generation.

Although the family was well-heeled, and his father turned out profitable post-office-mural art, such as the 20-foot canvas which still hangs over the entrance to the tracks at the Gare de l'Est in Paris, young Chris

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was a sickly child and he shot up so fast that his legs couldn't support him. He spent the first ten years of his life hobbling around in waist-length braces. Nevertheless, until he was nine, he played with the other kids in the Luxembourg Gardens, attended school at the Ecole Alsatienne and commuted between Paris and America.

Finally, in 1904, Herter's uncle, Dr. Christian A. Herter, head of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, brought the boy to this country for a permanent stay. Herter thereupon attended the swank Browning School in New York City, and sailed through Harvard, getting an A.B. *cum laude* in 1915.

Because of his great height and unsteady underpinning in those days, Herter's extracurricular life was undistinguished, except for the number of legends which grew up concerning his tribulations in finding sleeping quarters large enough to accommodate his prodigious length. He roomed with an equally lanky citizen named Henry Parkman, Jr., later a state senator in Massachusetts, and between them they are reported to have punched several holes with their noggins in the sloped ceiling of an attic room belonging to a Mrs. Storrow, with whom they boarded.

After he graduated from Harvard near the head of his class, Herter got the vague idea that he might want to be an architect and he went to the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Then he set what probably is a world's speed record for a young man getting into an exceedingly difficult form of employment.

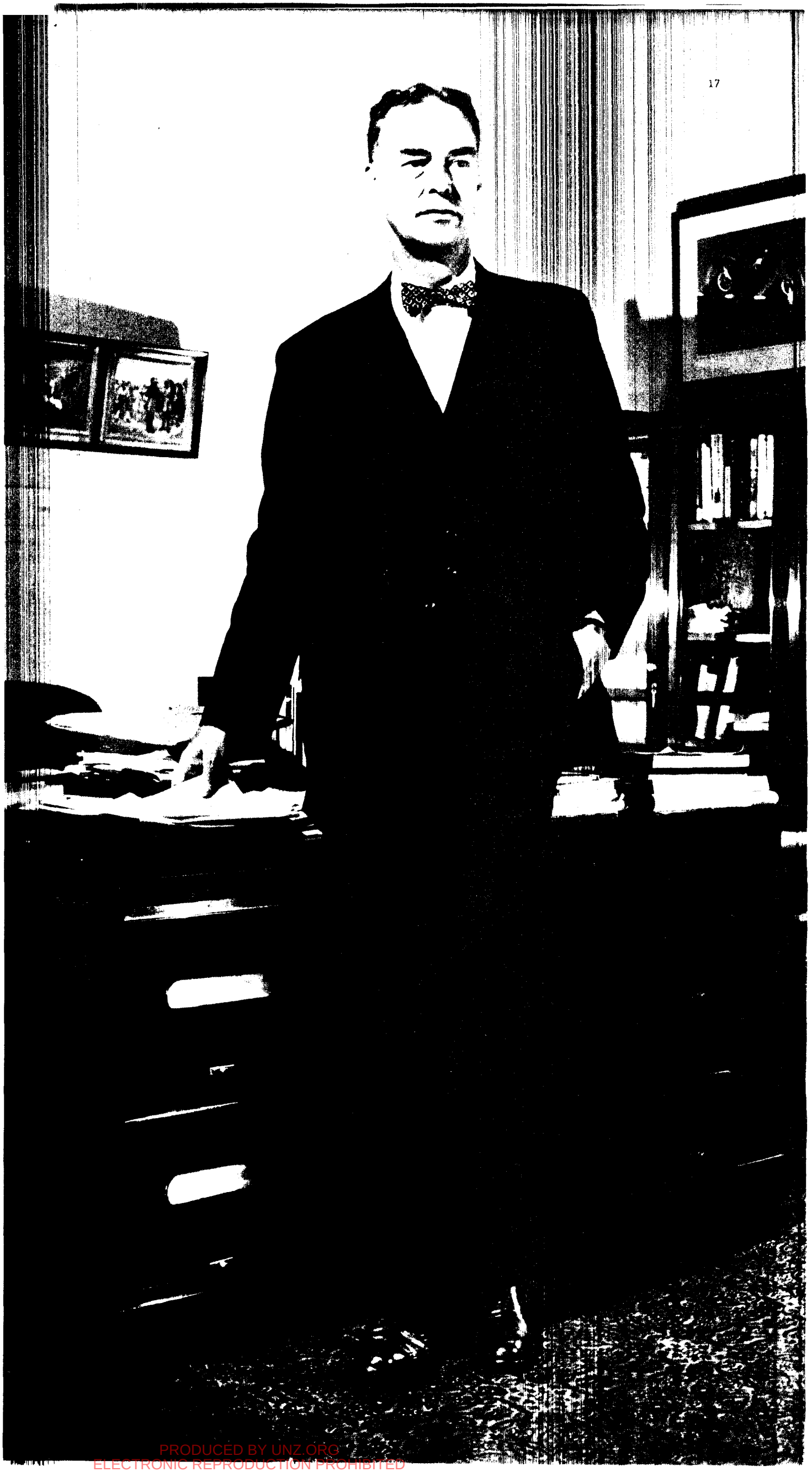
A Quick Wish-Fulfillment

As he tells it in the 25th Anniversary Report of his Harvard class, he met a classmate named Lithgow Osborne at the class reunion in the spring of 1916. Osborne was an attaché at the U.S. embassy in Berlin. "He told me," Herter wrote, "of his work there, and got me keyed to such a pitch of enthusiasm that I happened to remark, 'Gosh, I wish I had an opportunity like yours!' " A week later, Herter was on his way to Berlin to take a post with Ambassador James W. Gerard.

When the U.S. legation in Belgium was laid low by illness, Herter was sent from Berlin to Brussels to fill in; and before the United States broke diplomatic relations with Germany in 1917, he found himself in sole charge of the American cold war then being waged in Belgium against the German occupation authorities. The twenty-two-year-old Herter literally took the place of U.S. Minister Brand Whitlock and personally filed the famous report on the deportations of Belgian civilians to Germany—at an age when many young Americans still were lugging a football for the alma mater.

When war came, Herter tried to make a dash behind the German lines to Switzerland, but he was arrested by the military authorities in Mainz. A German court of officers released him the next morning, but five minutes after he left the prison, he was pinched again by the civilian cops—for spending the previous night in town without registering. "But I was in prison," Herter protested.

(Continued on page 56)



Herter's stature in Congress is such that even Democrats have difficulty in saying anything nasty about him

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE KARGER

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COCKTAILS AT BLINDMAN'S LAK

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

Continuing a tense drama of murder among friends

The Story:

JIM LAWRENCE, a writer just back from overseas, joins GRACE BOYD, a photographer with whom he had collaborated before the war, for a week end at her cabin. Grace tells Jim she must decide before Monday which of her two suitors to accept: brilliant, unstable DR. NORMAN H. NORMAN, or solid citizen HENRY PENNINGTON, who made a fortune during the war.

When she invites her neighbors JOAN and BOB STEWART to cocktails, Grace is surprised to learn that Norman has been there. Jim discovers an automatic in the glove compartment of Grace's car, but makes no mention of it. They go to the village for groceries and, on their return, find Norman dead in the cabin.

As they start for the police, a car containing radio announcer EDDIE WESTERFORD, his curvaceous wife CONCHITA, and pretty, vacuous BETTY HURLEY, drives up. They have all received telegraphed invitations, signed with Grace's name, to a party promising "sensational entertainment." Grace, who has not sent these wires, asks them to leave, but before they can go, Pennington, the Stewarts and DR. JEROME HURLEY, Betty's husband, also arrive. Then the state police appear.

During the night, Jim, investigating a noise outside, is knocked unconscious near Grace's car, comes to in the light of her flashlight. They discover that the pistol Jim has examined is gone; Grace tells him it was Bob Stewart's, and that she had brought it up from the city at his request. Later, Jim deduces that the murderer also was after Grace's camera, with which Jim had *taken her picture as she stood in the cabin doorway.*

II

THE moment I realized the significance of the camera, the whole mechanics of the murder became clear to me.

The footsteps in the dead leaves which I thought I had heard while building the fire in the afternoon were not the product of my imagination. They were real footsteps, the footsteps of the murderer walking to Grace's car to take the gun from the glove compartment. The murderer had been waiting at the cabin when we arrived—waiting for Dr. Norman. He—or she—had been hidden in the shrubbery near the door. How well he was hidden he was not sure. Since he could see me examining the gun while Grace was opening the back door of the cabin, he was afraid that some part of him may have been visible in the photographs I took of Grace in the doorway and standing against the evergreen shrubbery. He saw me carry the camera into the house but apparently did not see Grace carry it back to the car later. Having determined on murder, he jumped at the chance of being handed, practically on a silver platter, a gun which belonged to somebody else. He took the gun from the car while I was building the fire and Grace was changing her clothes. While we were shopping in the village, Dr. Norman arrived and was shot. The murderer then ransacked the cabin, looking for the camera so that he could destroy the film that might have—he wasn't sure—given him away. He could not find the camera.

The murderer therefore must have returned with the uninvited cocktail guests. The throbbing lump on the side of my head made me sure he was one of the guests. Either he was one of the Hurleys or the Westerfords who could have walked up the hill from the inn in three or four minutes, only to be interrupted by me while trying to get the camera out of Grace's car. Or one of the Stewarts, who were only a ten-minute walk in the other direction. Or even Pennington, who could have sneaked out of the cabin while I was dozing and sneaked back again while Grace and I were talking to the state trooper. Despite Grace's assurance that Pennington was too practical a man to kill for jealousy, I wasn't ready to write him off so easily. Maybe I was prejudiced.

When the place of the camera in the pattern of events finally came to me, it was several hours that I had been alternately dozing and trying to find a painless position for the bump on my head. My legs were stiff with cold as I rolled off the sofa. The fire was out. My shoes were damp as I stepped into them. I went to the door.

It was already getting light outside, a cheerless gray light that cast no shadows. Tatters of mist clung to the trees, and Blindman's Lake was shrouded. The cold sweat of dawn beaded the windshields of the parked automobiles. I had an empty feeling inside me as I walked out to Grace's car. I knew what I would find even before I looked in the glove compartment.

The camera was gone.

EVIDENTLY the murderer had not gone very far after he slugged me. He had retreated into the woods until the excitement had blown over, then returned to take the camera. Even if I had taken time to lock the glove compartment when the state trooper was bearing down on us, the murderer would have taken it. He would have forced the lock, as he was trying to do before I surprised him.

I walked back to the cabin to wake up Grace. She was sleeping like a child, her knees drawn up close against her. Her face was half buried in the pillow, and her hair fanned out on the counterpane as though she hadn't moved for hours. One shoulder of her blue pajamas was showing, and I pinched it gently. She didn't wake up.

"Grace," I said.

She stirred, made a small purring sound and turned her head so that her cheek lay against my hand; but she didn't open her eyes. I leaned over and squeezed her shoulder again.

"Grace."

She sighed. One hand emerged from under the covers and groped toward me. Her fingers closed in my hair. They were very warm. Her eyes opened at last and she blinked sleepily. Then she sat up straight and all sleep was suddenly gone.

"Jim!"

"Who did you think it was?"

"I guess I knew it was you." She brushed a mutinous wisp of hair from her face. "I was dreaming about you, Jim. But it was the you of three years ago. I didn't want to wake up and find us back in today's nightmare. What's wrong, Jim?"

"Did you by any chance go back and take the camera out of your car after I left you last night?"

"Why?"

"Somebody did. I don't know why, but I'm going to find out."

"Jim, please stop playing detective."

"I can't help it," I said. "Prenatal influence. My mother was scared by a bloodhound."

"It's just fool's luck you weren't killed last night," Grace said. "Wasn't that enough for you?"

"On the contrary. I want to find the guy who slugged me and punch his nose."

Grace sank back against her pillow and closed her eyes. "I'm glad you're here, Jim," she said.

So was I. And I wished futilely that I could wipe out three lost years and a lost week end, that there had never been any such person as Dr. Norman H. Norman, or Henry Pennington or any of the un-

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invited guests. I wanted very much to take Grace in my arms and kiss her before she opened her eyes. But I didn't. At that moment Henry Pennington came in, very elegant in his blue silk dressing gown.

"Good morning," Pennington said. "I heard voices so I knew you were awake. Shall we all go down to the inn and have breakfast?"

"I'm on my way down to the inn now," I said, "to phone Captain McKay about the camera."

"What camera?" Pennington asked.

"Somebody stole Grace's camera out of her car last night," I said.

"I don't imagine McKay will be interested in petty larceny when he's got murder on his mind," he said.

"Let's have coffee here and go to the inn afterward," Grace suggested.

"You two can have coffee wherever you want," I said, "but I'm going down now. It may be important."

I left. I was annoyed with myself for being annoyed at Pennington's presence. I told myself that it wasn't just schoolboy jealousy, that I really had a clue in the disappearance of the camera, and that it was indeed important that McKay be cut in.

I DIDN'T have to telephone McKay. He had already set up field headquarters in the bar of the inn, among the booths and the juke box and the odors of stale tobacco smoke and last night's beer. The captain hadn't shaved, and his eyes were bloodshot.

"I was just going to send for you, Lawrence," he said. "I was in New York last night, finding out things."

"About me?"

"Partly about you. I thought yesterday I'd seen you somewhere. I guess it was in the ETO."

"I fought the Battle of Grosvenor Square," I said.

"I was in London myself, with the C.I.D.," McKay said. "Probably saw you around the Willow Run mess or someplace. Boy, you sure stepped in something your first day out."

"How deep? Up to my navel?"

"Up to your neck. I guess you know your fingerprints are all over the gun that killed Dr. Norman."

"I didn't know you'd found the gun."

"Sure, first thing. Before dark. About a hundred yards from the cabin on that dirt road that runs over the hill through the woods. How'd your prints get on it?"

"Wouldn't they be on it, if I killed Norman?"

"That's what most juries would think. And you did have a motive."

"What motive? I never saw Norman alive."

"Maybe. But you used to be pretty sweet on Grace Boyd, before you went off to war. Maybe you came back from overseas and found this doctor had busted up your little romance, and—"

"Grace and I had the big fight before I left to win the war. Anyhow I guess you know the gun isn't mine."

"I know. It's Bob Stewart's. I just sent for him. How did you get your prints all over it?"

I told him. I also told him about the camera and my theory on the timing, the mechanics and the geography of the murder.

"I don't have to believe all of that," Captain McKay said when I'd finished, "even though I had the geography figured about like that. The murderer came in on the back road that comes over the hill through the woods from the Blue Falls road. He parked in the woods about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, walked down to wait for Dr. Norman, killed him, then walked back to the car, drove out the way he came, and came back on the regular road to join the party."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"We found traces of a car turning around in the woods," the police captain said. "It's just too damned bad that dead leaves don't give us any marks of tire patterns to work on."

"Do juries believe in tire patterns?" I asked.

"More than they'd believe your story about you and Miss Boyd being barely on speaking terms. After all, your first day out of the Army you come up here with her to spend *(Continued on page 28)*

I put my fingers against her lips. I heard voices coming down the path. "Is there any way to get to your cabin without passing the inn?" I whispered

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THE LAST FOX HUNT

BY ERIC HATCH

Arthur Hamilton had reached the end of his rope. Like the fox, he had been hunted to the last ditch

THE man and the horse went slowly along the country road, once they were out of sight of the field-stone colonial house. The horse's hoofs rang clearly on the partly frozen road, making sharp crackling noises when they broke the white ice that lay over the puddles. Arthur Hamilton and his mount breathed deep of the clean, fresh January air; their breath came out of their nostrils like cigarette smoke.

The saddle creaked comfortably under the scarlet-coated, silk-hatted rider, and the horse's bones creaked a little too, as they always had—though everyone always pretended he could not hear this because Ajax was a thoroughbred hunter. But there was something sad about their slow progress—as though they were riding to a funeral and not to a hunt.

It would be a big meet today, New Year's Day, with everyone out who could beg, borrow or steal a horse, in addition to the regular followers and members of the hunt like Arthur Hamilton. There would be a run, too, because Howard MacAfee, the Master of Hounds, would, if the dogs could not find one under their own steam, drop a fox that had been kept penned up in the kennel for this purpose.

Arthur Hamilton frowned. He didn't like hunting dropped foxes that had lived at the kennels. It didn't seem fair to him. Still, he was glad that there would be a run. It would have been too bad to go out for the last time in his life and just potter around the woods all day. That would leave him too much time for thinking—for bidding goodby forever to the sport he loved. He began to recall all the other meets he had ridden to. All his life he had lived for fox hunting. It had been a cherished symbol to him, with its ritual and its shiny trappings and its tradition. Without these things he would not have cared for it. As it was, he had loved it with a deep, almost reverent passion.

Then, as he rode on, he fell to thinking about Ellen and what an angel she had been to him—what an outstandingly brave angel—through all these recent years of diminishing returns from his inherited income and the sporting books and articles he had written so he could go on hunting and his family could go on eating. He had failed Ellen and he knew it. Coming back from the war—in which he had served mounted on a tank named Marie, but which he had called Ajax—he had tried with all his heart and soul to earn money, enough money—and he had failed.

He began to think then of his creditors: Baneberg the butcher, with his red, beeflike face. Seven hundred dollars Baneberg wanted—wanted and was suing him for. Arthur smiled. He was wondering how much of the seven hundred he really owed Baneberg and how much of it Baneberg had padded into the bills, knowing Arthur needed credit and wouldn't dare complain about individual bills.

Then there was Lavoretti the laundryman, smooth and politely oily, who had turned over his bill to a collection agency in the city—his miserable, twenty-five-dollar bill. And there was Hartshorne the grocer—four hundred dollars; and Oldes, the service-station man; and Barrow, the furnace-oil man; and Levy and Sons, the florist; and, of course, all the department stores. Arthur shook his head, trying to shake away the thoughts of these men who haunted him night and day. Kicking Ajax into a canter, he rode on.

Presently he rounded a bend in the road and came on the meet, glittering in all its full panoply in the morning sunlight—horses pawing, stirrup irons glinting and jingling; perhaps a hundred smartly dressed people in gear, ranging from the pink coats and velvet caps of the master and hunt servants, the black sidesaddle habits and black veils of the women, to brown breeches and checked coats. Hounds were sitting in a half-circle about the stocky, arrogant huntsman. On each end of the circle sat the professional whippers-in, the long thongs of their hunting whips lying on the ground as though fencing in the hounds. A little way off, Howard MacAfee was touching the visor of his velvet cap with the handle of his crop in greeting to various members of the field. Arthur nudged Ajax forward to bid the M.F.H. good morning, as was only proper. He liked Howard and was sorry that Howard always acted so hideously embarrassed in his company nowadays. What if Howard had been his publisher? It wasn't Howard's fault that the Hamilton books didn't sell any more because the earth, in turning on its axis, had passed by and left behind the world—this world of glitter and pomp—that the books had been about.

"Morning, Howard," he said, touching the brim of his silk hat with his own crop. "Good day for sport, I should think."

To Arthur's surprise, Howard MacAfee's eyes did not avoid his, but brightened with pleasure.

"Why, hello, Arthur!" said the M.F.H. "Glad to see you out with us today." He leaned forward. "By the way—something I want to talk to you about."

Arthur grinned. "My subscription's paid for the year, Howard."

MacAfee made a deprecating gesture with his crop.

"It isn't that sort of thing at all. Matter of business. You see it turns out—" He broke off as some people rode up full of greetings and conversation. Courtesy and his position demanded he turn to them. He shrugged his shoulders at Arthur. "Sorry," he said. "We'll talk about it later, old boy."

"Certainly," said Arthur.

FOR a second, he wondered what Howard MacAfee had been going to say. Then he forgot all about it, because the thin piping sound of the huntsman's horn tinkled through the morning. Horses pricked up their ears and hounds jumped to their feet. The huntsman cried, "Yoi, yoi, yoi, boys, and ladies—eleu in there, Traveler, Music, Ravenous—after him, boys; hup, ladies, hup!" He put the tiny horn to his lips again: *Tarrr-arr-arr-arr-arr!* Then, he cried again, "Yoicks, try rouse 'em! Yoi, try push 'em up!" Then, surrounded by white and brown and black English foxhounds, he made his way through a gate, into a field; he cantered across it and into the woods, followed by the master and the field.

Arthur took up a post near the edge of the woods and listened to the sweet sad music of the horn and the occasional bell-like crying of individual hounds as they roamed and sniffed and snuffled through the woods for the rich, rank scent of the fox that was so sweet to their nostrils.

"Here it comes, Ajax," said Arthur. "The old bag fox is going to be dropped now, poor devil!"

He had seen a drab-looking man in brown corduroys walk into the woods from the road carrying a burlap potato sack over his shoulder. All the other regulars there had seen him too and looked to their stirrup leathers and girths and straightened their reins. But they all pretended this was coincidence, that they had not seen the gloomy man with the bag. Dropped foxes were really not quite the thing; one pretended one had never heard of the practice. Arthur Hamilton saw all these gods of the chase checking their gear, settling themselves in their saddles, saw them watching the man with the bag out of the corners of their eyes and pretending not to see him.

"Why do they have to pretend?" Arthur said, scowling. "Why do they all have to kid themselves like this?"

Then he blushed. He had just realized that for years and years he had been doing the same thing himself—was actually doing it now. Even Ajax, wise in the ways of the hunt, was looking away over the countryside, as if he felt no stirrings of excitement. Then it came, a crashing thunder of hound voices from the heart of the wood. Far away on the other side of the field, a streak of reddish brown running for its life in the bright morning sunshine; then the pack, bursting as one animal from the woods; and after them, shouting, "Forrard—on to him, boys. Get at him, ladies! Forrard—" came the huntsman, a whip riding on either side of him; and then, holding up his hand for the field to hold back, the Master.

Arthur felt a thrill run up his spine at this, to him the one great moment of the hunt. Then he was leaning forward in his saddle galloping along with the others over the tan stubble, over a low fence, feeling the power of the great old horse beneath him. Over another field he went, over another fence and through more fields, riding well in the midst of the crowd because he knew that in a little while they would come to a big fence, and all but perhaps a dozen of the regulars would suddenly find reasons for avoiding the jump and would hunt about for a low spot or a gap or, if necessary, wait for someone to take down a rail. Then Arthur could gallop through; he could catch up with the van of the hunt at his pleasure.

(Continued on page 39)

"I say, Arthur, you hurt, old boy?" Arthur Hamilton nodded as he turned his horse a little so that the M.F.H. couldn't see the bulge under his coat

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A NIGHT AT THE UPROAR

BY JIM MARSHALL

About Spike Jones, [illegible] maniac of California, who suddenly found himself the idol of ten million bobby-soxers and the maker of a million bucks a year

SUCH an odd collection of noises was coming from two poor, beat-up old Pullmans trailing dustily across the Mojave Desert at the rear end of Union Pacific's No. 4 that we went back to find out what was going on. In the washroom of the first car (SJ-2) a pretty young woman named Helen Grayco was feeding two white doves and singing throatily. In the car aisle six men were lined up, passing an egg back and forth, frowning terrifically and muttering, "No, that isn't right!" and "Let's try it again!" The idea, one of them explained, was to make people laugh.

At the other end of the car, in the drawing room, a worried man was putting down columns of figures on paper, muttering sixty-nine thousand, eighty-two thousand, hundred and four thousand four hundred and nine—AND six cents . . . Seemed like a business manager or something.

In the other car (SJ-1) a male quartet held forth in the washroom. In the aisle a juggler was tossing tennis balls; a man was doing bird calls and a pale, wan man they called "Doodles" was wailing for somebody to take him out to the ball game. In the drawing room a tall, sandy-haired, blue-eyed young man with a long underslung jaw sat with his chin in his hands, sunk in reverie.

That would be Spike Jones, a citizen who at thirty-seven has become the new idol of ten million bobby-soxers, a star of radio, screen and stage and the maker of a million bucks he doesn't know what to do with.

We heard amid the pandemonium that Spike had just finished wrecking music in Los Angeles, and was headed for Chicago, with a stopover at Laramie, Wyoming, where, after his performance at the University of Wyoming, it might take weeks for everyone to recover.

Wrecking music for more than two hours every night demands a man's full mental energies, because music has been going on for a long time, and is

Helen Grayco tries to play it straight despite the weird assortment of wild fowl brought down by Spike's gunplay

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pretty tough. Spike manages it with the help of five suits of clothes (at $300 a suit), twelve musicians, a couple of small pigs, four or five girls, a collection of two hundred noisemaking props, a giant, a midget, a couple of trick curtains and a dead-pan expression that may hide a mind trying to solve the mystery of life.

No kidding. Spike still wonders why he's doing what he is, and why people pay to listen to it. They toss more than a million dollars his way in a year—and even after he has paid off everybody and the income tax man, it still ain't hay.

The show carries forty people, of whom thirteen, including Spike, are musicians—speaking loosely. The official word is that they are all top experts, the explanation being that it takes a good musician to play in a combination madhouse and boiler factory.

Girl Harpist Smokes While She Plays

The band normally includes three saxophones, cornet, trombone, two banjos, piano, drums, tuba and a knitting harpist who smokes cigars while she plays. This harpist, Miss Betsy Mills, is knitting a serape that currently measures about thirty-five feet long. This serape was started in 1944. Miss Mills plays only one number—Holiday for Strings—and during this she lays aside her needles and smokes a cigar. Research has proved the notion to have a certain novelty value.

In show business the standard headache is getting people into the theater; with Spike it's getting them out. When he plays movie theaters the kids swarm in for the first show and sit through them all.

"Usually we have to offer stage-door prizes to get them out," says Spike. "At the end of each show we announce the first four kids around to the alley will get autographed records and the rest we pay off with balloons, toy saxophones and decalcomanias. The decalcomanias have my mug on them, but we get away before the kids find that out.

Weird things happen to movie dramas on the same bill with Spike and his men. Since the more shows they can get in, the more money the theaters make, managers often commit mayhem on the movie, leaving out a reel or two.

"One time in Hartford, Connecticut," Spike remembers, "the manager cut three reels out of a murder mystery. These three happened to record the crime, and when the guy was hanged at the end, no one in the audience could figure out why . . . Nobody seemed to care, either."

Spike was born Lindley Armstrong Jones at Long Beach, California, on December 14, 1911. His father worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad. The family followed the tracks, mainly in southern California, and it was while Jones Senior was station agent at Calexico, on the Mexican border, that the kid took up drumming.

The story is that young Lindley, by now known to his fellow schoolkids as Spike, first operated with a pair of chair rungs on the family breadboard under the guidance of the Negro cook at the railroad lunch counter. He was eleven at the time.

The family moved back to Long Beach and the kid went to Polytechnic High. Another kid was running an orchestra and Spike joined, to rise soon to the eminence of drum major of a ninety-piece band. His father and mother had bought him a pair of drums as a Christmas gift. First thing they knew he had his own orchestra going, operating as Spike Jones and his Five Tacks. See? Spike and Tacks. Cute, eh?

Later he played drums with various bands and was a house drummer for record-making concerns.

"Boy, was I in the money—and light work, too!" he recalls today.

But playing straight began to be a bore and after regular sessions he and a few other musicians used to get together and let their *(Continued on page 54)*

International flavor is imparted by Freddie Morgan as Uncle Joe. Frank Little executes a "kapsule kazotsky"

Beethoven backdrop registers horror at musical outrages of Spike and the City Slickers. Tongue really wags

Harpist plays only one number, works on a 35-foot serape during rest of the show, undisturbed by Saliva Sisters

Sir Frederick Gas is a Kansan named Earle Bennett. The fright wig is his own hair, trained to induce laughs

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STEEL IN THE SURF

The harpooner sees the shark cutting through the surf and wades out to meet it. As the surf recedes, the fin rises above the swirl. The harpooner hurls his harpoon and

HARPOONING is more sportsmanlike than line fishing because the fish has as much chance to catch you as you have to catch the fish. For even fish that are not generally considered "gamy" may drown the fisherman or at least bite off his leg. Most big-game fishermen think that a marlin gives more sport on the end of a line than an octopus, but these gentlemen have never tried letting an octopus get a tentacle around their necks while they are underwater. Many of our aquatic friends have capabilities little suspected by people who have never tried sticking spears into them.

There are almost as many different types of harpooning as there are of line fishing. For fish weighing several tons, there is the thrown harpoon with a detachable head secured to a heavy line. For shallow water, a light, stabbing spear is often preferred. Goggle fishermen usually like a sharpened steel rod discharged from a slingshotlike apparatus.

Octopus hunters use a hook on the end of a long pole, and night fishermen stick to the ancient trident. Harpooning is more like hunting than ordinary fishing and requires more action. Often when you are trying to sneak up on a fish with a spear, there is a bigger fish trying to sneak up on you. This adds an element of uncertainty that keeps things interesting.

The first principle of harpooning is not to spear anything bigger than you are—unless you can get out of the way afterward. I discovered this rule while trying to harpoon sharks near Acapulco, on the Pacific coast of southern Mexico.

About fifty miles north of the town, the native fishermen wade out into the creamy surf and harpoon sharks as they rush in on the waves. The undercurrents are so strong that often a harpooner will be fouled by his own line flung back on him by the surf. Before the man can cut himself loose, the backwash has tied him and the shark together and carried them both out to sea. His friends grab the line and start to haul it in. Sometimes they bring up the fisherman, sometimes the shark. It's a wonderful sport.

Shark harpooning is seasonal. A few miles north of Acapulco begins a great, fresh-water lagoon that runs for miles and is separated from the ocean only by a bar of white sand. Once a year after the rainy season, this lagoon breaks through the bar and flows into the sea. Thousands of bass, cabezuda and trout are swept into the salt water. Sharks collect like wolves around a broken sheepfold. This is the moment for the harpooner.

Along this section of the coast, breakers fifteen and twenty feet high come rolling in. Standing on the beach, the harpooner can see fish swimming in these perpendicular sections of ocean as though he were looking into an aquarium. When the black dorsal of a shark cuts the edge of the breaker like a knife sticking through a melon, the harpooner wades out to meet the wave.

To be struck by the full force of one of those breakers would mean death. The system is to time your rush so that you can throw your harpoon and get back again before a wave breaks. If you miscalculate, you'll certainly lose your harpoon and possibly your life. A friend of mine who tried to hang on to his harpoon after he was caught in a breaker couldn't use his right arm again for ten days.

You spot a shark's triangular black fin in an oncoming wave, and you run down the beach until you're opposite the point where the shark will be after the wave breaks. When the overhanging green wall has burst into a mass of soapsuds twenty feet broad, you wade out into the seething boil with your harpoon ready.

Nerve-Racking Moments in the Surf

Suddenly the black fin rises above the white swirl. It may be a hundred yards away or it may be beside you. Not infrequently men have felt the sandpaper skin of the shark brush their legs while they were waiting for the fin to appear. When the fin shows, you force your way toward it through a swirl of water up to your chest. As the water is as opaque as milk, there is always a chance you may step on another shark.

Suddenly the foam rushes shoreward. The water abruptly clears. Below the black fin you can see the white shine of the shark. It is snapping at the terrified bass that are swirling around in the ocean currents. You hurl the harpoon. At the same moment, you start running for the beach, letting the loops of line hanging over your left hand pay off as the wounded fish thrashes toward the open sea.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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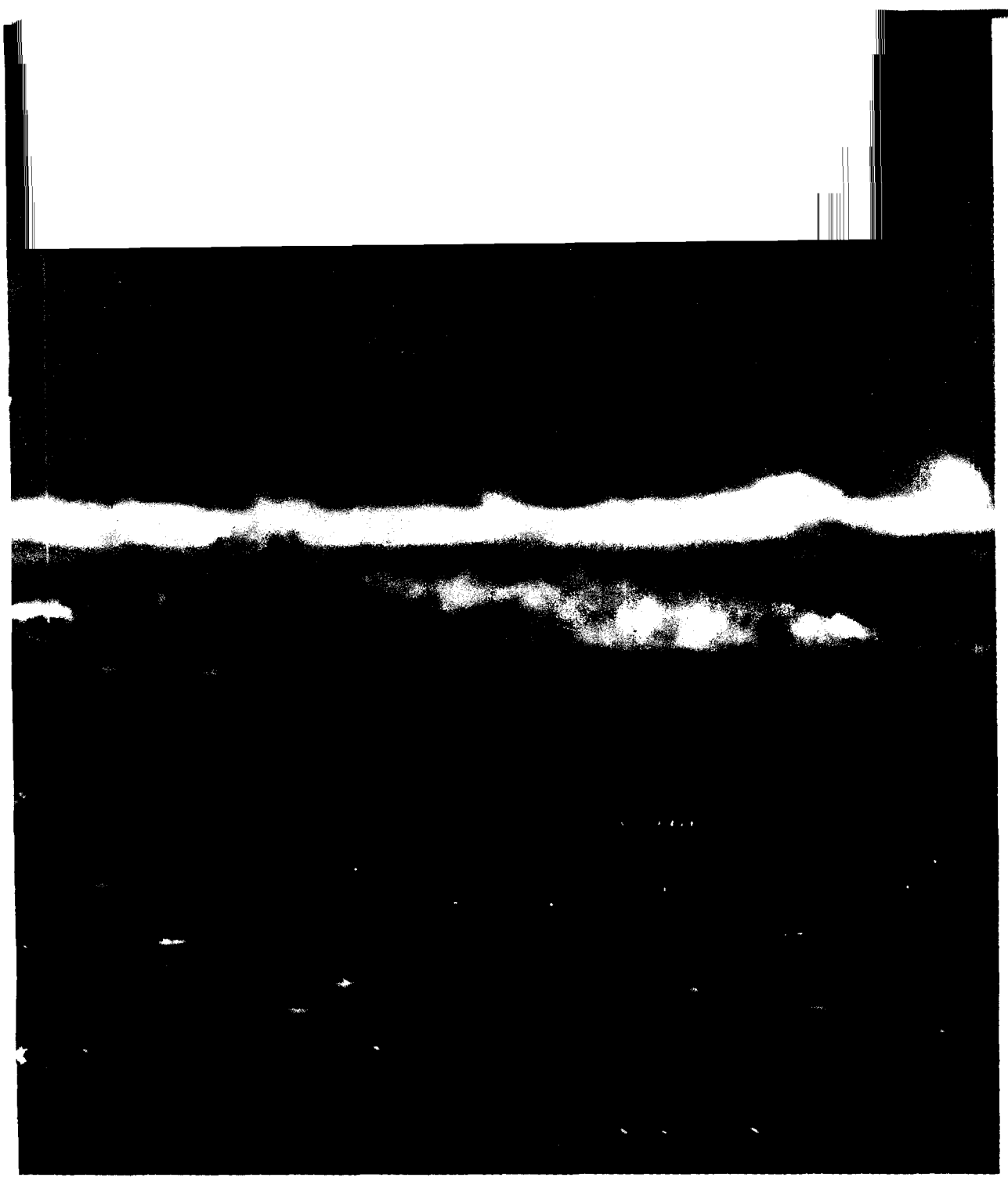
Sometimes you get a fish, sometimes the fish gets you, when you go harpooning. It's great sport, but don't pick on a fish that's bigger than you are—unless you can get out of the way afterward

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX



starts running for the beach, letting the loops of line pay off as the wounded fish thrashes toward the open sea

Pelicans follow the fishing boats, begging for a handout. Below, torchlight spearing of daggerfish, a dangerous pastime. The fish, disturbed by the light, jump in all directions and may impale the unwary fisherman

If the next wave breaks before you can reach the shore, the force of the water will probably carry the injured shark out to sea so rapidly that you cannot hold him. I have seen a harpooned shark that must have been at least fifteen feet long vanish in a torrent of foam and reappear almost instantly a hundred yards down the beach with the harpoon still sticking in him. The harpooner had to drop the line to keep from being carried down the shore with his catch. The undercurrents following a breaking wave are so swift and uncertain that a man may start to run for shore after throwing his harpoon and trip over the injured shark, which has been sucked between him and the beach.

Any time that I'm standing up to my waist in water harpooning a shark, I want to know where the shark is. But because of the terrific surf, I might be standing in two feet of water one moment and the next second I'd be swimming for my life. I waded out to photograph one big shark that had taken the harpoon in his head. I took a shot at a nice safe distance and then started back just as a wave broke.

The next instant the shark and I were thrashing about in ten feet of water, his tail beating against my camera and both of us tied together with the harpoon line. His big jaws opened and closed beside me and I could count his banks of teeth. Every time I tried to get away, I jerked him closer. My friend on the beach shouted hopefully, "Don't worry. He isn't a man-eater." He was probably right. He knows a lot about sharks, which is why he doesn't go in wading with them. But I didn't want to have an arm or leg snapped off, even if the shark realized his mistake and spit it out again afterward.

Finally an Indian fisherman waded out and said he'd cut me and the shark apart if I'd pay for the harpoon head. I said I would. Harpoon heads cost $2.85, but I considered that one cheap at double the price.

Unless you take harpooning really seriously and start looking for whales, the biggest sea animal you are likely to spear is a Manta ray. These gigantic creatures look somewhat like a flounder the size of a barn door and weigh about half a ton. The Manta has two stubby tentacles he uses to sweep food into his big mouth. When a ray grabs anything in these tentacles, he gets panicky and won't let go. There have been cases of rays grabbing the anchor chains of small boats and dragging them miles out to sea before the crew could cut through the chain. Harpooning a Manta from a thirty-foot launch is no more exciting than shooting a cow from a truck, but try spearing one from a light native canoe.

I started out early one morning with two young Indian fishermen to look for "batfish," as the huge rays are called. In order to see the shadow of a ray swimming close to the surface, the sun must just be rising. We paddled along about a quarter of a mile offshore, watching the rounded tops of the swells for the tip of a ray's wing to break surface. The harpoon was laid *(Continued on page 42)*

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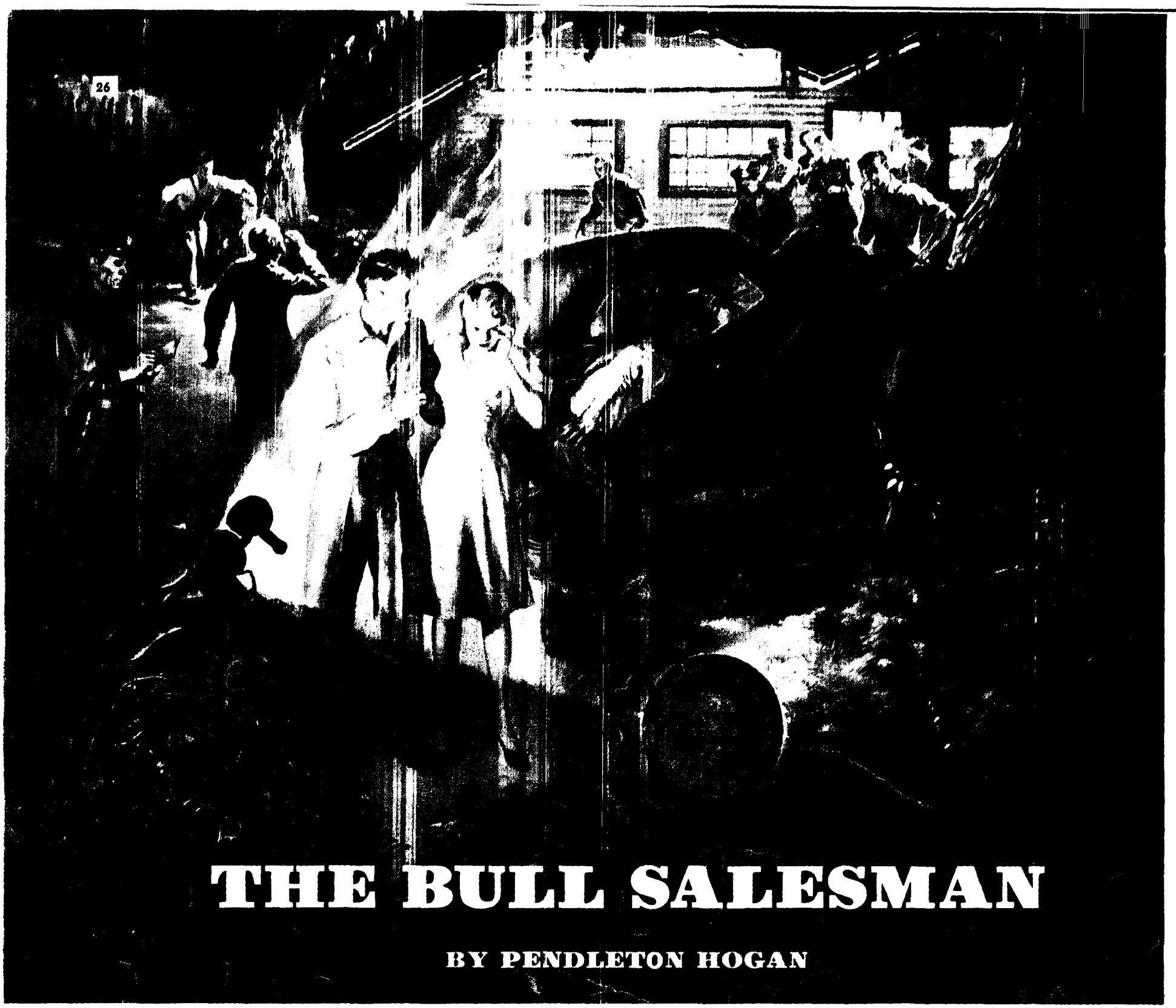

THE BULL SALESMAN

BY PENDLETON HOGAN

I went over to the wrecked car. Flora stood in the crowd beside it, with her brother, screaming hysterically. Her face was badly cut and bleeding

He repeated the pattern of a misspent life once too often

ABOUT six o'clock one evening I was sitting alone on the front gallery when a man on horseback turned from the main road and came riding up the long, straight avenue toward the house. He rode easily and let his horse walk as if time wasn't pushing him. Already shadows were rolling together through the long beards of Spanish moss and settling under the live oaks, the water oaks and cedar trees that lined the avenue. It was the time of day I liked best but it was also the time when occasionally I was a little lonely. I watched the man until he reached the edge of the gallery, then I stood up and he saw me.

"Evenin'," he said.

"Good evening," I said.

I saw that he had a seamed, weathered face and that he wasn't young. He leaned forward in the saddle.

"My name's Wagner," he said. "Henry C. Wagner. The C stands for Crittenden—my mother's folks from Carolina. I'm from Texas, m'self. You Mr. Barton?"

I said I was.

"I'm over here in Louisiana doin' a little lookin' around," Henry C. Wagner said, "and two-three folks round about've told me 'bout you. Mind if I come in a minute? You might be interested."

I said I'd be glad for him to come in. He jumped lightly from his horse. "Of course I don't want to intrude," he said.

That was when I noticed the oddness of his speech. At times it was purely colloquial, and he dropped his final g's; then other times he didn't, and there occurred inflections and a surprising use of certain words that spoke of long-dead, half-forgotten environments in his past.

"Mind if I put old Daisy over here, and let her nibble a little grass?" he asked. "I've been pushing her pretty hard lately."

"By all means do." I stepped down onto the shell drive and watched him lead his sorrel horse past the end of the box hedge onto the lawn. He tied the bridle reins loosely to the pommel of his Texas saddle, and loosed the girth a notch or two. Then he came back to me with his old brown felt hat in his hand. There was a line across his forehead below which the dry skin was very tanned and above which it was not. His hair was thin and gray and his blue eyes held a keen glint of combined humor, experience and tolerance. He wasn't tall but he stepped sharply on his bowed little legs. I found myself liking the old boy.

"Come in and have a seat," I said.

"Don't mind if I do." He dropped his hat onto the brick floor near one of the gallery columns and we moved over toward the chairs. I saw that his worn old whipcord riding breeches, sweat-stained on the inside of the calves, had been expensive when new. Of all the chairs, he picked the one I least expected him to take; it was a chaise longue on wheels made of white iron pipes and blue waterproof cushions. Laura had bought it in New York with the rest of the porch things, and for some reason I just never thought of sitting on it. But old Henry C. lowered his spry little frame onto it as if he'd never sat on anything else.

"Fine place you got here, Mr. Barton," he said, looking around. "Mighty fine indeed."

"I like it."

"Built around eighteen hundred, I'd say."

"Eighteen hundred and nine."

"Man up the road a piece told me you got little better'n four thousand acres."

I nodded.

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

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How to make warm friends (and vice versa)

EVEN IF YOU lived in an igloo, your friends would count you the most genial of hosts if you served them Four Roses Hot Toddies.

For there's nothing quite so satisfying and heart-warming as a Hot Toddy, especially when the mellow and distinctive flavor of Four Roses brings it to the peak of perfection.

Recipe for a matchless Hot Toddy

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly), 4 cloves and, if you wish, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses, and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

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COCKTAILS AT BLINDMAN'S LAKE

Continued from page 19

a week end in the country. Sounds very cozy."

"Miss Boyd and I have spent many platonic week ends together in the past," I said. "We happened to be professional teammates. We did considerable traveling together and—"

"A jury might not believe in platonic week ends," the captain interrupted, "particularly when there's blood on your handkerchief, and your prints on a gun. I don't say you killed Norman, but I want you to know that if you did, the uniform you wore up to yesterday isn't going to help you any. And I want you to know that things don't look too good for you right now. So if you're holding out on us, now's the time to talk up. For instance, what's this?"

Captain McKay opened a small pasteboard box disclosing a dozen or so flat, black vitreous fragments. They were of different sizes, some no larger than my little fingernail, some as big as a half dollar, all roughly triangular.

"I'll bite," I said. "What is it?"

"I thought maybe you'd know. They were scattered through the woods near where the car turned around. And they were scattered damned recently, because there's no dust or rain or dew marks on them. You can touch them. There are no prints on them either."

I turned over one of the fragments. One side was closely etched with fine grooves, like a phonograph record. "Looks like a broken recording," I volunteered.

"Right," said the captain. "Acetate. Glass base. But it's smashed all to hell and we have only about one tenth of it. We'll never find enough pieces to tell us what it's about. Suppose you tell us."

"I'm not holding out on you," I said. "I'm blank on that one. But what about looking for the camera? Or have you found that, too?"

"I'll get the boys working on that pronto," McKay said, "just to show you I'm not unreasonable, even if maybe I don't believe everything you say. Let's just have a look at the exit facilities on our way upstairs."

We left the bar by the outside door and climbed a stairway to a veranda which ran around three sides of the inn, looking out on the lake. McKay pointed to two windows. "The Hurleys and the Westerfords slept in those rooms there," he said. The windows were open. He poked his head in one window, then the other. "Any one of them could have slipped in and out last night without going through the office," the captain added.

WE WENT to the other side of the veranda and through the door into the dining room. The Hurleys and the Westerfords were just finishing their bacon and eggs. Grace Boyd and Henry Pennington were drinking coffee. Pennington was talking earnestly, and Grace was listening but not very earnestly; she seemed to be present in body only, while her spirit was exploring some astral plane. She looked at me as from a great distance and greeted me abstractedly with a signal of her coffee cup. Bob and Joan Stewart were there, too, but they weren't eating. Four state troopers were sitting at a side table, smoking.

"Pinky, somebody lifted a camera out of Miss Boyd's car last night." McKay was speaking to one of the troopers, but every ear in the dining room was tuned in. "Get out the official fine combs and cover the territory. Bring in any camera you find and we'll check the number later."

Then McKay came over to address the cocktail guests: "Morning, folks. Last night I accused one of you of sending telegrams in Miss Boyd's name, asking you all for cocktails at Blindman's Lake. I was wrong. We've found out that Dr. Norman himself invited you. He phoned the telegrams to the Blue Falls Western Union office from a booth in the bar of this inn. Now, since Dr. Norman set up the party, maybe he was the impresario for the 'sensational entertainment at five sharp.' Maybe one of you folks has some idea of what kind of sensational entertainment he was planning?"

Nobody answered.

"Maybe this will jog your memory." McKay opened his cardboard box containing the bits of broken recording. He passed the box around.

"What is it?" Betty Hurley wanted to know.

"A broken phonograph record, obviously," Pennington said.

No one else spoke, but a peculiar expression came over the face of Conchita Westerford. She looked at me for a long time without blinking. Her lips seemed to be looking at me, too, with a hint of a smile. I noticed that Grace was watching Conchita closely.

"Okay, nobody knows anything—as usual," McKay said at last. "So everybody stick around. You *might* remember something. Miss Boyd, I want to talk to you and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and Mr. Lawrence downstairs in the bar."

As Grace rose, Pennington got up, too.

"Mr. Pennington, you stay here till I call you," McKay ordered.

Betty Hurley giggled. "Captain McKay acts as if he thinks Henry Pennington did it," she said. "I think it's silly to suspect Henry of killing Norman just because they both loved the same girl. People might just as well say that Jerome killed my first husband on the operating table because he loved me, although he really didn't fall in love with me until months and months later."

Betty giggled again and Dr. Hurley managed a soft, professional bedside laugh, but he didn't look amused. Grace greeted Betty's remark with a silent gasp of incredulous surprise. Captain McKay seemed unimpressed.

"Come on," said McKay.

Pennington followed us as far as the veranda. At the top of the outside stairway, McKay turned and said, "Mr. Pennington, I told you I didn't want to talk to you now. Please go away."

"Captain," Pennington began, "I have every right to accompany Miss Boyd, and if you—"

But McKay turned his back without bothering to reply. Pennington remained at the top of the stairs, looking extremely pained.

AFTER we got to the bar and sat down, McKay let half a minute pass in silence as though he were thinking up nasty questions to spring on us. I slid into a seat next to Grace, and she reached out to grasp my hand. Her fingers throbbed with the quick, nervous pulse of someone fighting against overpowering fear, the thready pulse of distress. She was not looking at me. She was staring at the Stewarts.

I, too, was struck by the appearance of the Stewarts, particularly the change in Joan. The smiling, pleasant, young-looking woman I had met the day before seemed to have aged ten years overnight. Her close-bobbed gray hair made her look like a tired old man this morning—tired, but with a strange defiance burning in her keen gray eyes. She sat with her hands tightly clenched on the table. Bob Stewart was outwardly composed, but he kept polishing his rimless spectacles over and over again.

"Mrs. Stewart," said McKay at last, "why did you call the police to Grace Boyd's cabin last evening?"

Bob Stewart put his spectacles on with a snap. He half rose from his chair. "She didn't!" he declared. "That's not true!"

"Now, Mr. Stewart," said McKay paternally, "you surely don't think we wouldn't trace a call like that. It was your phone and it was a woman's voice."

"He's right, Bob," Joan said without looking at her husband. "I didn't have the nerve to tell you about it last night after what happened."

Bob Stewart sank back in his chair. There was honest bewilderment in his frank blue eyes. Grace was right about the Stewarts being such damned normal people, but she was wrong about my not liking them. From the first they impressed me as a genuine, wholesome, devoted couple who pay their taxes on time, take a couple of cocktails before dinner, get tight only on week ends, raise vegetables in the summer and put in irises and tulips and crocuses every fall. They would be the last people in the world I'd have tied up with a murder—before I knew about Bob Stewart's gun.

"Bob," Joan went on, "I called the police to go to Grace's cabin because I got worried when it took you so long to get back from the village. I wanted to make sure you wouldn't do anything violent. I still don't think you did, Bob."

"Mrs. Stewart," said McKay, "did you know that Dr. Norman was killed with an automatic pistol belonging to your husband?"

"Oh, my God!" Joan said. She closed her eyes.

There was a silence. Bob Stewart cleared his throat. Then he said, "I haven't seen that gun in at least a week."

"I know, I know," said McKay. "You asked Miss Boyd to bring it from New York, and she hadn't delivered it. According to one story which may or may not be true, somebody took the gun out of her car—but I don't know who. You knew she was bringing it, though. By the way, why did you suddenly need a gun at Blindman's Lake, Mr. Stewart?"

"Look," said Bob Stewart, "I admit that yesterday afternoon I'd have gladly killed Dr. Norman. It just happens I didn't."

"Tell him the whole story, Bob," said Joan.

IT WAS cold in the dingy bar of Lakeside Inn, but Bob Stewart was perspiring. He mopped his brow. "We have a little boy," he began. Then he stopped.

"Sure, I know," said McKay. "Tommy. Every trooper who's ever patrolled the Blue Falls road knows Tommy."

"Yes. Well, Tommy isn't our child. We haven't even legally adopted him, although we've wanted to, and we've tried—"

"Hold on," McKay interrupted. "Where does Dr. Norman come in?"

"Dr. Norman brought Tommy to us about four years ago," Bob Stewart said. "He told us the boy's mother had abandoned him, but had made arrangements with a bank to pay so much a month for his care. He knew we were crazy to adopt a child, since we had none of our own, and he said he thought the child would be happier with us than in an institution. He would never tell us the name of the mother and although he promised to do what he could to get her consent to our adopting Tommy, he never produced anything but delays and excuses. Then, on Friday, Dr. Norman came to see us and announced that the story was untrue. He told us that he was Tommy's father, and that he was going to take Tommy away from us."

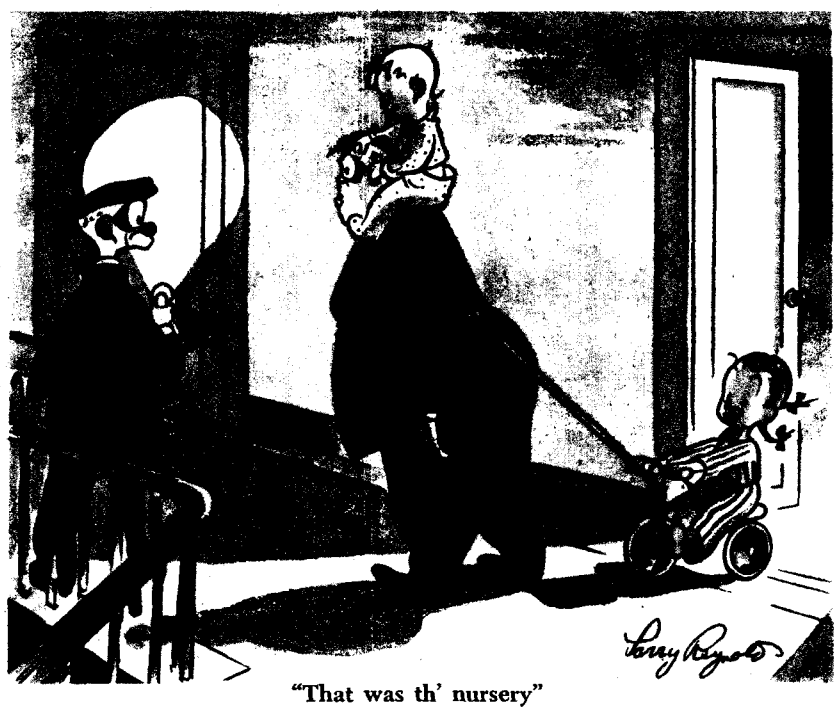
"You can imagine how we felt," Joan said.

"We didn't believe it at first," Bob Stewart resumed. "Dr. Norman did come to see Tommy now and then, and he brought him things, but he never showed any real paternal interest. He had papers though. On Friday, he showed us the birth certificate. It seems Dr. Norman was secretly married when he was still an intern in the West. His wife left him right after Tommy was born. She ran away with another man and left Tommy with Dr. Norman. He never heard from her again except when he was served with divorce papers. He didn't contest the action and accepted custody of the child. At first he left the baby with Tommy's grandmother in the West, and when she died four years ago, he brought Tommy to us here."

"What made him change his mind day before yesterday?" McKay asked.

Joan Stewart looked at Grace and said,

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"That was th' nursery"

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STOP HERE—FOR GOOD EATING

Mike Lyman's Restaurant in downtown Los Angeles is famous not only for the fine quality of its food but for the wide variety of entrees offered on the menu. Thirty years' experience in the restaurant and entertainment business have taught Mr. Lyman that patrons' tastes are varied. But he knows they *all* like tempting, richly spiced Heinz Tomato Ketchup!

A glimpse into the kitchen of Mills Restaurant, located in downtown Columbus, Ohio, shows you that the girls above know how to please a hungry customer! For there's always plenty of rich and racy Heinz Tomato Ketchup handy to liven the flavor of the delicious meals.

As colonial as the historical setting in which it's served is the food enjoyed by patrons of Williamson's Restaurant in suburban Philadelphia, Pa. A map on the wall depicts nearby points of interest—such as Bowman's Hill, where Captain Kidd's treasure is reputed to be buried. Other objects of interest, of course, are the bottles of famous Heinz Tomato Ketchup always within easy reach of the customers. For plain American dishes – such as steaks and chops—just naturally call for the lusty, richly spiced goodness of the world's largest-selling ketchup.

In the quaint New Mexican Room of the La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe, Mexican music and food are both specialties. With south-of-the-border dishes—and American favorites served in this Fred Harvey restaurant—Heinz "57-Sauce," tangy Chili Sauce, Heinz Ketchup and Heinz Mustard are always featured, too.

Wherever you see Heinz Condiments on a restaurant table, you can reach one sure conclusion: here's a place where flavor and quality are given the proper emphasis! For Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Heinz Chili Sauce and other Heinz Condiments are featured across America in all the finest eating places.

And whenever you see a homemaker cooking with Heinz Condiments at hand, there's good eating ahead, too! Many an ingenious cook relies on the fresh-tomato flavor of Heinz Tomato Ketchup to pep up her gravies – uses the tang of Heinz Prepared Mustard to dramatize salad dressings. Heinz "57-Sauce" glorifies stews—and Heinz Chili Sauce makes hash a *treat!*

For cooking or table use – at home or dining out – you can be sure that Heinz Condiments mean *good eating!*

57

Folks who know and appreciate good seafood and that traditional Southern favorite – fried chicken – come to Carter's Cafe in Shreveport, Louisiana. Carter's reputation lives up to its motto –"Nothing to sell but food – and the very best of that." So you'll find Heinz Chili Sauce, Mustard and other condiments on hand!

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"Dr. Norman said he'd about given up hope of getting married again. He said if he couldn't be a husband, at least he was going to be a father. He had his own ideas on how a boy should be brought up. He said we were ruining Tommy by bringing him up in an atmosphere of respectability. He said a boy was unfitted to face reality if he didn't learn early that life was tough, that the world was a sorry place, and that people were seldom as nice as they pretended. He told us to have Tommy's things packed over the week end, because he was coming to take him away on Sunday —that's today. We tried to argue with him, but his mind was made up. He said he was going to take Tommy away by force, if necessary."

Bob Stewart took up the narrative. "That's when I lost my temper," he said. "I told him I'd meet force with force. I was so upset that I couldn't see straight or think straight for hours. That's when I phoned you, Grace, to bring out my gun. Of course, when I calmed down a little I knew I wouldn't use it. After all, Joan and I are fairly civilized people and we don't believe in settling differences by violence."

"We love Tommy," said Joan softly. "We want him to grow up with a decent chance in life. We thought he would have a better chance with us than with his own father."

THEN Grace Boyd spoke. I had seen it coming on for quite a while. All the sublimated mother-feelings that she had been wasting on guys like me and Norman and her own younger brother, whose talent for fiction had been largely unsuccessful except in writing checks, were suffering agony with the Stewarts.

"Joan, I somehow feel I'm partly responsible for bringing this on you and Bob," Grace said. "Norman told me he had a child farmed out with some people and that he wanted to take the child back when he got married. He didn't tell me it was Tommy and I couldn't possibly have guessed. I thought Tommy belonged to you. I did tell Norman I thought it wasn't quite fair to take his child away from the people who had brought him up, but that didn't have anything to do with my hesitation about marrying him. You see—"

"Tell me again, Mr. Stewart," McKay broke in, "where you were between four and five o'clock yesterday afternoon."

"But I told you," Stewart insisted with a helpless gesture, "that I was trying to see my attorney in Blue Falls. I wanted to ask him if we couldn't get an injunction or a restraining order to keep Dr. Norman from taking Tommy away until we could start formal proceedings to have Norman declared an unfit and irresponsible parent, and ask the court to appoint us legal guardians. My attorney wasn't in. His office was locked. Nobody can vouch for me."

"I can," said Joan.

"I know, darling, but that's not an alibi. I went down to the drugstore and tried to phone Beaumont at home, at the country club, and at several other numbers where I thought I might reach him. No luck. So I started home."

"Why did you phone the police, Mrs. Stewart?" McKay asked.

"I know why she phoned the police," Stewart said. "On my way home I passed Dr. Norman leaving the inn. He was walking up the road toward Grace's cabin, with a package under his arm."

McKay leaned forward. "What kind of a package?" he asked.

"A flat package, like a large, thin book."

"Like a phonograph record, maybe?"

"Yes, it could have been a record."

"Go on." McKay leaned back again.

"Well, I drove for a minute, then I went back to the inn and phoned Joan. I told her that I'd seen Norman and that I was going to the cabin and tackle him again. You see when I lost my temper with Norman on Friday, I told him I'd kill him with my bare hands if he tried to take Tommy away from us. When I phoned, Joan begged me not to go to the cabin. She begged me to come home and get her first. So I did."

"But I was afraid he wouldn't," Joan said. "I was afraid he might lose his temper again and do something foolish. I wanted to keep him from doing anything violent. So I phoned the police."

"And we got there too late," said Captain McKay. We were sitting in a booth, and the captain absent-mindedly fingered the remote-control nickel slot of the juke box. "Too bad your lawyer wasn't in, Mr. Stewart, to give you a steel-lined alibi for the time you say you were in Blue Falls. A jury might take a very dim view of the fact that your gun killed Dr. Norman, and that his death might make it possible for you to adopt Tommy—"

"I know," said Bob Stewart. He suddenly put his elbows on the glass-topped table and pressed his head into his hands.

"Captain," said Joan Stewart, "if everything turns out all right—I mean, when you find out who really killed Dr. Norman, the fact that somebody may think right now that Bob did it—I mean, that won't keep us from legally adopting Tommy, will it?"

"I don't see why it should," said McKay. "In this country the law presumes a man innocent until—say, what is this?"

THE door had opened and Betty Hurley flounced in. She giggled, but I didn't think she could be tight so early in the morning. "Captain, you're a card," she declared gaily.

Betty dragged a bar stool over to our table, hoisted her blond prettiness to its red-and-chromium summit, and carefully crossed her legs. They were well worth crossing. It struck me as positively obscene for a woman with such beautiful legs to have such a lame brain.

Betty opened her bag and took out a miniature camera.

"Is this it?" she asked. "Is this the camera you all are looking for?"

Grace pounced. She snatched the camera from Betty's hands.

"This is my camera," she said. "This is the one I always carry in my car."

The fusty air of the Lakeside Inn bar quivered with the imminence of a storm about to break. I could almost smell the ozone above the scent of bar towel. Everyone seemed waiting for the crash of thunder which never came. Captain McKay's voice was as quiet as a zephyr when he asked:

"Where did you get this, Mrs. Hurley?"

"In my room," said Betty simply.

"Come now, Mrs. Hurley. In your room?"

"In my room. I have no idea how it got there."

"You mean you didn't know the camera was in your room when I spoke about its loss just a short while ago?" There was doubt in the captain's tone.

"It wasn't there before breakfast," Betty declared, making her blue eyes two sizes bigger. "At least I don't think so. After breakfast I went to my room to powder my nose. I'd left my bag on my dresser, and when I picked up my bag, why, there was this camera lying on the dresser. I hadn't noticed it before. Really."

"Has the film been taken out?" I asked.

Grace had been going over the camera with her expert fingers. She said, "No, the film's still in it."

I must have made a face, because Captain McKay chuckled. "That sort of spoils your story, doesn't it, Lawrence?" he said.

"Not necessarily," I replied. "If I were running this investigation I'd have the film developed—in a hurry."

"You took the words out of my mouth," said McKay, reaching for the camera.

Grace did not give it to him. She said, "I think Jim's theory is practically confirmed. You might have the film developed, Captain, just for the record. But you won't find a thing on it. It will be black. Completely light-struck. Somebody has taken the back off the camera to let the light in—to fog the film, deliberately. The back hasn't been put back properly. The catch is sprung. See?"

"Okay, okay." Captain McKay took the camera as though he were doing a great favor. He called a trooper and gave instructions to have the film developed. "You're a good team, you two," he said. "But this isn't going to get your neck out of a sling, Lawrence, unless there's a picture of the murderer on the film."

The captain gave me a look that I'm sure would have assayed ninety per cent arsenic. Then he switched to saccharine and swung his smile at Betty Hurley, who was powdering her nose again.

"By the way, Mrs. Hurley," he said, "what did your husband say when you found the camera on your dresser?"

"Oh, Jerome doesn't know about it yet. He's still in the dining room. But I thought I'd better bring it right down here to you, because you seemed so anxious about it, with fine combs and everything."

"Thank you. Mrs. Hurley, you made a remark a short time ago about your first husband, who was apparently a patient of Dr. Hurley's. I wonder if you'd like to go into detail."

"I'd better not," Betty said. "I guess I sort of spoke out of turn. Jerome didn't like that crack I made. It wasn't ethical or something. You'd better ask him about it."

"Would you ask him to come down, Mrs. Hurley?"

DR. HURLEY appeared an instant later—a small, precise, self-important man, oozing bedside manner, a carbon copy of five hundred other upper East Side Manhattan physicians with their basic minimum of skill and their rich, resonant maximum of personality. I could easily picture his waiting room, crowded with neurotic, well-to-do women reading back numbers of magazines beside the electric-lighted tropical fish, sitting for hours with their chronic colitis and various kinds of insomnia, just for ten minutes of Dr. Hurley's reassuring professional touch on their ailing persons.

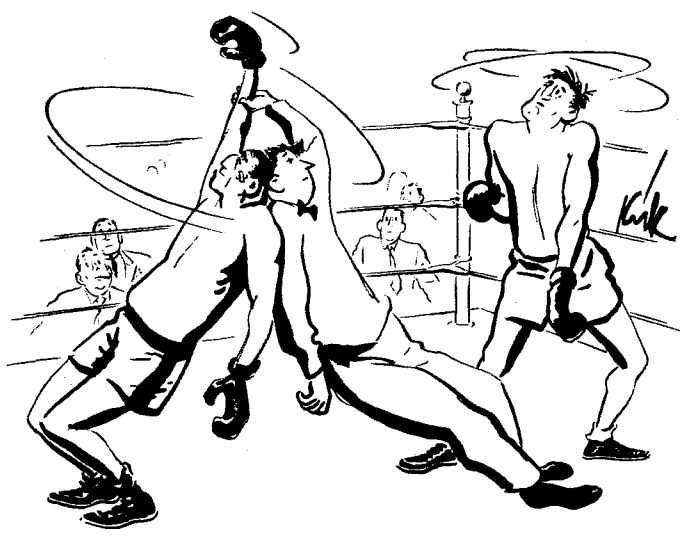
"I had intended speaking to you later, Captain McKay," said Dr. Hurley, "as soon as you'd finished your more important preliminaries. Although my story has no bearing on the murder, I thought perhaps if you came upon it independently, you might think it somehow pertinent—which it is not—and mistakenly jump to the conclusion that I was hiding something from you—which I am not."

"Yes, I understand all that," McKay said impatiently. "Let's get to the point. Does this concern Dr. Norman?"

"Yes, it does. Dr. Norman figures prominently and unpleasantly in the story I was about to tell you. Despite his unpleasant role, I began to admire Dr. Norman then for the first time. Until then I had merely disliked him. I still admire him greatly, for he was a very talented man, but were he alive today, I should still dislike him greatly."

"I thought you were going to tell me about Mrs. Hurley's first husband," said McKay.

"Indeed I was. Mr. Shoemaker, that was Mrs. Hurley's first husband, was indeed a patient of mine. He was a sufferer from periodic attacks of jaundice, and at the time of his last attack, I was diagnostically certain that his jaundice was being caused by gallstones which had finally lodged in the common duct. As he was in considerable pain, I recommended immediate surgery, possibly a



KIRK STILES

SPORTING ODDS

Veteran referee Ben Querry was officiating at a 1936 bout in Oklahoma City between Joe Vernon and Joe Reneer when Vernon let go with a hard right which missed Reneer but caught Querry flush on the jaw. The fans saw the blow and laughed, but what they did not know was that Querry was completely out on his feet. Nor did they know it three rounds later when Querry raised the hand of the nearest fighter, who happened to be Joe Reneer. Querry came to in the dressing room and, finding no scoring on his card for the last three rounds, insisted that the decision be changed. When the situation was explained to them, Reneer and Vernon agreed on a draw and the announcement was made. The crowd roared its approval of the decision.

—Donald Querry, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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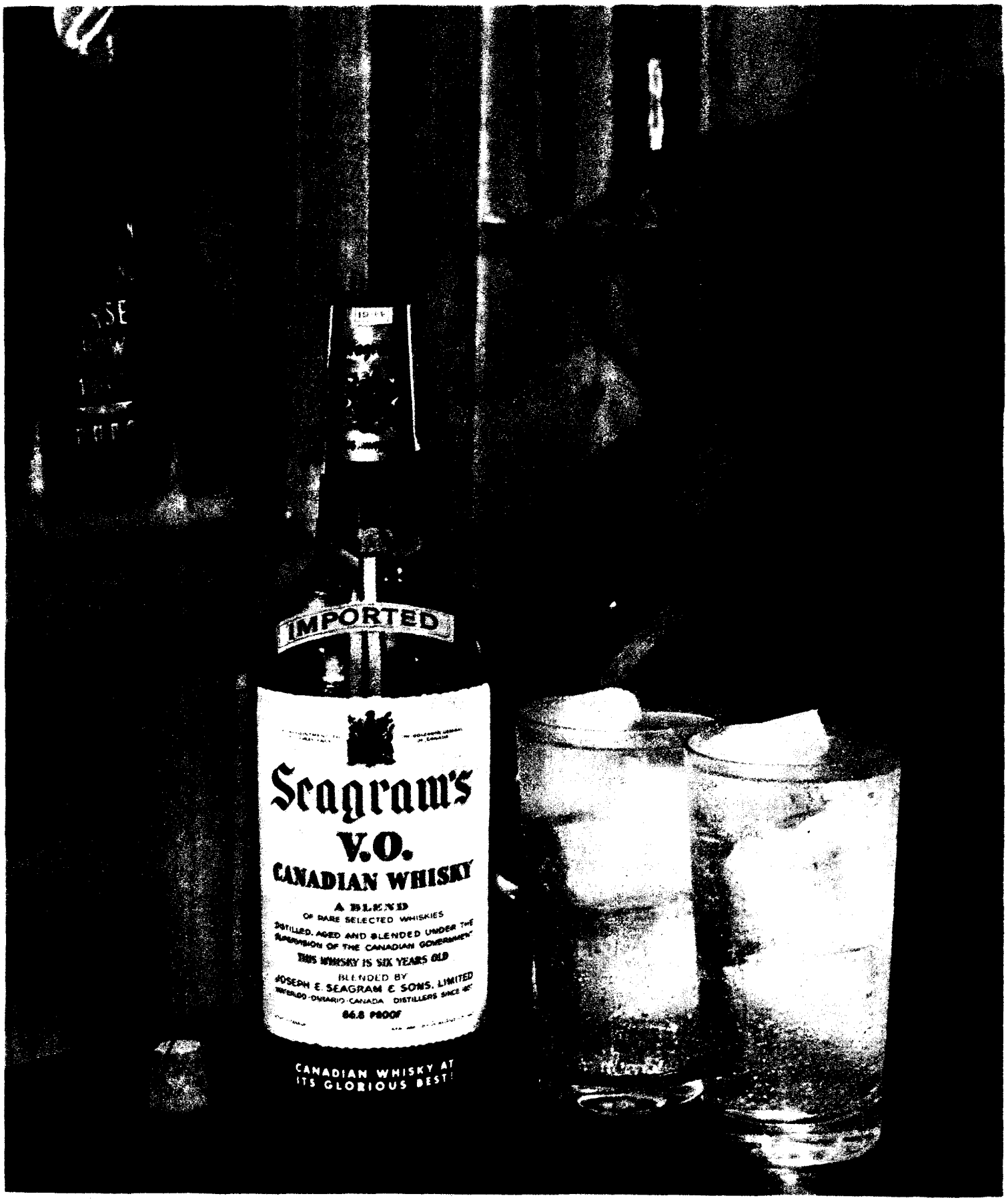
VERY VO BVIOUSLY...THE WINNER



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simple cholecystotomy, possibly a cholecystenterostomy, depending on—"

"Let's keep this to words of five syllables," McKay interrupted. "My Latin's lousy."

"I believe you'd find Greek more helpful in this case. However, I apologize for becoming technical." Dr. Hurley's smile was not at all apologetic. "I merely mean to say that I recommended an immediate gall-bladder operation, although I could not be certain of the exact nature of the operation until I had entered the abdomen and discovered the condition of his gall bladder and the nature of the obstruction in the common duct.

"I rushed Mr. Shoemaker to a hospital which I shall not identify except to say that Dr. Norman was then director of its pathological laboratory. I sent specimens to the lab for the usual routine tests, then, since Mr. Shoemaker was in great pain, I had him removed to the operating room almost immediately.

"I had already begun to operate when Dr. Norman came storming into the operating room—without even taking the trouble to make himself sterile—and abused me loudly in front of all the interns and the nurses. He shouted something like, 'How dare you begin an operation without waiting for my laboratory report? Do you want to commit murder?' I reminded Dr. Norman that as attending physician I had made a diagnosis which called for an emergency operation and that as the surgeon I could operate whenever I saw fit.

"Then Dr. Norman screamed, 'Don't you know that it may be murder to operate on a patient still in a jaundiced condition? Don't you know, Dr. Hurley, that when the common duct is obstructed, bile does not reach the intestine? That without bile, the blood does not absorb vitamin K, and that without vitamin K, the body will not produce prothrombin, and that without prothrombin the blood will not clot? Don't you know that, Dr. Hurley?'

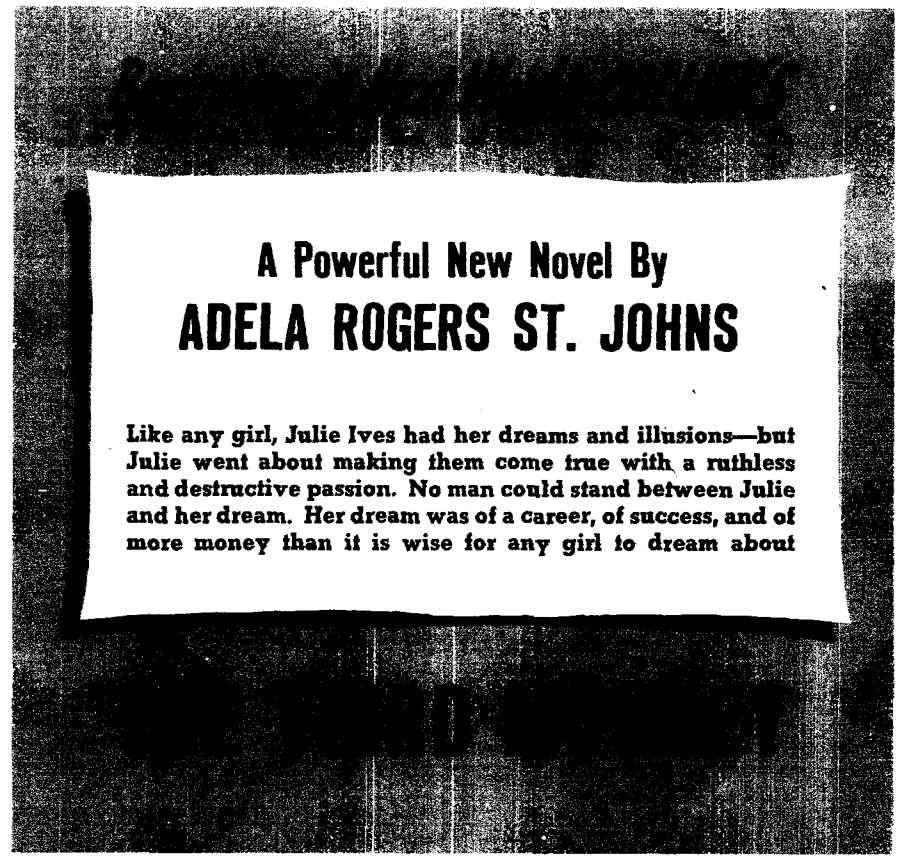
"I am frank to admit, Captain McKay, that I did not know it. Very few of us in the medical profession knew it then. Vitamin K had been discovered in Denmark only a few years before, and very little was known here about its part in the mechanics of blood clotting—except for a few brilliant laboratory men like Dr. Norman. Well, there is frequently a natural hostility between surgeon and pathologist, particularly when their diagnoses do not agree or when the pathologist is an uncouth and pugnacious young man like Norman. And I was in no mood, in the midst of a delicate operation, for a lesson in blood chemistry from a young upstart with whisky on his breath. There was nothing to do but go ahead with the surgery.

"I must say, with all due modesty, that the operation was skillfully performed. Dr. Norman himself, after the autopsy, told me he had never seen a more perfect example of cholecystotomy. But the patient was dead within forty-eight hours—of internal bleeding. Dr. Norman was right. The blood simply did not clot."

DR. HURLEY paused. With a gold-mounted nail file at the end of his watch chain, he attacked an imaginary hangnail on one of his long fingers.

"It was a tragic error, Captain," he continued, "and I have never ceased feeling guilty about it. Possibly my feeling of guilt was to some extent responsible for the attention I paid Mr. Shoemaker's widow at first, but I assure you that our marriage, a year later, was entirely the result of the purely extraneous circumstance of my having fallen in love with her. I am telling you the whole story now as proof of my good faith, since the only other man who could have told it to you is dead."

"What about the interns who were present at the operation?" Captain McKay asked.


A Powerful New Novel By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
Like any girl, Julie Ives had her dreams and illusions—but Julie went about making them come true with a ruthless and destructive passion. No man could stand between Julie and her dream. Her dream was of a career, of success, and of more money than it is wise for any girl to dream about

Dr. Hurley did not look up from his self-manicuring. "They would tell you nothing," he said. "They are practicing physicians themselves now, and medical men always forget the mistakes of their colleagues. There is such a thing as professional ethics, Captain—except for men like Dr. Norman."

I didn't quite follow Dr. Hurley's logic. I was sure he was not telling this story just to prove his good faith. Either he felt that he finally had to get it off his chest for the good of his soul, now that Betty had spilled the beans, or he was afraid that Dr. Norman had cooked up some formal charges with the Medical Association, which would not smell too good, even if untrue, in view of Hurley's marriage to the widow Shoemaker. Hurley seemed to me to be doing some fast talking just in case something in writing should turn up among the late Dr. Norman's papers.

I looked at Captain McKay who was frowning.

The captain shook his head slowly. "About the only thing that seems clear to me at this point, Dr. Hurley," he said, "is that Dr. Norman invited a lot of guilty consciences to have cocktails at Blindman's Lake."

"I'd like to take exception to your glittering generalities, Captain," I said, "just for the record. My conscience is as limpid as spring water."

"You," said Captain McKay, not deigning to look at me, "were not invited for cocktails."

Whereupon he departed abruptly.

The Hurleys and the Stewarts followed.

Grace stayed behind. She smiled at me for the first time since the murder.

"This is certainly sensational and welcome news to me, Jim," she said.

"What?" I demanded.

"That after all these years you have finally developed a conscience," she said.

She squeezed my arm.

The rest of the morning was completely idiotic. We played croquet.

Two autoloads of officious young men from the district attorney's office arrived, ill-humored from loss of sleep or golf or whatever officious young deputy district attorneys and county investigators normally do on Sunday mornings. They disappeared in the direction of Grace's cabin with Captain McKay and spent hours at the scene of the crime and in the woods behind the cabin.

Meanwhile Betty Hurley had discovered a croquet court near the lake shore and dug up balls and mallets. We played for two hours with the irrational earnestness and foolish logic of a dream. Perhaps because the events of the past sixteen hours had the strange unreal quality of a nightmare, no one seemed to find that croquet was not the most plausible and natural thing in the world to be doing on the morning after a murder.

I PLAYED one game with Grace as my partner. Then Eddie Westerford got the trembles so bad that he could hardly hold a mallet. Dr. Hurley came over to look into his eyes and feel his pulse.

"You certainly need it, don't you, Eddie?" said Dr. Hurley.

Eddie dropped his mallet. "What are you talking about?" he demanded.

Dr. Hurley gave one of those pleasant, reassuring, just-cut-down-on-your-smoking-and-eat-plenty-of-fresh-vegetables-and-everything-will-be-all-right chuckles so dear to the profession. "Sleep, of course," he said.

Eddie walked off the court, walked to the shore and disintegrated under a tree, lying flat on his stomach, his head pillowed on his arms.

Henry Pennington immediately jumped into the game, called for a reshuffle of partners, and of course claimed Grace. Conchita Westerford thereupon announced loudly that she would pair off with me.

As I was readying the ball for my first shot, Conchita leaned over and said in my ear, so close that the words were warm against my cheek, "I've got to see you alone—soon."

I was off my game from there on in. I lost track of the score. I was consistently beaten. I was not only wondering what Conchita wanted with me, but I was disturbingly aware of Conchita as a woman. She was slightly plump, but there was invitation in the way she looked at me, both with her smoky dark eyes and with her full lips. I had never before had the impression of being appraised from a distance by a woman's lips. I found myself observing the provocative way her skirt swung from her full hips as she bent over her croquet mallet. I noticed that her blue-black hair was skinned back tightly from her high forehead, that her blue-black lashes brushed her high cheekbones, and that the inverted turquoise exclamation points dangling from her ears punctuated each movement of her head.

After about an hour, the Stewarts went home to fix lunch for Tommy, and Conchita dragged me off the court, leaving the game to the Hurleys vs. Grace and Pennington.

Conchita took my arm and headed for the lake shore, in the opposite direction from the tree under which her husband was still lying.

We walked down to a little garden, with white love seats discreetly hidden among the well-trimmed cypress hedges. I looked out across a bed of chrysanthemums and the last of the dahlias toward the lead-gray lake. It was a misty morning and the receding ridges of the opposite shore backed up against one another in the opaque tones of a Japanese print.

OF COURSE, I was aware that Conchita was looking at me. I could almost feel it. I had a strange reluctance about turning my eyes toward her. I was pondering over the inexplicable mating habits of the human race, and why it was that a vital, full-blooded girl like Conchita should have chosen to marry a bloodless aesthete like Eddie Westerford. *I finally turned to her.*

"Well?" I said.

"It's about that broken platter," she said. "What do you know about that broken recording they found in the woods?"

"Why are you so worried about the recording?" I asked.

She *was* worried. It showed in her voice, which had lost some of its velvety contralto overtones and became almost shrill at the end of each sentence. She looked at the ground as she spoke.

"I'm worried," she said, "because I don't like to see innocent people get hurt on account of a murder they had nothing to do with. It's all right for the proper party to get hurt, but there's no sense in messing up innocent people's lives, is there, if it can be avoided?"

"Am I messing up innocent people's lives?"

"No, I don't think you would on purpose." Conchita was still looking at the ground. "I think you're a good guy. I liked you the minute I saw you in front of Grace's cabin. But you have been mixing yourself around in other people's business—in the cops' business. Like that nonsense about Grace's camera." Conchita was looking at me again. Her eyes were no longer smoky. There was a hard glint in them now—almost a threat, I thought. "I hoped maybe in your poking around you'd know if the police found more pieces of the recording than they showed us at breakfast; maybe a piece of the label, or something that would identify the sound studio where Dr. Norman had it recorded."

"How do you know Dr. Norman made the recording?" I asked.

"It's the sort of thing Norman would do. I liked Norman. We used to have a drink together now and then. But he did have a mean, sadistic streak in him. And last time I had a drink with him—last Tuesday, I think—he said he was going to have a surprise for Eddie on his birthday. Eddie's birthday was yesterday."

"I'm not holding out on you," I said. "I don't know any more about the recording than you do." Any more? Not half as much, I thought. I was positive that Conchita was sitting on some bit of hot information that was apt to hatch trouble for herself or Eddie or both. She was working on me merely to find out if anybody else knew where the nest was.

"If I do find out anything more," I added, "I'd be glad to cut you in if you'll tell me where to reach you in town."

"We're in the phone book," Conchita said. "We live on Perry Street in Greenwich Village. But you're not going out of your way to dig up more dirt on that recording, are you?"

"Why not?"

Conchita shrugged. "Somebody killed Dr. Norman to keep the platter from get-

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ting played," she said. "Why should you stick *your* neck out?"

"Let's go back and play some more croquet," I said.

We started back toward the inn, and Conchita left me to join her husband. Eddie was still under his tree, but he was sitting up, staring at the lake.

The croquet game had broken up at last. Grace was standing in front of a clump of shrubs that hid the entrance to the bar. When she saw me, she started rapidly down the path to meet me. Much to my surprise, she was alone.

"You'll catch cold without a Pennington around your neck," I said. "Where—?"

"Turn around," she said in a low voice. She took my arm. "Go back where you came from. Don't go near the inn yet. The bar is full of troopers and the district attorney's men. They were talking about you. They're going to hold you. And I don't want them to pick you up before you've told me about Conchita. What did she want?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "But I think she likes me."

"I mean what else did she want?"

We were back in the lakeside garden. We sat down in the love seat Conchita and I had just left.

"Conchita's worried about that broken recording," I said. "She thinks it would have done a lot of damage."

"That's certainly a brilliant and difficult deduction. And she had nothing to go on except that somebody killed Norman to get possession of the record."

"Conchita seems to think Norman made the recording himself."

"So do I," Grace said.

"What did Conchita do before she became Mrs. Westerford?" I asked. "Radio torch singer?"

"No. She was a recording engineer."

"That's a funny one."

"What's funny about it? During the war the Army and Navy grabbed every radio engineer with two legs and one eye. So while you were off making hay in Haymarket, the poor downtrodden radio industry had to put a lot of bored, pretty, and sometimes efficient young ladies to work at the control consoles and recording lathes. That's where she met Eddie, of course."

"And where did you meet her?"

"Through Norman," Grace said. "She was pretty friendly with Norman. Anybody but Eddie Westerford might have thought she was too friendly."

"Friendly enough, would you say, so that Norman might ask her for the address of a good recording studio?"

"Positively. She—" A startled look came into her eyes. "Jim, what—"

"I've got to take a trip to New York."

"You can't, Jim. The D.A. is going to pick you up at any minute now."

"He can pick me up in New York just as well," I said. "And if they're going to arrest me for murder, I'll need a few hours to work on my defense."

"Don't go, Jim. Don't leave me. They're going to hold me, too."

"I'm not deserting you," I said. "I'll be back in a few hours. And I'm sure that Henry Pennington will look after you while I'm gone. Or are they throwing him in the clink, too?"

Grace shook her head. "Everybody is being released but you and me."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"The acoustics in the bar are perfect," she said. "From the powder room I could overhear every word they said, and there's an exit from the powder room which doesn't go through the bar. So I came to find you. I heard McKay say he was satisfied with everybody else's alibi. Henry was buying roses at the Blue Falls Flower Shop at about the time of the murder. The bartender at the inn saw Bob Stewart drive up the road without turning off to my cabin. Eddie's phone call to New York has been checked and is okay for time. Dr. Hurley was buying gas at a service station twenty miles away. Only my butcher is mixed up about the time he sold me a steak. He told the police he thought it was an hour earlier. I just overheard McKay telling the D.A.'s boys that he was holding you and me for further questioning, and that he was giving back the keys to all the cars except mine."

"I've still got your duplicate keys that you gave me last night," I said.

"Don't play detective, Jim. Please don't. If that recording really cost Norman his life, then it's nothing for you to fool with. Let the police handle it, Jim."

I PUT my arm around Grace. "I thought you'd given up being a nursemaid to bright young fools," I said. "I thought you were through wiping noses for grown-up little boys."

Grace leaned her head against my shoulder. Her forehead pressed hard against me, and I could feel a tremor run through all of her taut body. I thought for a moment that she was going to cry, but when she raised her head again she had herself under control.

"I'm so tired, Jim," she said. "I'd—"

I put my fingers against her lips. I heard voices coming down the path from the inn, back of the cypress hedge. I whispered, "Is there any way to get to your cabin without passing the inn?"

She pointed.

I hugged her. It was a brief hug and probably a clumsy one, but it said many things that I'd felt for years but had never got around to saying.

"I'll be back," I whispered.

I ran down a little path that wound through a grove of willows. I crossed the road and climbed to the cabin without being stopped. Four cars stood on the flat, unattended. Apparently the keys had not yet been redistributed. I got into Grace's car and started the motor.

A minute later I was rolling down the dirt road toward the New York highway.

(To be concluded next week)

COLLIER'S "Wanna buy a recording, chum?" R. C. DELL

She's Just a Zero to Her Hero!
THAT'S THAT! I'VE BEEN WORKING ON TOM FOR A MONTH NOW— AND HE STILL DOESN'T KNOW I'M ALIVE!
JULIE, EVEN YOUR CHARMS CAN'T STAND UP AGAINST A—A BAD BREATH HANDICAP! SEE YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!
NOW SHE GETS THE DRIFT!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
NOW TOM AND JULIE ARE A TEAM THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
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Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

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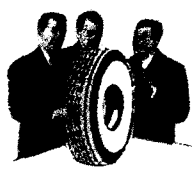

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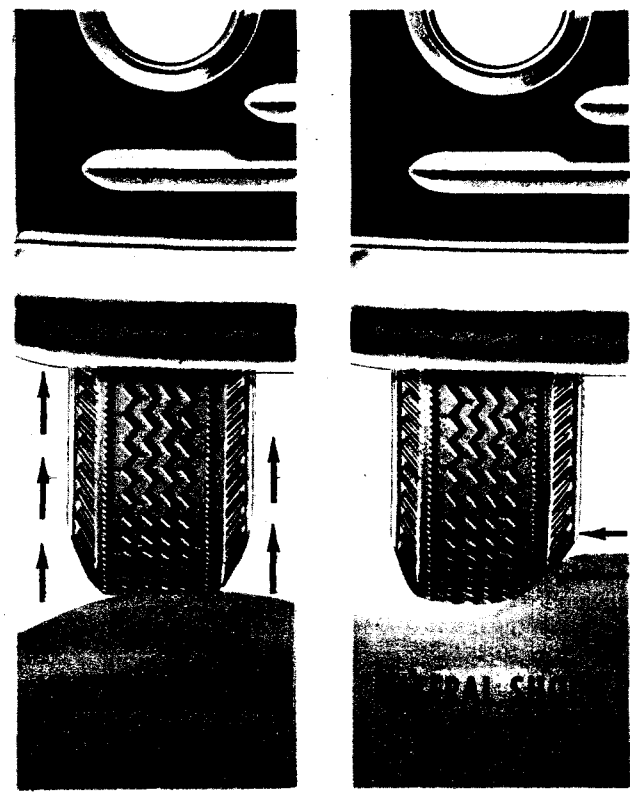

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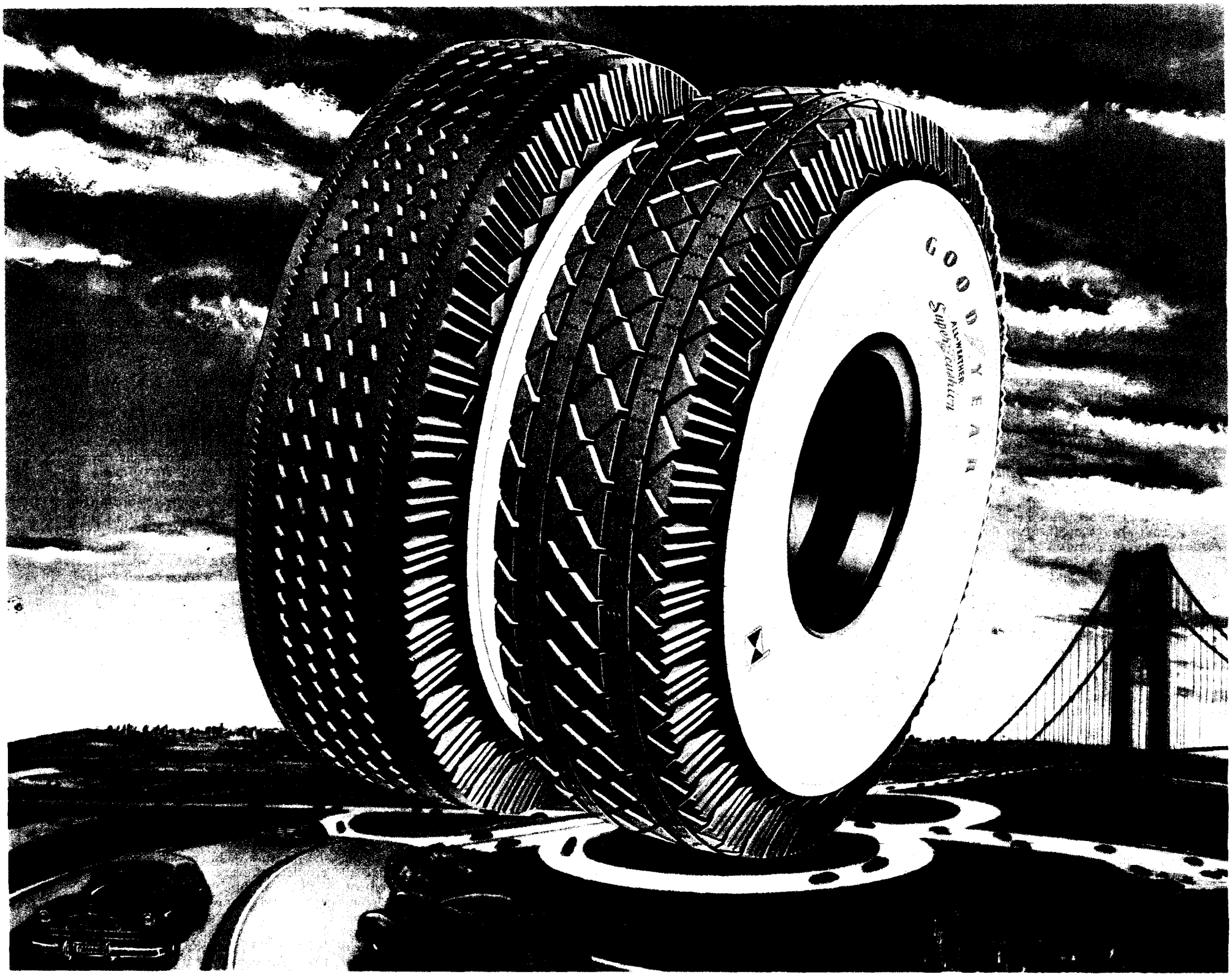

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THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

Continued from page 15

waving the beer bottle eloquently—"you get the average answer. Of all our local samplers, your results have been the most accurate. That is why Dr. Trott has decided to entrust you with this special mission." He leaned forward. "Did you ever hear of Toujours Gai?"

Jimmy looked blank.

"It's a woman's cosmetics company," Mr. Bolliver explained. "It seems the Toujours people are about to launch a national campaign, and they've asked Trott Surveys to take a sampling of the average girl. What kind of perfume she uses, whether she paints her toenails, how many dates she has, what was the first time she ever was kissed . . ." He winked archly. "But of course you know what the average girl is like, Jimmy," he smiled.

"I'm afraid I don't," said Jimmy uncomfortably. "I don't know many girls."

A shadow of annoyance crossed Mr. Bolliver's amiable features. "You must know *some* girl."

Jimmy tried to think. "There's the Alvord girl," he suggested, "but she weighs two hundred pounds and plays the harp. I'm afraid she's not what you'd call quite average—" Mr. Bolliver winced. "Or there's Jennie Brooks, except she ran off with the hired man." Mr. Bolliver began to look a little depressed. "Or there's Lana Turner," Jimmy suggested hopefully. "I got an autographed picture from Lana Turner once."

"No, Jimmy," Mr. Bolliver said, "I mean somebody more usual. Just an ordinary everyday girl; you know"—he waved his beer bottle vaguely—"freckles, and always sits through the feature picture twice, and likes hot dogs with mustard. I mean"—groping for words—"the kind of girl that might live right next door. Can't you think of some girl like that?"

"I'll try, Mr. Bolliver," Jimmy sighed.

"That's better," Mr. Bolliver nodded briskly. He took a couple of bills from his wallet. "This will cover your expenses. Make a date with her. Get acquainted. Find out about her," he said, "and give me a daily report. Remember, Jimmy, I'm counting on you. The Toujours people are counting on you." He gazed at Jimmy soberly. "Dr. Trott personally is counting on you. . . ."

AS HE extended a prehensile arm and plucked a box of breakfast food off a shelf, Jimmy sighed again. He would have to justify Dr. Trott's confidence in him, he reflected. He could not let Trott Surveys down. He set the box on the counter and waited with a preoccupied frown while the customer before him studied her shopping list. "I guess that's all, Jimmy," she said at length, "except I want some mustard."

"Mustard," said Jimmy automatically, reaching overhead for a jar.

"If there's anything I like," she added, "it's hot dogs with mustard."

Jimmy's arm halted abruptly halfway to the shelf, and he turned and stared at the girl on the opposite side of the counter. It was the first time, he realized, that he had ever had a really good look at Mary Brown. Somehow he had always taken her for granted; but, then, you don't pay much attention to a girl who lives next door.

"Mary," he said suddenly, "when you go to the movies, do you sit through the feature pictures twice?"

"Why, yes," Mary Brown said, "always."

He was peering at her with mounting excitement. "Mary," he breathed, "you've got freckles."

Mary Brown nodded.

"Mary," Jimmy said in a hoarse voice, "what are you doing tomorrow?". . .

Jimmy squatted before the fire and blinked wood smoke from his eyes. He lifted a frankfurter on a forked stick and held it out across the embers. "How about another one, Mary?"

"Oh, no, Jimmy," Mary Brown said, "you go ahead. I'm full."

He pinched the frankfurter between the halves of a split roll, pulled it off the stick and devoured it in two efficient bites. A light wind riffled the surface of the lake, and tiny waves chunked regularly against the side of the canoe beached on the point beside them. Jimmy took a pack of cigarettes from the waistband of his bathing trunks. "Smoke?"

"Thanks," Mary said, "I never smoke."

Jimmy made a mental note: The average girl does not smoke. He lighted his cigarette from the burning end of the forked stick and settled back on the pine needles contentedly. This new assignment, he decided, was really absurdly easy. He was almost ashamed to be taking Mr. Bolliver's money. The past week had not only been a success from a fact-gathering standpoint; it had been admittedly pleasant. He and Mary Brown had danced together, they had gone to the movies together, they had sat over a milk shake and talked together by the hour. She had been the soul of co-operation, answering his most searching questions without hesitation. In fact, he noted curiously, she had seemed all the more pleased when his queries had been of a rather intimate nature. "It's funny, Jimmy," she had remarked last night as they strolled back from the drugstore together, "you seem so different lately."

"How do you mean?" he said guiltily.

"You never used to be interested in how many dates I had, or how late I stayed out at night, or things like that. Oh, I don't mind," she added quickly—"only you've changed, is all."

He had been a little uneasy when he reported this conversation to Mr. Bolliver over the telephone this morning, but Mr. Bolliver had appeared unruffled. "Don't you worry, Jimmy boy," he had chuckled contentedly, "you're getting just the kind of thing we want. Dr. Trott is personally delighted."

The wind across the lake stiffened, and the awakened embers gave an erratic light. It played over her tanned arms and legs, as she squatted opposite him across the fire, and the exposed section of midriff below the halter of her bathing suit glowed a deep copper red. She was, Jimmy decided suddenly, nice to look at. Nothing unusual, of course; but there was something about the freckles around her eyes, and the tilt of her head when she looked up at him. He wondered why he had never noticed it before.

She was smiling at him now, a small quizzical smile. "It's late, Jimmy. Maybe we ought to be starting back before it gets darker."

"It won't get dark," he said. "There's a moon."

A round pumpkin of a moon was just rising above the horizon of the lake. It was almost full: about 83 per cent, he estimated professionally. It was an average moon, of course, exactly like all the other moons that were rising above all the other lakes at this very moment. Probably two out of every three young couples in the country were watching the same moon tonight. A nation-wide survey by Dr. Trott would probably reveal that 23 per cent of these couples were holding hands, 72 per cent had their arms around each other, and the rest were undecided. Before the night was over, a further sampling would doubtless disclose, 99 per cent of them would kiss. One per cent undecided.

Jimmy moved around to the other side of the fire. His motive in so doing, he assured himself, was entirely impersonal: the smoke was getting in his eyes. Besides, sitting next to Mary Brown made it easier to pursue his questioning. He approached the next subject on his list with a calm detachment which would have done Dr. Trott proud. "By the way, Mary, speaking of the moon," he began, "maybe you could tell me—that is, I was just wondering—" For some reason he found himself stammering a little. "Mary, do you remember your first kiss?"

Mary nodded. "Very well."

"You do?" he gulped.

"Oh, yes. It was on a dare." Her nose wrinkled. "We were at a party, and somebody dared us."

"What happened?" he inquired miserably.

"First I kissed him," she said.

"I see," he said. His throat was tight, and it made his voice sound funny. It was not at all like the cool professional voice of a Trott Surveys investigator. "And then he kissed you?"

"No," she said. "Then he ran away."

He laughed aloud in relief. He realized that Dr. Trott would not have considered his reaction strictly professional, but he couldn't help it. "What a dope!" he jeered. "Who was he?"

"You."

Her head was tilted up toward him, and he was looking down at her, and he did what any average young man would have done in the same circumstances beside the same lake under the same moon. It brought the nation-wide percentage for the night to an even hundred.

JIMMY bounded up the stairs of the Weston Inn to the second floor, and banged on the door of 211. "Mr. Bolliver?"

"Come in, Jimmy my boy," Mr. Bolliver called cheerfully.

"Look, Mr. Bolliver," Jimmy began at once, as he opened the door, "I'm sorry I had to bring you all the way out here, but I couldn't tell you over the phone."

"Sit down, Jimmy," Mr. Bolliver interrupted with an affable smile. He waved his hand vaguely toward an upended suitcase. "No trouble at all. I was planning to drive to Weston anyway, to congratulate you on the good work you've been doing. Keep it up."

"That's what I wanted to tell you, Mr. Bolliver," Jimmy said. "I'm afraid I can't."

Mr. Bolliver's smile was sweetly sympathetic. "What's happened, my boy?"

"It's sort of hard to explain," Jimmy hesitated, "but whatever it is, Mr. Bolliver, I can't go on with this poll any more. It's too—well, personal."

"I understand, Jimmy. I know how you feel." Mr. Bolliver fitted his finger tips together. "You are suffering the pangs of the skilled surgeon whose fingers must probe deeper, ever deeper into the very vitals of his loved one. You are experiencing the pain of the novelist whose nearest and dearest are but grist for his literary mill, or the poet who must spread his heart upon paper for the pleasure of his public. Yours is the problem of every creative artist."

"I never thought of myself quite that way," said Jimmy slowly.

"Oh, but you are. We of Trott Surveys are pioneers in a new art," said Mr. Bolliver, "the sampling of the American mass mind. We are solicitors of public opinion, doctors of the law of averages. Our daily polls have lifted democracy to an exact science. Today the man in the street is but a walking statistic, ready to be analyzed, probed, polled, dissected and carved into cross sections by Dr. Trott's ruthless scalpel. We have made America a land of fractions, a nation of percentages"—he gestured with a pudgy hand—"the home of the happy medium."

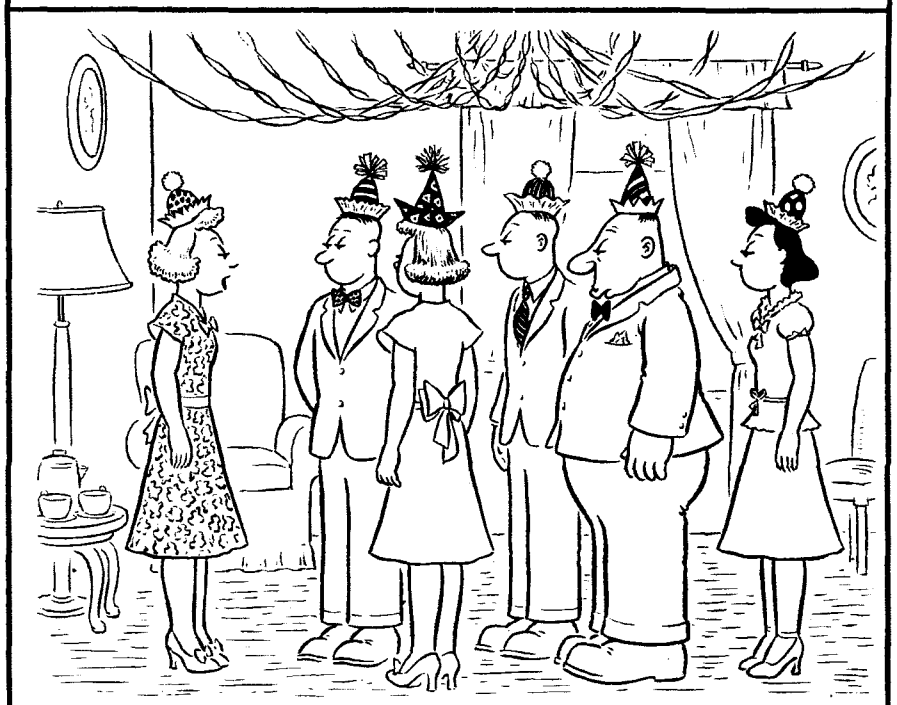
Jimmy shifted uneasily. "Yes, Mr. Bolliver."

"Your own recent efforts, my boy," Mr. Bolliver continued in his most persuasive manner, "constitute an important contribution to our national understanding. Certainly you wouldn't want to leave this monumental research unfinished."

"No, Mr. Bolliver," Jimmy sighed.

"For instance, the Toujours people would like to know a little something about the average girl's future plans,"

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"We can't seem to arrive at a decision. Gertrude and Edith want to play charades, Milton and LeRoy vote for blindman's buff, and Alfred wants to keep on playing post office all evening"

COLLIER'S

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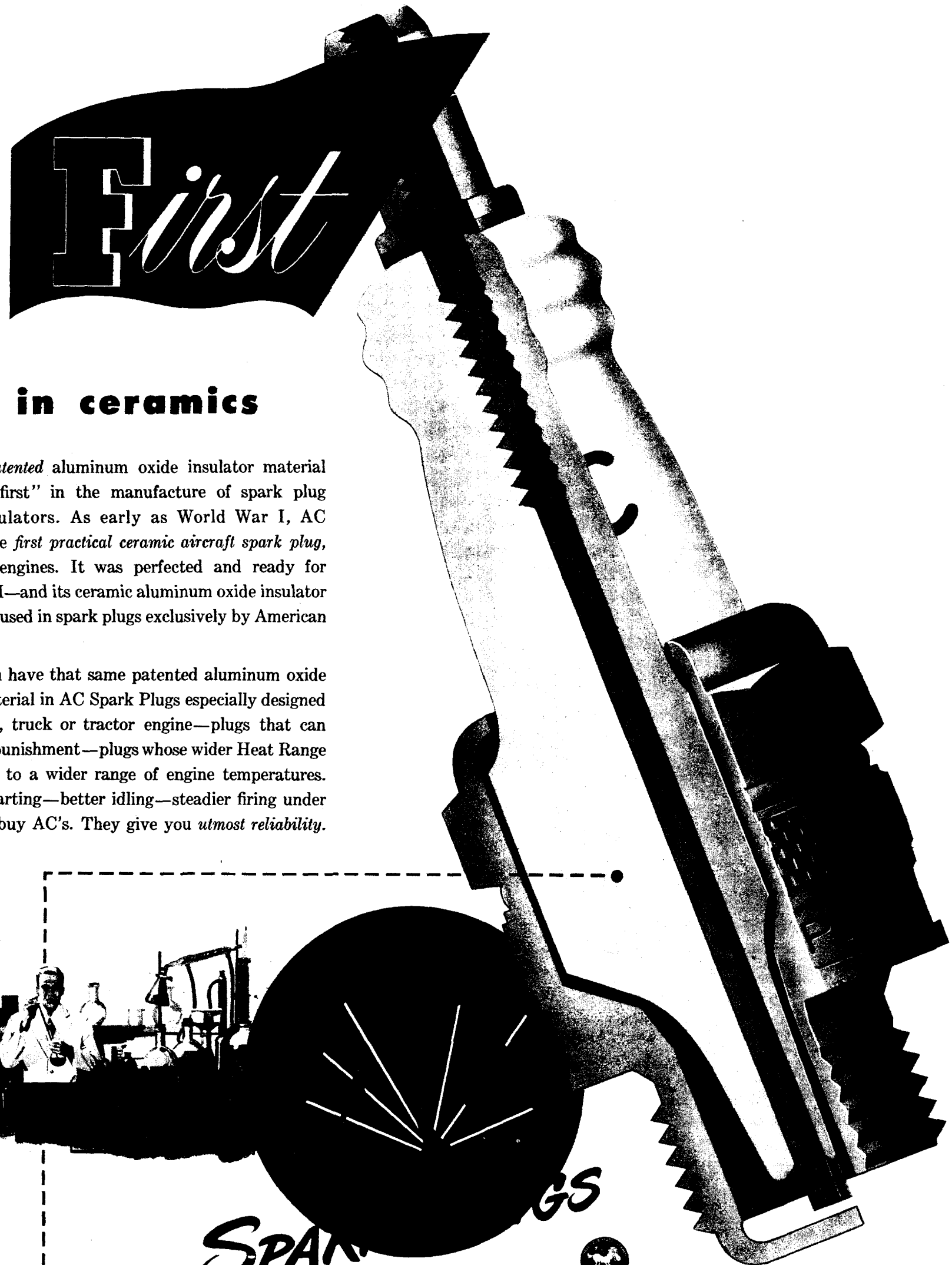

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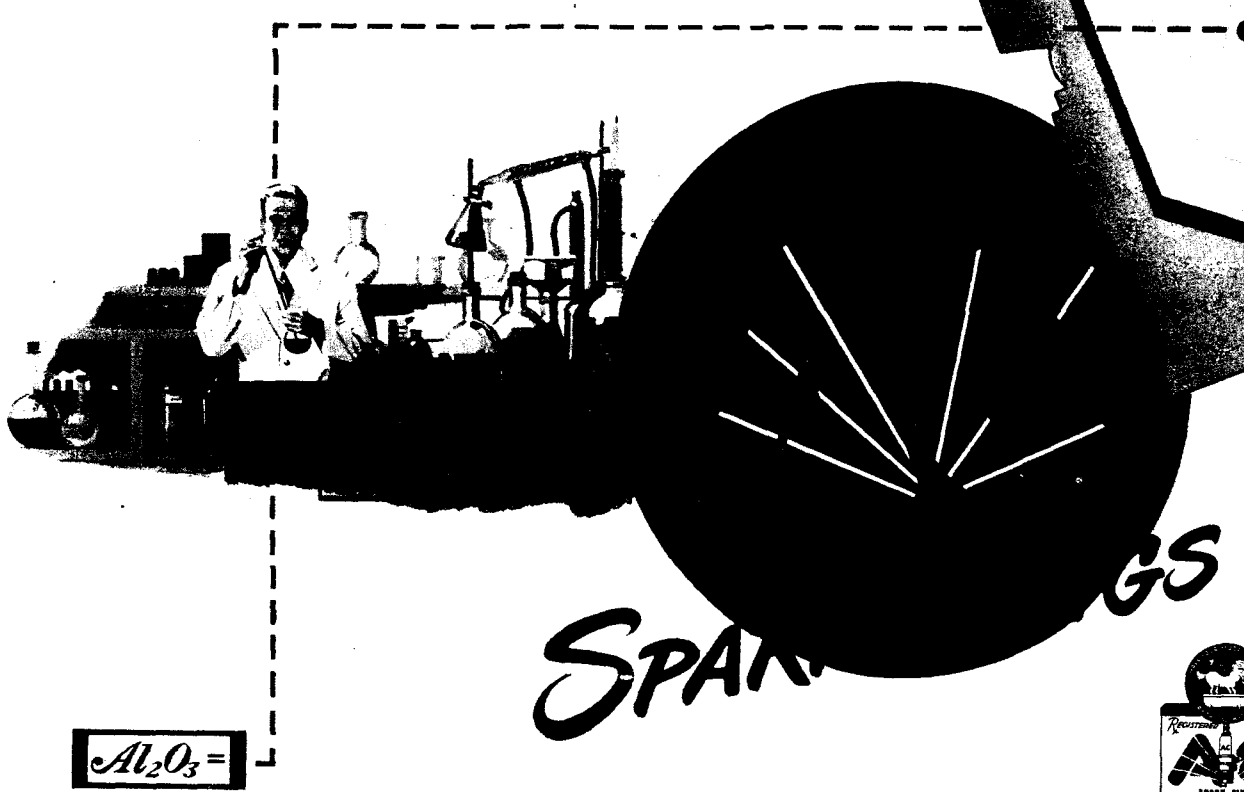
Now you can have that same patented aluminum oxide insulator material in AC Spark Plugs especially designed for your car, truck or tractor engine—plugs that can take terrific punishment—plugs whose wider Heat Range adapts them to a wider range of engine temperatures. For easier starting—better idling—steadier firing under heavy load, buy AC's. They give you *utmost reliability.*



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Mr. Bolliver said casually. "Does she envision herself as a wife and mother, or does she seek a name in some professional field? In brief, does she choose marriage or a career? Now, then, Jimmy boy," he smiled, "if you could just find that out for us. . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Bolliver," Jimmy said resignedly.

JIMMY'S hand fell away listlessly from the gearshift, and the roadster rolled to a halt beside the curb. He shut off the ignition and slumped behind the wheel, drumming his fingers absently in time with a dance orchestra playing on the dashboard radio. Mary, beside him, stole a sidelong glance. "Well," she said after a pause, "I guess we're here."

Jimmy nodded without replying. The air was restless with the familiar sounds of a hot summer night: a child crying, the regular creak of a porch hammock, the murmur of voices from the neighboring verandas. The windows of Mary Brown's house were dark, but a single light was burning on the front porch.

"Well—" Mary said again, reaching tentatively for the car door. Jimmy did not stir, and her fingers slid off the handle. "Thanks for the movies, Jimmy," she attempted. "I hope you didn't mind sitting through the feature a second time."

"No, I didn't mind," he said.

"Well—" Mary reached for the door handle once more. "Good night, Jimmy."

"Listen, Mary," he began; and then he halted miserably. It was no use. He could not go on. He had tried all evening, but the words seemed to stick in his throat. In vain he told himself that he was making an important contribution to science. He reminded himself of the skilled surgeon forcing himself to probe deeper, ever deeper, but he didn't feel like a surgeon; he felt like a contemptible worm. He shook his head: "Never mind."

"What is it, Jimmy?"

"Nothing. Skip it."

"You've been so quiet tonight," she urged. "Tell me."

He frowned. After all, there was just this one final question, and the job would be over. And Mary wanted him to ask her; practically urged him, in fact. "Well, I was wondering—I mean, have you ever thought about your future plans, Mary?"

She caught her breath. "How do you mean?"

"Like for instance whether you want to go into some profession," he stumbled, "or whether you'd rather have a home and—and a family and all that?"

"Jimmy," she whispered, her eyes shining.

He stared at her in confusion. "You don't mind my asking you, do you?"

"Mind?" she laughed unsteadily. Suddenly she threw her arms around him. "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy!"

"But—Mary," he stammered, aghast, "I was only wondering . . ." His voice trailed. The dance orchestra had ceased, and over the dashboard radio his stunned ears caught the words: ". . . and now the manufacturers of Toujours Gai, the sensational new perfume that makes the average girl more glamorous, more exotic, more alluring—"

He listened in horrid fascination.

"—present a new series of true-life dramas," the announcer continued, "entitled The Girl Next Door. The girl in this series is a real girl, folks; we're not going to tell you her name because of course she doesn't know we're talking about her tonight. She lives in a little town you probably never heard of called East Weston . . ."

Jimmy's cheeks had turned a guilty scarlet. Mary was gazing at him in slow comprehension.

". . . chosen after a nation-wide search," the announcer went on, "because she's the all-round average girl. She isn't particularly pretty. She isn't especially talented or clever. She has freckles, and likes hot dogs with mustard, and always sits through the feature picture twice. In other words, she's just the girl next door . . ."

He reached tardily to shut the radio off, but Mary held her hand over the knob. "I want to hear, Jimmy."

". . . her first kiss. It happened at a children's party. Somebody dared her, so she kissed him. He didn't kiss her, though. He ran away instead," the announcer chuckled. "Aaah, but if she'd been using Toujours Gai, the exciting new perfume that will make the average girl the life of any party—"

Mary flicked the knob. The sudden silence was like a concussion. She opened the car door and stepped out.

"Mary," Jimmy called after her hopelessly.

"Please," she said over her shoulder, "don't say anything. Please don't say anything to me again, ever." She strode rapidly up the walk to the porch of her house, the door closed behind her, and the porch light snapped off. . . .

Mr. Bolliver peered sideways at the typewriter and sighed. ". . . the average girl . . ." he wrote slowly, and then stopped to dab gingerly at his swollen eye

"But, Mrs. Brown," Jimmy pleaded, propping an angular hip on the edge of the desk in his father's office and clutching the telephone desperately, "did you tell her I had to talk to her?"

"Yes, Jimmy, I told her it was important." The voice of Mary's mother over the phone sounded a trifle tired. "I told her you'd phoned six times so far this morning. I told her you told me to tell her you could explain everything."

"What did she say?"

"She said to tell you that she didn't care what you told her."

"But, Mrs. Brown—" Jimmy groaned, grasping the telephone so tight that his knuckles were white. Outside the office he could see the elder Mr. Lovering pacing up and down impatiently. He pressed his lips closer to the mouthpiece. "Maybe if you told her it was a matter of life and death."

"I'm afraid it's no use, Jimmy," said Mrs. Brown wearily. "She won't come to the phone. She's packing."

"Packing?" Jimmy gasped. "What's she packing for?"

"She's catching the noon train to the city."

"But"—Jimmy clung to the telephone like a drowning man to a straw—"she can't!"

"But she is," Mrs. Brown sighed. "I don't know what's got into her. She's taking some kind of a job, is all she told me. A man called around to see her this morning, and offered her a job. I think it's in radio."

A sudden dark suspicion assailed Jimmy. "Mrs. Brown, what did this man look like?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Brown said, "except he was kind of fat."

Mrs. Libbey, mounting the front steps of Lovering's Store, reeled backward in the nick of time as the screen door banged open and a white-coated figure streaked past her. She grasped the railing for support. "I declare," she declared, "I don't know what's got into that Lovering boy lately. He used to be such a nice polite young man."

Certainly there was nothing polite about Jimmy's manner at the moment. He galloped through the lobby of the Weston Inn, took the stairs two steps at a time, and shoved open the door of 211 without knocking. "Look here, Mr. Bolliver," he began.

Bertram Bolliver looked up with an amiable smile. He was seated on the edge of the bed with a portable typewriter balanced on his knees, pecking at the keys with a pudgy forefinger. "Come in, Jimmy," he beamed, extending a wet palm.

Jimmy ignored his outstretched hand. "I want to talk to you."

"Why, certainly, my boy," Mr. Bolliver nodded, "as soon as I finish this little memorandum to Dr. Trott."

"I mean right now," Jimmy interrupted. His voice had a hollow echo, as though he were shouting in an empty hall. "Did you go to see Mary Brown?"

"Why, yes, Jimmy, now you mention it," said Mr. Bolliver innocently, "I dropped in on her this morning. I'd heard so much about her."

"Did you offer her a job, Mr. Bolliver?" Jimmy asked.

Mr. Bolliver wagged a forefinger. "You find out everything, don't you, Jimmy? That's why you're such a good investigator. Yes, as a matter of fact, I was able to find a very nice opening for Mary in the radio profession. Our program last night was such a success," he smiled, "that I persuaded the Toujours people to sign her for a series of one-minute commercials as The Girl Next Door. Naturally Mary was delighted."

"Mr. Bolliver," said Jimmy, his voice beginning to shake, "I want you to call her up and tell her that job is off."

"Now, Jimmy, don't be absurd," Mr. Bolliver laughed. "This is a real opportunity for any girl—of course the salary isn't very much at first—"

"I give you fair warning," Jimmy said, advancing menacingly. "I'm going to count up to three. One!"

"—she'll have a real opportunity to make a name for herself," Mr. Bolliver continued rapidly. "It isn't the average girl who has a chance like this to embark on a professional—"

"Two!" said Jimmy, taking another step forward.

"—career," Mr. Bolliver chattered, "you can't interfere with her career; she told me herself she preferred a career to—"

"Three!" Jimmy said.

RACING back up the street at full gallop, Jimmy skidded around the corner, and sprinted up the front steps of Mary's house. There was a wild new look in his eye, the expression of a man who is not to be crossed. Mrs. Brown, answering the doorbell's determined peal, quailed visibly.

"Where's Mary?"

"She's upstairs in her room," Mrs. Brown faltered; "but it's no use, Jimmy—she won't see you—"

Jimmy shoved past her and bounded up the stairs. He was in the mood today to force his way through closed doors, and Mary's was no exception. She slammed the lid of her suitcase, and whirled to face him as he entered.

"Jimmy Lovering, you get right out of this room."

"Not till you promise me you won't go to the city."

"I told you I never wanted to speak to you again!"

"You're not going to take that job," he said. "You can't."

"Oh, can't I?"

"It isn't right. It's—it's taking money under false pretenses."

She wavered. "What do you mean?"

"Because you're not an average girl," he said, grabbing her shoulders and pulling her toward him. "You're the most unusual, the most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most unique—"

MR. BOLLIVER peered sideways at the typewriter with his left eye, and sighed. *". . . and in conclusion,"* he wrote slowly, *"the average girl . . ."* He paused, removed a washcloth from his swollen right eye, and dipped it in a saucer of witch hazel on the bed beside him. He dabbed gingerly at his eye and turned painfully back to his typewriter: *". . . prefers marriage."*

THE END

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THE LAST FOX HUNT

Continued from page 20

Presently he saw a pile-up of horses ahead of him, saw them turn and gallop down along the line of a fence. It was a big one, five feet maybe from take-off. Squeezing Ajax with his knees, he jammed his heels into him and put him at it. The horse, eying the fence, shook his head, almost as if to say: *It's six inches beyond my height.* But, as he bore down on the bit to get full room for his neck, Ajax seemed to shrug: *Well, it's end over teakettle this time, but if Master wants it that way, that's his business!* Then, snorting, he gathered himself, gave a great leap; but the horse had calculated wrong. Taking off a full half stride too early, he tipped his knees on the stiff top rail and turned a somersault, landing—minus Arthur—full on his back.

Arthur, as was usually the case, landed on his silk-hatted head, partly crushing the hat, but, thanks to the headgear's special construction, only mildly stunning himself. After a second he scrambled happily to his feet, went over to where the hunter was now quietly cropping the ghosts of last summer's clover.

"Well, old boy, that *was* a thumper!" he said gaily.

Then he ran his hands over the horse's knees, nodded and climbed back into the saddle.

"Forrard on, old boy!"

MORE stubbly fields, a field of plowed land, and then Arthur saw the van of the hunt again—a scattered array of red coats and black, bobbing in a dip in the land beneath him. He felt a little dizzy from his fall, but Ajax had settled again into his smooth ground-covering stride. Arthur looked down at the hunt, and suddenly certain things about it began to seem slightly ridiculous to him; all these grown-up people racing around in fancy dress chasing an animal that would be torn to pieces by dogs. The women, the smartly turned-out women whose photographs ran in the smart fashion magazines, sat their sidesaddles like monkeys on a stick. He remembered—hadn't thought of it in years—that the reason they rode that way was supposed to be because once upon a time a deformed queen of England had had to ride so, and the ladies of her court had followed suit, thus setting a fashion which, like going to war every twenty-five years, had persisted. He shook his head. These thoughts were heresy. No good fox-hunting man should think them—any more than he should ever, ever admit that he was sorry for the fox.

Arthur found himself thinking about foxes, then, as he galloped along. Queer little beasts—sort of cute really; made friends with hound puppies if they grew up together. In a hunting country, people pampered 'em half the year—bought off farmers to keep 'em from being shot. Then, by God, come autumn all hell broke loose, and they hounded the poor things to death. He shook his head again. This was very bad thinking—for a fox-hunting man. He looked down the hill and saw the hounds and the hunt beginning to swing to the left. Well, the fox always ran in a circle. Arthur decided he'd better circle himself and cut across the line. This fox was a runner and the hounds were fast today. He and Ajax would never catch them up if he didn't cut across. He picked his line of country, turned his horse and went on.

At the end of the field was another post-and-rail fence. It was bigger even than the one that had brought him to grief, but settling himself deep in the saddle, he rode hard at it. Once more the old hunter shook his head for freedom and, even more eloquently than before, seemed to say with the shake: *Sweet Lord, what's he think I am now, an airplane?* He bore down on the bit, took a few short strides to gather himself and gave a great leap. Because once again he had spent much too much time thinking, and had done only the most casual sort of calculating Ajax had got too close in. The great leap took him perhaps two feet in the air before he and his master were surrounded, enmeshed and entangled by broken bits of wood and flying fence posts. And then both of them were lying prone on the ground.

The horse got up first; then Arthur Hamilton, his hat bashed in beyond recognition, climbed wearily to his feet and walked over to his horse.

"I *say,* Ajax, old boy!" he said. "That really *was* a crumpler!"

Quite dizzy now, he bent over and felt of his horse's legs. They seemed sound. Unsteadily he gathered his crop and laid the reins back over the animal's head. Then, with a great effort he heaved him-

"He's crazy. He'll never get another secretary like her"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

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it's about an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch

THE pictures you really cherish in your memory have wonderful ideas behind them. Just such a picture was Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives." And just such a picture is his latest—"The Bishop's Wife."

Your heart will warm to the way Cary Grant plays an out-of-this-world guy with a worldly touch—that does wonderful things for some wonderful people (including Loretta Young, David Niven and Monty Woolley).

Look for "The Bishop's Wife" . . . it will touch you, too!

THE BISHOP'S WIFE

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self into the saddle. He did not feel well at all. The sun felt hot, and when he looked up at it, it seemed to be tipped backward instead of resting true in its pure blue setting. He tried to feel his head, but the remains of the silk hat were squashed too tightly over it. He sat perfectly still for perhaps a minute, letting Ajax munch and nibble at the grass. Then a tumult of sound made him look up.

The fox had circled sharply and, completely unaware of him, had cut into the field just ahead of him. He had never seen a hunted fox that close before. It was running tiredly now, its once sleek coat matted with burrs and mud; and its brush hung low, almost dragging in the grain stubble. Then, while Arthur stared at it, the fox turned its head and he saw its eyes—wide, terror-stricken. It was a look he knew—he had seen it in Europe, in the eyes of men who knew they were going to die. It made him feel sick inside.

"Oh, why doesn't he give up and let it happen?" he said.

BUT he knew why. He had seen it happen—one minute a live animal, then a swirling mass of hard bodies and white teeth, and the next minute the huntsman bending over and holding up something that looked as if it might have been the bloody furpiece of some careless woman who had got herself run over by a truck. He closed his eyes and was surprised to hear himself saying, "Please, God, let the miracle happen this time—let him get away."

He opened his eyes. The fox had turned right now and was going faster, heading for a woods. Behind him roared the hounds and then the hunt. Arthur Hamilton stared. His legs began to ache with the fox's legs, he found his tongue was lolling out of his mouth. He was so intent on the thing that, in his dizzy state, he began to feel he was the fox. He looked at the huntsman and suddenly the huntsman was Baneburg the butcher, the whips alongside him were Lavoretti the laundryman and Hartshorne the grocer and behind them were all the other creditors, shouting and urging the hounds after him—after the fox who ran with the look of death in his eyes and courage in his heart. Arthur Hamilton turned away.

I'm through, he thought. I've had enough of it.

He turned his horse's head and trotted slowly across the field, leaving the woods on his right. It wasn't far home from here. He'd be glad to get home. He didn't feel well at all—sick and a little dizzy still, although that was passing. It wasn't a real concussion, he was sure of that now.

He jumped a low fence into another field. He was well around the woods now. He could hear hounds belling in the heart of it and that silly huntsman tooting his brass horn. He nodded and smiled. There was a stream in that particular woods. The fox must have reached it and waded it a ways, throwing the hounds off for a little. He was glad of that. He jogged along and then, for the second time he saw the fox. It came out of the wood just in front of him, dragging itself along, obviously utterly exhausted. Halfway across the field it collapsed and lay on its side in a deep furrow, its small flanks heaving, its tongue hanging from its panting jaws.

Arthur Hamilton looked at the fox and thought he was going to cry. Then, for a veteran hunting man, he did a strange thing. He dismounted and walked across the furrows to where the animal lay gasping as it awaited the brutal, noisy death that in a minute or so now would come thundering from the copse. "I can't let this happen to you, old boy," he said. "Damn it, I'm supposed to be a Christian!" At any rate I go to church at least twice a year, he thought.

He dropped to one knee, but the fox, not knowing about this sudden Christian impulse, seeing only the dreaded coat of scarlet, glared with a last flicker of hate out of bloodshot eyes and found the strength to half bare its fangs. And so they stayed for a little, the man and the fox, looking at each other. Presently, Arthur heard the deep note of the pack as they found the trail and, forgetting a great many of the things he had always lived by, picked up the fox by the scruff of its neck. Just as the first hounds, followed by MacAfee and the huntsman, cleared the wood, Arthur scrambled back onto his horse. With a quick, instinctive gesture, he unbuttoned his coat and thrust the fox beneath it. Then he buttoned the top two buttons, stuck his right hand under them, Napoleon fashion, and held the fox once more by the scruff of the neck.

He waited. If MacAfee had seen him

"I hope Eisenhower gets drafted. . . . Let him see how it feels"

COLLIER'S KIRK

—or even guessed—Arthur would be asked very politely never to hunt with that pack again. Forgetting for the moment that he never could hunt again anyway, because he had no money to hunt with, Arthur Hamilton paled. To him, this would be like being excommunicated.

Then the hounds were all around him, sniffing and snuffling at the ground in bewilderment, their tails waving high like reeds in a marshy wind. Some of them looked up at Arthur; one or two of them tried to jump at him; but Ajax, who felt that Master's business was no one else's settled these hounds with his forelegs. They dropped and went whimpering off toward the huntsman, who was cavorting about waving his arms and uttering his strange cries and beeping on his little brass horn at the exact spot where Arthur had lifted the fox from the ground. Then Howard MacAfee cantered up and reined in his horse a few yards from Arthur.

"I say, Arthur, your hat! You hurt, old boy? And your arm—stuck in your coat! Collarbone, I suppose?"

Arthur Hamilton nodded as he turned his horse a little so that the M.F.H. couldn't see the bulge under his coat.

"Hat's busted," he said. "Head's okay, Howard."

"Good man!—Why didn't you give us a tallyho—a view halloo, old boy? Old Reynard must have cut right in front of you!"

ARTHUR nodded. He could not lie. He had discovered in the last little while—had learned abruptly, just after that first thumper old Ajax had given him and he had begun thinking about grownups running around in fancy dress and women riding sidesaddle looking like monkeys on sticks—that he had for a great many years been worshiping and serving false gods. He had known, quite suddenly, when he had seen the fox lying helpless in that furrow in the fast paling afternoon sunshine, that the real gods had arrived in his heart. He had learned that tradition—just because it happened to be tradition—was not necessarily worthy of worship. But there was enough of the old worship left in him to make it absolutely impossible for him to tell a direct lie to a Master of Foxhounds. He blushed the scarlet of his scarlet coat.

"Yes, sir," he said. "He did."

Without meaning to, Howard MacAfee jerked at his reins in exasperation. His horse reared.

"Quiet, you, Old-Timer," he said to his horse. "Quiet, I say!" He turned back to Arthur. "Well, man! Which way did he go, for God's sake?"

Arthur Hamilton looked him full in the eyes.

"For God's sake," he said, "I won't tell you."

There was a long silence between them. A few yards to their right the huntsman was still frantically beeping and shouting: "Eleu in there, boys! Yoi, try push 'em up!" A dozen yards behind them the harder-going men and women of the field were waiting for the M.F.H., drinking from thin, leather-covered saddle flasks, mopping sweating brows with silk handkerchiefs. The better horsemen among them were standing on the ground beside their mounts, easing the horses' girths so they could blow more freely, for this had been a hard run, a run that would be talked about and remembered. The horses were tired—not so tired as the fox, of course—but tired.

The silence lasted so long that presently Howard MacAfee, who when he was not busy being a Master of Foxhounds was a most astute and intelligent publisher, began to sweat about the edges of his immaculate white stock, but the sweat that came there was cold. There was a look in Arthur Hamilton's eyes—an almost eerily exalted look, that he found extremely disturbing. Presently he spoke, lowering his voice the way he did in church when he acted as godfather, a function which, due to his wealth and his exalted position in the community, he fulfilled quite frequently.

"Arthur," he said. "I don't know—perhaps you've been working too hard. I know things have been bloody rough for you—perhaps you have hurt your head and just don't realize it—but there's something very queer about this. Why—you saw the fox—just *why* won't you tell me which way he went?"

Arthur Hamilton looked at the M.F.H. He looked away, up at the sky, reddening fast now, with the end of the winter day. It would take him a long, long time to explain, he thought, and at the end of it MacAfee probably wouldn't understand anyway. So he cut it short.

"Because," he said, "it's much too pretty a day for even a fox to die."

"Do you want me to call President Truman and tell him you're wasting food!"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

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With that he turned, once more rammed his heels into Ajax' solid ribs and cantered to the edge of the field. The great horse gathered himself and—feeling no doubt that he had made enough of an ass of himself for one day—cleared the three-foot fence by a good two more feet. Arthur felt the scrabbling of sharp teeth inside his coat, felt the crunch of cloth as the fox, rested now, began gnawing. Arthur paled in agony.

"Oh, God!" he said. "There goes my beautiful waistcoat!" He thought of another man, a young man, who once upon a time had also carried a fox at his bosom. He hurried Ajax along the homeward course.

IT WAS quiet in the living room of the Hamiltons' house. For a long while there had been only the noise of the snapping of the fire. It was so quiet that when the knock on the door came, it sounded thunderously loud and both Arthur Hamilton and his wife Ellen, who had been sitting close beside him on the sofa, jumped. Then she rose to her feet.

"You rest your poor banged-up head," she said. "I'll go."

As he watched her step into the hall and open the great front door that needed paint, he wondered idly whether it would be Baneberg or the florist or which other creditor. Then his eyes widened as he saw muddied top boots and a scarlet coat and a velvet hunting cap that was laid on the hall table. He got to his feet.

"But, Howard!" he said. "How awfully nice of you to stop on your way home." He laughed. "You needn't have, really. I'm all right."

The M.F.H., rubbing his hands together to warm them, came on into the firelit room. Ellen Hamilton crossed to a big mahogany table, poured whisky into glasses—the last of the whisky—and handed the glasses around. The M.F.H. raised his glass.

"To the hunt," he said. The three of them drank. Then MacAfee smiled. "I didn't really come here to see how your health was getting along," he said.

"Oh," said Arthur in sudden alarm. He was thinking of the muddy brown creature that at this moment was lying on a pile of clean straw at one end of the cellar near the furnace. He was thinking about a conversation—a one-sided conversation he had had with the creature some ten minutes ago when he had gone down to give it a pan of milk and some meat scraps. He was thinking of how it had let him pat its head as he had said, "You know, son, you guys have been in the minority for a good many centuries. It's time *somebody* got on your side," and how the fox had looked up at him without any fierceness at all in its eyes and started lapping the milk. The thought made him blush guiltily. Then he realized that MacAfee was talking—talking about some children's book—a horse story Arthur had written and illustrated and saying that that was what he'd tried to speak to him about in the hunting field that morning before they'd been interrupted.

"Frankly, I'm surprised," MacAfee was saying. "But my associates are all for it; and so we've decided—partly because, frankly, I know you need it, but mostly because we feel it will earn many times that—to give you a three-thousand-dollar advance." He smiled. "It's a charming little book, really—especially that part where the horses do the talking." He laughed. "When did you write it, Arthur?—Just lately?"

"I wrote it during the war," Arthur said. "Sent it home to amuse my daughter. I didn't know . . ." He saw his wife signaling him to silence and broke off. So that was it! Ellen! . . . . Ellen had dug it out and sent it to Howard! He was feeling dizzy again. Three thousand dollars would get him out of debt—clear. He could walk with his head high again and sleep at night and—and he could go on hunting and rescuing foxes to his heart's content. MacAfee finished his drink.

"Well, I've got to get along now," he said. "Just wanted to tell you the good news. We can discuss the contract another time." He paused. "By the way, about that fox today—I can't understand why—oh, let it go."

MAC AFEE turned and went out of the house. On his horse he paused to light a cigarette. In the way of a man who has just done a good deed, he felt exalted. He had really only meant to tell Arthur Hamilton they were going to publish the children's book—but there'd been something about Arthur's eyes this afternoon that had made Howard MacAfee feel queer and soft inside—and it was the beginning of a new year. Besides, the book would probably earn four or five times that advance, large as it was. He picked up his reins. Then, clear on the cold night air, he heard the short sharp bark of a fox. He turned and stared at the house. The sound, incredibly, had seemed to come from the cellar.

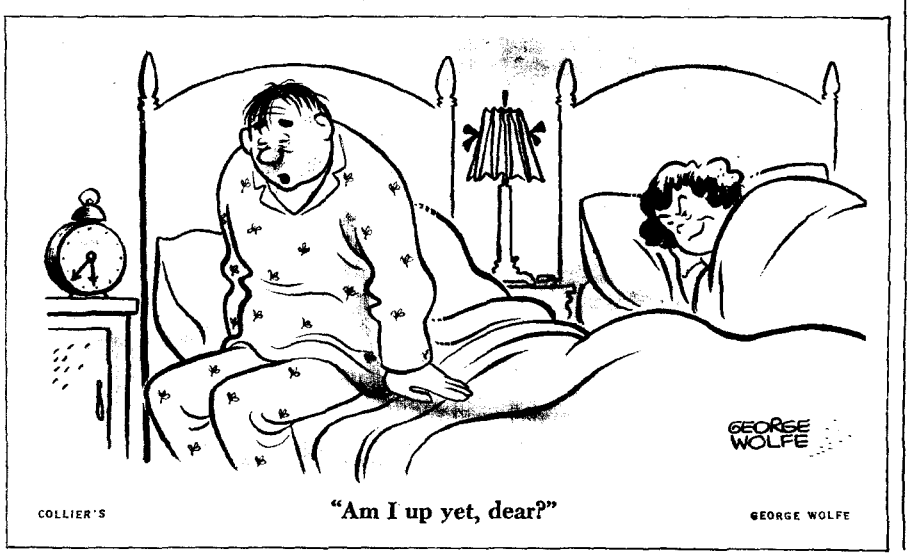
No! he thought. Arthur couldn't do *that!* I can understand his getting a little wobbly after his smashup this afternoon—but he wouldn't dare do *that*—not to me!

But once again over the frosty air came that sharp, unmistakable bark. Then suddenly MacAfee forgot for a moment that he was the M.F.H. and became the quiet, intelligent publisher. And just as suddenly, he understood now a little of what it felt like not only to be a hunted fox but what it felt like to be Arthur Hamilton; and he sensed the kinship between the two. As an M.F.H. he had a traditional duty. As a man he had another duty. In the darkness he grinned.

"That isn't a fox at all," he said out loud. "It's just an owl with a bad cold in the head."

Touching his spurs to his hunter's flanks, he rode off into the night.

THE END



"Am I up yet, dear?"

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STEEL IN THE SURF

Continued from page 25

across the bow with the line carefully coiled in a bucket to keep it from fouling anyone. Occasionally, men have carelessly put one foot in the center of the coiled line just as the ray started to run with it.

Usually rays float near the surface, basking in the warm topwater, occasionally lifting one of their vast wings in a lazy stretch. We had drifted uncomfortably close to the breaker line when the boatman shouted. A dozen yards ahead on the side of a swell we could see what seemed to be the reflection of a big cloud. We lost sight of the ray as the next swell rose to meet us. There are no landmarks on water, so as we slid down the other side of the swell we could not definitely locate the spot where we'd seen the ray. The harpooner stood up in the bow with his iron in his hand. The boatman moved the dugout slowly forward. We were all watching the water.

The tip of the ray's wing broke water about ten feet from the side of the boat. The boatman started to swing the bow around when the ray's right wing appeared on our other side. "We're over him!" shouted the harpooner and drove his iron straight downward. If he'd asked me I could have told him this would be a mistake.

Tangled Up With a Manta

Suddenly the whole ocean exploded. The handle of the harpoon flew over our heads. The boat was jerked over on her side and started to ship water. Spray poured over us. The harpoon line leaped overboard so fast that the coils didn't have time to straighten out. Both Indians were yelling "Where's the Manta?" It was a good question as a ray occasionally leaps clear out of the water and comes down on top of a boat.

The harpooner managed to take a turn with the harpoon line around a crude stanchion in the bow. The boatman swung the dugout around to head toward the ray. I pulled out an oarlock and tried to force the taut harpoon line into a groove cut in the bow that acted as a fairlead. But the ray had the line pulled so tight against the gunwale that I couldn't move it. Then the big fish stopped and began to thrash around, bringing his wings down on the water with reports like a shotgun fired off in a tunnel.

The harpooner said, "Do you want to see me jump on his back?"

I said, "Are you crazy?"

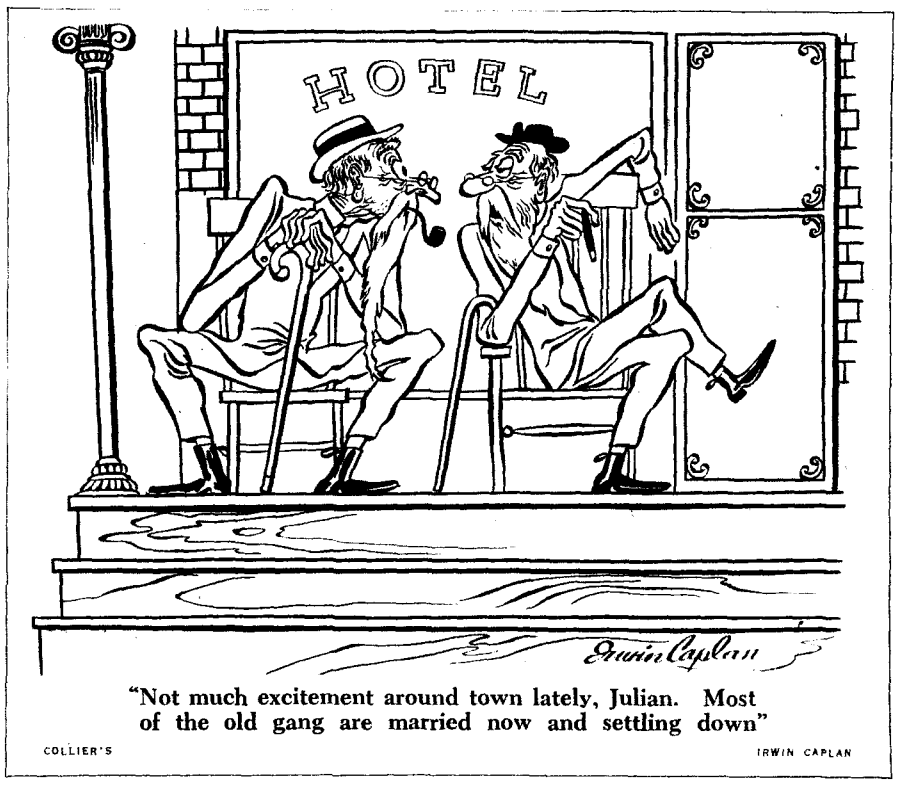
"He'll never die with only one harpoon in him. I'll stab him in the head." He pulled off his shirt and pants, picked up a bait knife, and dived expertly overboard. Putting the knife between his teeth, he swam behind the big fish and treaded water until the ray stopped trying to throw the harpoon head. Then the man gave a quick kick and, grabbing the ray by its head, pulled himself up on the broad back. He stabbed three times before the ray sounded. In a moment the fish surfaced again and seemed to be trying to scrape the man off with its wings. Suddenly the Indian gave a yell of agony.

The boatman brought the dugout in as close as he dared. The harpooner slipped off the ray's back and swam toward us painfully. When we pulled him into the dugout, his chest, belly and legs were covered with blood. The ray's file-like skin had torn him every time the fish moved. The ray struggled feebly a few times and then began to sink. We paddled over to him and found the fish measured eighteen feet across.

For several years I had been trying to find an Indian who would take me out torch fishing for *agujón* or "daggerfish." The fishermen never let me go with them, because they claimed it gave Acapulco a bad name to have Americans get killed there. Daggerfish are greenish, eel-like creatures with long alligator jaws. You can always tell a daggerfish harpooner because he is covered with ugly, pucker-mouthed scars.

At least two men have been killed by daggerfish in the last few years. One man was stabbed through the throat by the *agujón's* beak as the fish leaped at his light. The other had a daggerfish impale him through the eye. The fish's beak was so deeply imbedded in his skull that he had trouble working the jaws loose. He bled to death before he could reach shore.

Finally one fisherman agreed to take me out if I would promise to spend the whole trip lying flat in the bottom of the canoe. "Sometimes there are five or six fish jumping at the light at the same time," he explained. "While you're watching one, two others stab you in the back. It doesn't hurt so much at the time, but when the doctors start cutting the beaks out of you afterward, that's really painful."



"Not much excitement around town lately, Julian. Most of the old gang are married now and settling down"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

He selected a moonless night so that the fish would not be distracted by any light except the glare of his torch. The water had the smooth sheen of ink as we paddled out into the silent bay, and the paddles made little whirlpools of ghostly phosphorescence. Ahead, I could hear the suck of surf on a pile of coral rocks

In the Lair of the Daggerfish

We began to pass blobs of hardened foam as big as powderpuffs. The fisherman stood up to light his fatwood torch "This is where the *agujón* live," he told me. He picked up his three-pointed spear and stood with the blazing torch in his left hand while his son paddled the dugout. Sparks from the torch spluttered in the ebony water and popped over our hair and clothes.

Suddenly there was a splash near the dugout and something like a fat arrow sailed over us. I saw the daggerfish hit the water twenty feet away and go skipping off over the surface like a skimmed stone.

Right beside the canoe I saw floating a long, thin shape. The fisherman struck with his trident. There was a moment of wild thrashing and then he lifted up a writhing, open-mouthed monster four feet long. He dropped it into the boat. The tooth-studded jaws were almost as long as the fish's body. The boatman dropped his paddle and brained the fish with a club as the jaws bit madly at the seats and frames.

As I bent over to examine the weird beast, suddenly the fisherman grabbed my shoulder and jerked me into the bottom of the dugout. A fish flashed over us and a drop of water from the flickering tail hit my neck. I sat up and the fisherman promptly pulled me flat again. Another daggerfish ten feet ahead of the boat came shooting at us. He passed over our heads and landed near the stern. A puddle of phosphorus flashed up in the water where he struck and remained glowing like a beacon light.

As we came around, I could see the *agujón* tremble slightly and turn to face the light. "He's going to jump for you," said the son dispassionately. The fisherman drew back his trident, and the daggerfish bounded up like a released spring. The harpooner knocked him back with the trident and then stabbed him through the body. The *agujón* bent like a snake and bit the spear handle, his teeth grating on the tough wood. A blow from the club finished him.

We got four more daggerfish in an hour. I asked the fisherman if he'd ever been stabbed by them. "Only three times," he told me. "Twice through my left arm that holds the torch and once through the chest." He showed me the scars. He did not believe that the fish jumped directly at the light. He thought that they flung themselves desperately in any direction trying to escape.

My favorite form of harpooning is underwater fishing with diving goggles and spear. Without a diving mask, the underwater scenery is a blur of colors and flashing shapes. But with glasses, everything suddenly springs into focus. Fish more beautiful than hummingbirds and with stranger shapes than a drunk's nightmares hurry past.

Once while I was stalking a two-foot red snapper, more brilliant than a goldfish, I felt a curious nibbling at my toes. A tiny iridescent fish scarcely two inches long had a nest of minute eggs on a rock and my clumsy foot was scraping past them. The little mother was bravely defending her home and doing her best to drive me away.

The most horrible being in this aquatic world is the octopus. I've been told that octopuses aren't very intelligent; if so, they go a long way on instinct. Watching an octopus stalk a crab is about as grisly a sight as I ever want to see. First, the octopus turns the same color as the bottom, which in itself is quite a stunt. Usually the unsuspecting crab is feeding in a foot or so of water. The octopus creeps toward him, allowing his spongy body to be washed back and forth by the tide as though he were a jellyfish.

The Octopus Always Wins

Finally he gets within range. Gathering himself together, he suddenly bounds forward, his arms shooting out like a fan. If he lands on top of the crab, he envelops his victim as though trying to smother him. Actually, he is working the struggling crab into position so his parrotlike beak can go to work on it. If the crab manages to break away, the tentacles go whipping out, trip the crab up, and the octopus makes another bound. I never saw a crab win.

The Acapulco octopus grows to be about a yard long, not big enough to be very impressive but strong enough to hold a man underwater until he stops struggling. The tool for octopus hunting is a big fishhook firmly wired onto the end of a light iron rod about two feet long. You swim along the rockiest part of the shore line until you see a little pile of crab claws or clam shells near a hole in the boulders. Then you swim down and look inside. You will probably see either a tangle of tentacles that look like a mass of seaweed, or a dead eye regarding you out of a slick, black mass. That's the octopus.

A few individuals have tried reaching in and pulling the octopus out by brute force. This is a very poor system as the octopus can pull harder than you can. Also, he has a habit of grabbing your arm and hanging on. As you can't breathe, he has only to hold on for a couple of minutes to get the decision.

The correct method is to reach in with your hook and give one quick jerk. If he won't come that first pull, he probably won't come at all. Sometimes an octopus will let go of the rocks to grab the hook and try to smother it as though it were a crab. Then you can bring him to the surface, clinging to the iron like a limpet. But so long as he keeps his tentacles fastened to a rock, even a small octopus can outpull Joe Louis.

The power in the tentacles is amazing. An Indian boy offered to pose for me with a little, two-foot octopus on his shoulder. The creature suddenly clamped down on him and he had a sore back for a fortnight.

Someday I hope to spend a few months traveling by canoe through the great system of lagoons and fresh-water inlets that surround Acapulco. These waterways contain everything from twenty-foot crocodiles to giant manatees with breasts like a woman's.

An Indian told me he had once seen a huge creature that looked like a sea horse but was as big as a Percheron swimming in one of the bays. I had just finished telling him that there is a giant squid thirty feet long hanging in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and I thought he was trying to go me one better. Later, I found that the skeleton of a gigantic, sea-horselike creature is actually preserved in Mexico City. The bones were found near Acapulco. I'll never again doubt stories Acapulco fishermen tell me.

THE END

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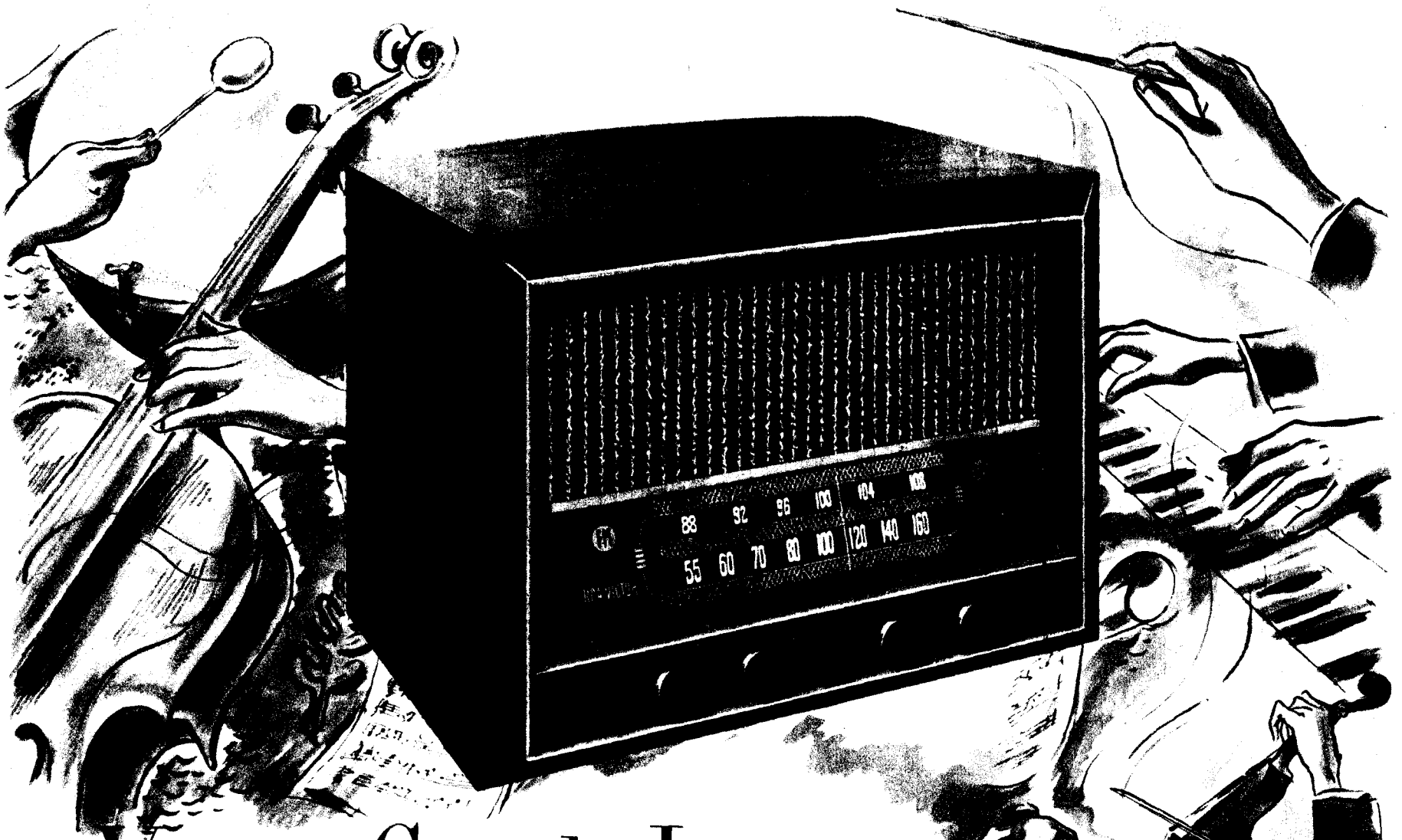

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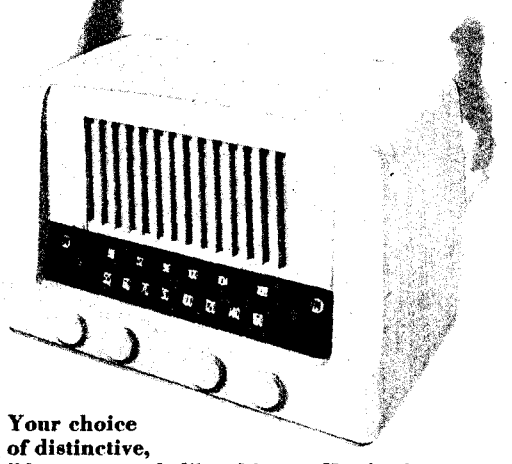

Your choice of distinctive, "decorator-styled" cabinets. Here's the 68R2, in dainty but durable ivory-finish plastic. At top of page is the 68R3, finished in finest selected walnut veneers. Two other styles also bring you AM and FM radio at their best through the "Golden Throat."

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

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To avoid family quarrels, Catalina has suits alike for "him" and "her" and an oversized beach towel big enough for two. The rear view of the Jantzen suit on the young lady stretched out promises a pleasing all-round picture

Three smart girls who have their umbrellas as well as their smiles. Left to right they

Dick Pope, Jr., sixteen, of Cypress Gardens is national junior water ski champ. He wades only when necessary, usually skis barefoot at 40 mph

LADIES IN WADING

BY BARBARA BANKS

MAYBE "bikinis"—those two-piece bathing suits that reveal everything about a girl except her mother's maiden name—are all right on the French Riviera, but they probably won't be seen much on our shores this year. American designers seem determined to have you wear more clothes on the beach, for they have come forth with a variety of apparel that will tempt you to own a whole bathing wardrobe. On these pages are some of the numbers you'll have to choose from.

For the bathing beauty who feels impelled to do some actual swimming there are colorful, hand-painted designs on form-fitting elasticized suits in either one- or two-piece models. For gals whose chief seaside interest is burning themselves a tasty tan, there are bustle-backed dressmaker jobs in gay cotton fabrics. Some of these have a matching jacket that is very practical if you want to avoid overexposure.

There is even a little glamor number for evenings. It is a suit made of metallic cloth which makes a bow to the New Look via a built-in waist control. With it you get a long skirt to wear on the dance floor. If you get overheated about midnight you simply take off the skirt and there you are, competition for any mermaid.

The young ladies pictured here give you the idea. All of them are experts in water sports and perform daily at the Cypress Gardens in Winter Haven, Florida. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN

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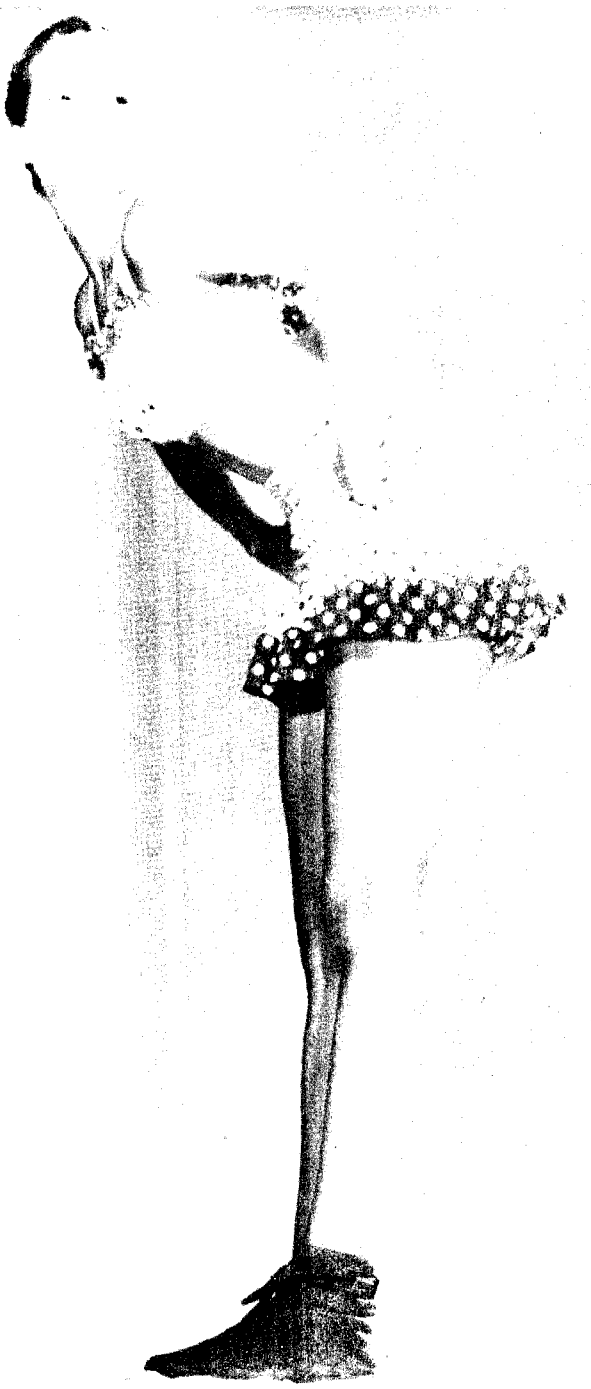
are wearing bathing suits by Jantzen, Marjorie Montgomery and Florence Green. There's an inside story on the taking of this photograph in The Week's Work on page 8



If you like to play leapfrog on the beach, any girl would be one leap ahead of her feminine contestant, anyway, in this Catalina suit

Lamé is no longer restricted to the dance floor. Rose Marie Reid has a Lastex suit made of lamé for the girl who likes an unrestricted feeling on the beach or in the water

The pleasure of drifting and dreaming among the lilies is added to by wearing this two-piece suit by Tabak with side-draped shorts

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Sometimes a happy dream comes true—in one way or another

BILL LANG? He's gone. Left the country. That's his place up there on the bench; yes, the place with the trees. You can see the white house, and behind it on the mountain slope is the dump. That's his hole in the ground. That's where he kept digging, year in and year out, pouring his life into that hole in the ground. Find anything? Of course he didn't find anything. There's no gold in this country. Never has been. I told him that, the first day he moved in and started to dig. But it took him forty-three years to find out for himself. And that's about as many years as a man has, for work.

Touched in the head, we used to say. He'd quit a steady job in the coal mines and brought his wife and a young baby out here in the desert. To dig a hole in the ground.

I remember the day he first came into the valley, with a team and a covered wagon and a cow trailing behind, everything gray with alkali dust. He pulled in here at the store to water his stock, and I asked, "Going far?"

He looked across the greasewood flat to the benchland at the base of the mountain. "Just up there a piece. That's the place."

"Good dry-farm land. Homestead?"

"No; I'm after gold."

"Gold? There's no gold in this country. Never was," I told him. I told him that first day, but he just grinned.

He climbed into the wagon seat. "Better get moving."

"That's a dollar and a half," I said.

"What?"

"Fifty cents a head for watering stock. I have to haul that water from the canyon. It's a long day's trip."

From the look on his face as he paid, it was plain to see he thought I was holding him up. But water is gold in this country. You can either haul it or drill a well from three to five hundred feet, and maybe hit it and maybe not.

So Bill Lang went up there on the benchland and staked out a claim and started tunneling into the mountain, digging his hole in the ground. And once he'd filed on the claim he didn't mind talking about it. And that's when people began saying he was touched in the head. He was digging that hole in the ground because of a dream. In this dream he'd seen the valley, he'd seen the benchland, and he'd not only seen the spot to dig but he'd seen inside the mountain, he claimed. He'd walked inside the mountain in this dream, and on his right was a fault that made a wall of granite straight and true like a hallway. After a while he'd come to a little stream of crystal water, and he'd had a drink and then walked on into the mountain. On the granite wall to his right he saw signs as he went along. There was the letter L, a map of the state of Nevada, and, when he was very tired, the way was blocked by a black wall of obsidian and at the foot of it was an old oak chest full of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and he was rich.

That was his dream. Silly? Sure it was silly. We all have dreams, but we don't spend a lifetime chasing them. And how is an oak chest full of minted gold going to get inside a mountain? But Bill Lang just grinned when we tried to talk logic to him. It was symbolical, he said; that was how you saw things in dreams. The gold would be in a vein, or maybe a pocket of free gold. It was there, he said. And he kept on digging at his hole in the ground.

Well, the first year they wintered in the wagon. Had a little stove in there, like a sheep camp, and a bed in the end. And Bill Lang's wife started to lose faith in that hole in the ground. His wife's name was Lottie, and she was a pretty little thing in those days. Pretty as they come. We'd learned she had come from a good family. Her folks hadn't wanted her to marry Bill Lang in the first place. The Langs were trashy people. And in the middle of that first winter her father came out, to take her and the baby back home.

Bill Lang had his choice. He could either go back, or he could stay alone and dig at his hole in the ground. He stayed. Lottie took the baby out on the stage with her father.

And along a month or so later, Lottie came back. There had been a disaster back in the coal mine where Bill used to work. Two of his brothers, who'd worked on the same shift with Bill, had been killed. Lottie figured that Bill owed his life to that dream; so now *she* believed.

COME spring, Bill Lang took up a homestead on the benchland below his claim, and put in eighty acres of spring wheat. "Don't figure you'll have your gold come fall?" I asked, one day when he was in the store. It was Saturday afternoon, and a half-dozen dry-farmers were around. I saw them behind him smile.

"Can't tell," he said, serious as could be. "Maybe so, maybe not. But I've got to live until I strike it."

He had a good crop that autumn, and came in to me to see about hauling out some materials for a house. He and Lottie had been corresponding with some architect in the city. Imagine, an architect! All the dry-farmers live in tar-paper shacks and they always have. This architect had drawn up plans for a great big house. It was fixed so they could start with just two rooms, and then add on. "I believe in big families," Bill said. "One now and another on the way. Won't be none too big by the time we're done." He gave me the list of materials for the first part. "Reckon you can get the stuff?" He didn't ask how much, just could I get it.

I went over the list and figured it up. "Bill, it's none of my affair, but what if you have a bad year next season?"

"On virgin land? Anyhow, I've got my mine."

"What are you going to do with these plumbing fixtures?"

"What do you generally do with plumbing?"

"You generally have got water to run through the pipes."

"Oh, I'll have plenty of water," Bill said, "when I hit that stream in the mountain. Gravity flow to the house."

"Everybody else around here gets along with a tar-paper shack."

(Continued on page 55)

There in front of him was a black wall of obsidian and at the foot of it was an old chest full of gold pieces

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

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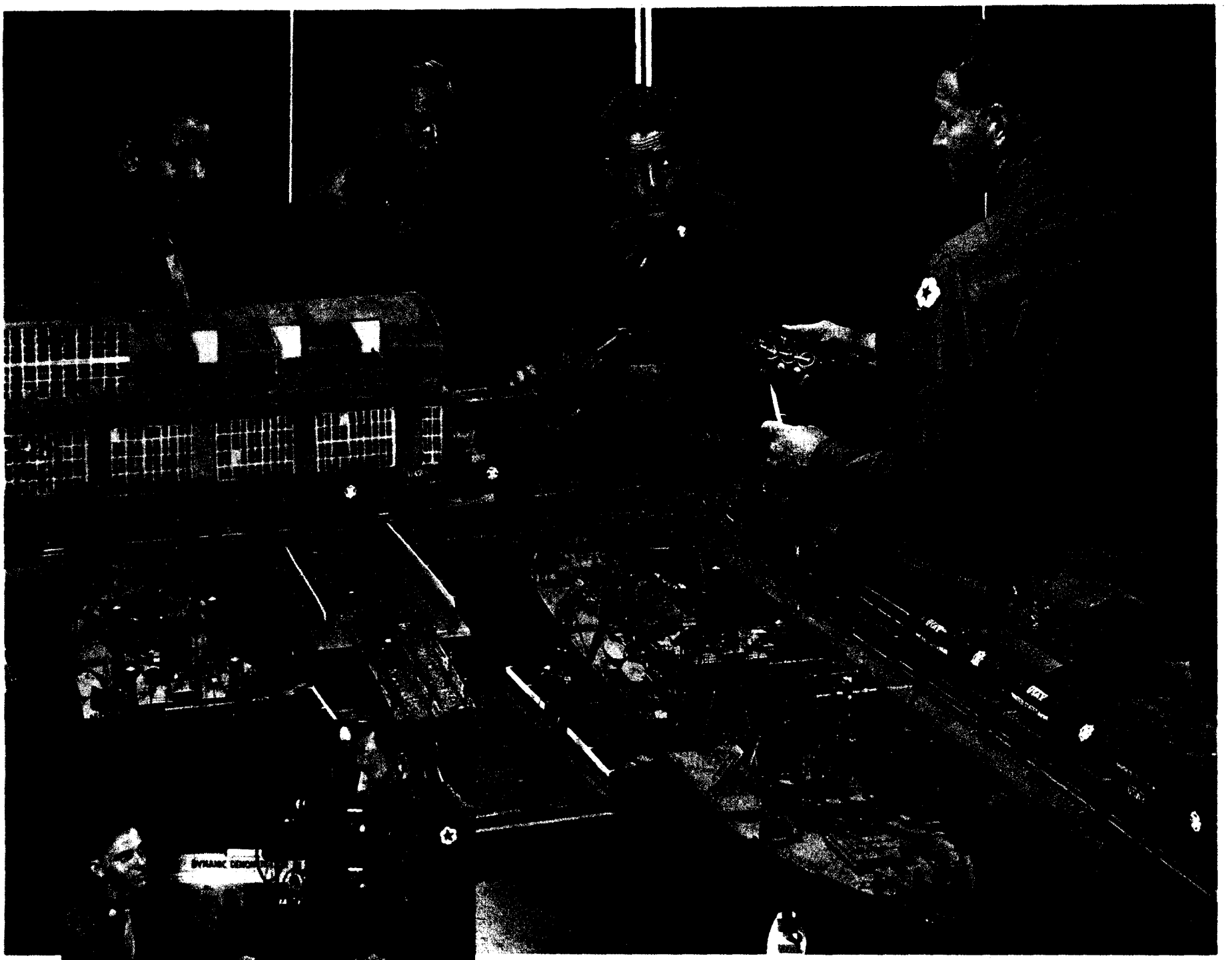

(Upper) Army Technical School students study scale models of railroad and steamship systems at the Transportation Corps School, Ft. Eustis, Va.

(Lower) Practical experience in operating and repairing radio sets at the Signal Corps School, Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

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After your application is received, the Army will check to make sure there is an opening in one of the four courses you have selected. A place will be reserved for you in that course. Then if you pass the necessary mental and physical examinations, you enlist for 3, 4 or 5 years. Upon completion of your basic training, you will be guaranteed education in the selected course.

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CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

Continued from page 13

Milton were members. Then in 1669 in London the Civil Club was started.

One of its rules said that "members should give preference to one another in their respective callings" and that "but one person of the same trade or profession should be a member of the club." This was almost identical with the origin of Rotary in Chicago on February 23, 1905, although it is doubtful if the founder, Paul P. Harris, had ever heard of the Civil Club. The Civilians, shamed by criticism, broadened their concept to service-above-self almost immediately after organization, exactly as our Rotarians did 200-odd years later.

Antidote for Loneliness

Rotary was conceived on a fundamental urge toward friendliness. Paul Harris observed that many businessmen in Chicago yearned to recapture the comradeship of the small-town life which they had known as youngsters. "I was lonely myself," he told, later, "so I gathered some other lonely ones around me and we agreed to meet once a week."

His problem soon became one of turning applicants away, and that led to national then international expansion. The second Rotary Club was organized in San Francisco in 1908. By 1910 there were 16. In 1912 they expanded to Canada, England and Ireland. Harris was first president of the International, and when he died in 1947 he was still president emeritus. He lived to see his project outstrip his most audacious dreams; today Rotary has approximately 325,000 members in 6,300 clubs in 80 countries and geographical regions.

Origin of Kiwanis was somewhat more earthy. In August, 1914, in Detroit, a Mr. Allen S. Browne apparently decided that it would just naturally be a good thing to organize some sort of fraternal group and charge the boys five dollars each to join. The boys fell for it. They floundered around congenially for a while in choosing a name, and ended up with a Mr. Joseph G. Prance now forever on record as having signed the first application to join the first Kiwanis Club.

According to some, the name was evolved from an Otchipew Indian phrase, "Nun Kee-wan-nis," meaning, "We have a good time—we make a noise." Rotary, Lions, Exchange et al. are likely to grin today and say the noise part still holds, and Kiwanians themselves make merry meat of this. Actually, we are told by Kiwanis historians, the word "Kiwanis" means "to make one's self known."

Mr. Browne was a go-getter. He got himself commissioned as Kiwanis organizer with all fees to go to him. Moreover, he raised the initiation fee to ten dollars, then to fifteen and kept all that too. He "owned" the organization's name and plan of operation until May, 1919, when his contract was purchased. Since then ownership has been with the corporate body itself.

Total Kiwanis membership today is approximately 200,000 in 3,000 clubs through the United States and Canada. In addition there are 600 Kiwanis "Key" Clubs for boys of high-school age, and in Pullman, Washington, last year the first Kiwanis "Circle K" Club for college boys was organized. Neither of these junior clubs is designed as a feeder for adult Kiwanis, but each operates with a comparable code of ethics, following adult sponsorship.

Unlike Lions and Rotary, Kiwanis has steadily declined to move into foreign lands, Canada excepted. Its reasons, as expressed recently by O. E. Peterson, international secretary, seem valid. Said he, "The spirit which governs American and Canadian men is not the same abroad. Racially, politically, socially there is a vast difference. Too many issues would be too controversial. Preserving free enterprise is a major aim of Kiwanis here, but could we campaign for it throughout Europe and Asia? Labor issues, tariffs, trade alliances, travel problems, different languages and folkways would complicate us endlessly."

Uniting the World's Main Streets

Rotary and Lions have experienced precisely that, yet have covered any embarrassment. Their controlling boards hold that the vague quality known as good will justifies the whole international club program. They may be right. At least the average member in Main Street, U.S.A., and presumably his counterpart in Main Streets, Egypt, Argentina and China, take great pride in the sheer bigness and world-wide aspects of their organizations.

Lions, the biggest club of all, today has more than 350,000 members in about 6,500 clubs in 20 countries. For no apparent reason Texas leads the Lions roster with nearly a hundred more clubs than the next state, which is Pennsylvania, and the close third, which is California. New York State has only half as many clubs as Texas. As with all the service organizations, no exact figures can be given because every day brings change.

Phenomenal growth of Lionism can be attributed in considerable measure to a leonine individual who is still roaring. His name is Melvin Jones. In 1914, Mr. Jones, like Mr. Browne of Kiwanis, had a hunch. He felt sure that it would be feasible to organize all the then unaffiliated businessmen's clubs of America into a national organization, and set out to do so. It took a lot of pioneering. Not until 1917 did he gather representatives of 50 independent clubs in Chicago and there lock them in one cage. First annual convention of the International Association of Lions Clubs was held in October of that year at Dallas, Texas, with 25 clubs represented. By 1920 the association had more than doubled its membership and had extended into Canada.

Why this group chose "Lions" for a name instead of Tigers, Horses, Elephants, or Pandas, or why they chose an animal at all, is anybody's guess. Even Mr. Jones is vague about it, but says that the lion has always been a symbol of loyalty and courage. From letters in the word he also evolved the Lions slogan—"Liberty, Intelligence, Our Nation's Safety"—which cleverness the sophisticates now hold is just a little on the high-schoolish side.

A heavy white-haired man of impressive dignity, benign yet aloof—truly the "king of the wilderness"—Mr. Jones, as secretary-general of Lions International, is still headman of the organization he conceived.

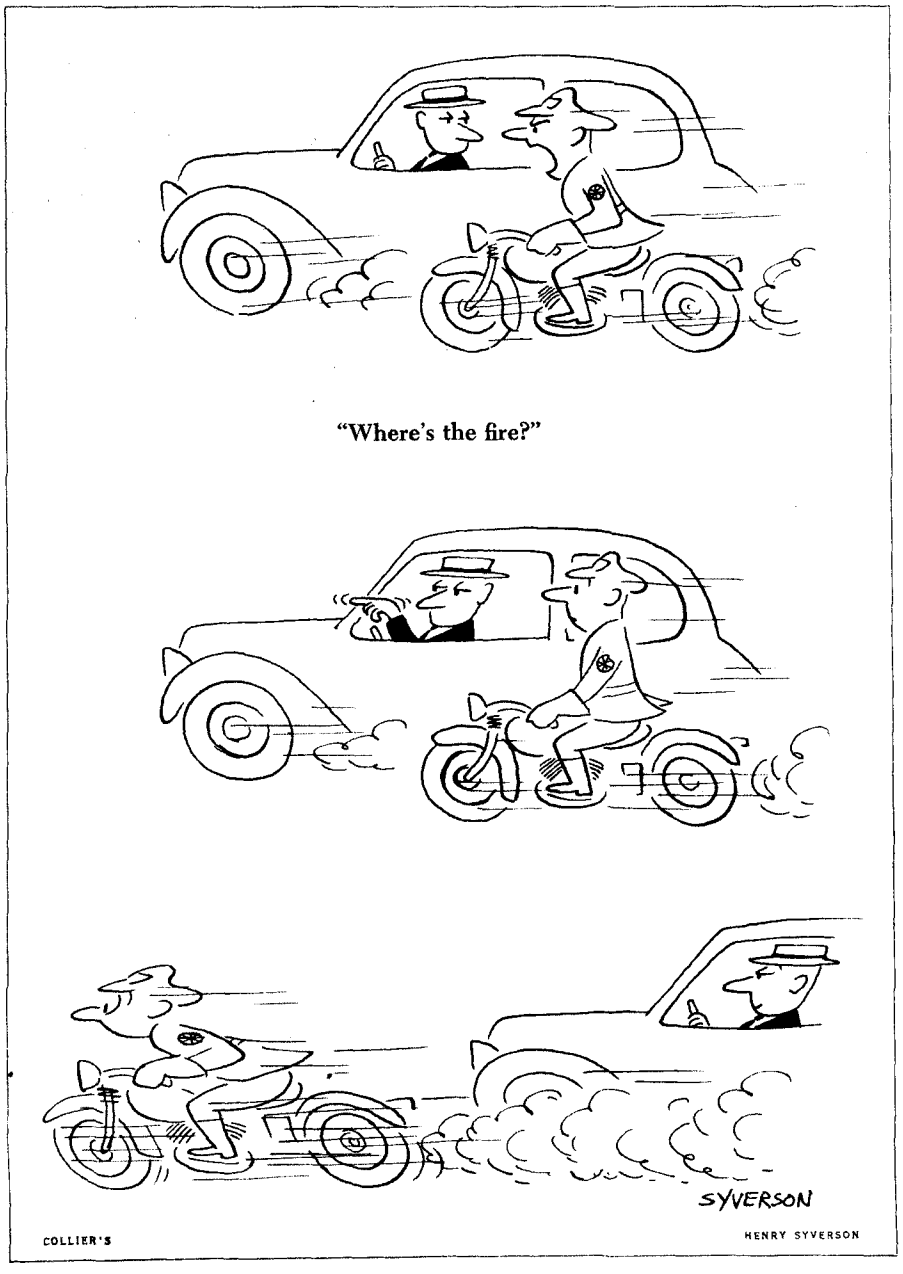
Mecca of the big three service clubs is that appropriately all-American metropolis in mid-continent, Chicago. Every good Lion, every good Kiwanian and surely every Rotarian, aspires to go there someday for a personal inspection of International Headquarters.

Philip Lovejoy is general secretary for Rotary. He and "Pete" Peterson of Kiwanis and "Mel" Jones of Lions are men of exceptional vitality, appointed annually by their respective international boards of control. Each appears to be a 220-pounder, nerveless, serene. Each is inherently a diplomat.

Offices for Rotary are in luxurious quarters at 35 East Wacker Drive, overlooking the Chicago River. The visitor

"Tasty-tasty-tasty lemon pie—ask the waiter for some —tasty-tasty-tasty lemon pie—yum, yum—tas-ty!" JARO FABRY

COLLIER'S



"Where's the fire?"

COLLIER'S HENRY SYVERSON

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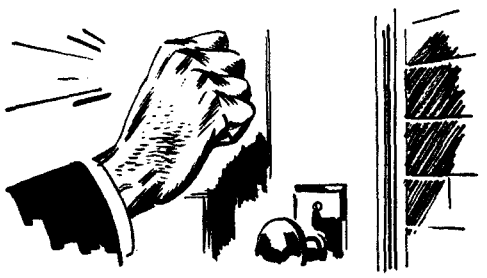
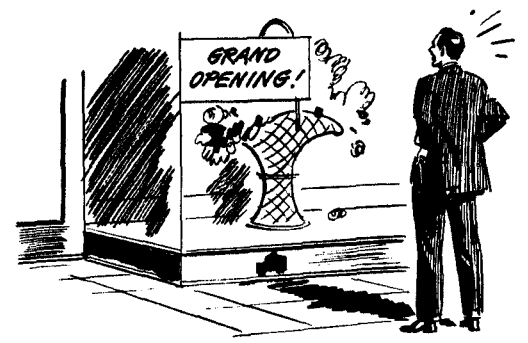
What's your son going to do when he grows up?

1. Nowhere else in the world would your boy be as free to choose almost any line of work he wants to do when he grows up—and to fit himself by education and training for the life he wants. In America, there's no law to limit a lad's chances.



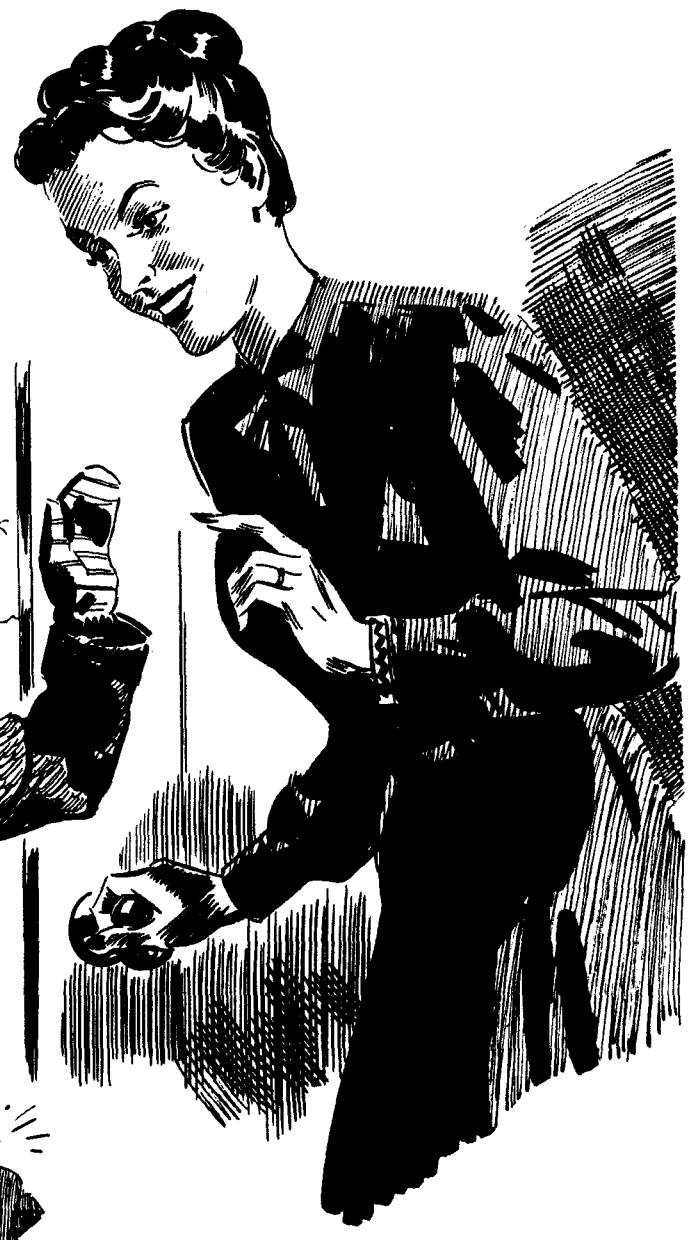
2. Of equal importance to that freedom is the *opportunity* that lies ahead for your boy. Opportunity to climb to a top job—or to go into business for himself. In countries where business is run by the government, people must work where, when, and how they're told.

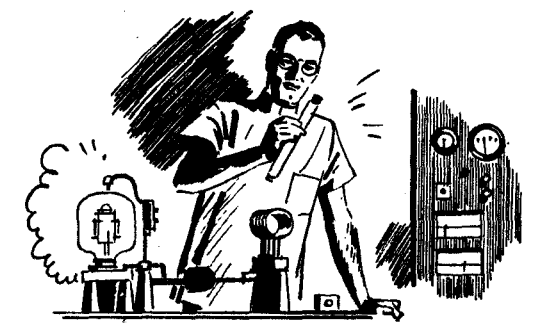
3. As an employee, your son will have the right to change his job any time he sees a chance for advancement. As an employer, he'll have the opportunity to build as big a business as he's able.



4. If he goes into business for himself, your boy will soon learn that opportunity is a two-way deal. Only as his workers and his customers benefit will his business be able to grow and prosper.

5. He'll also learn the importance of sound management—if his firm is going to earn the reasonable profits it must make in order to stay in business. For profits are the very backbone of American progress . . . the best guarantee of opportunity for your son.





6. So whether your boy works for someone else or becomes his own boss, business profits will always play a big part in his welfare—because the reasonable profits earned by industry pay for the research and expansion that bring more jobs, more security, and better living for everyone.

***Most Americans** say they think 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit for business to make. As a matter of fact, industry averages less than half that much profit!*

And about half of that is plowed back by industry to pay for the progress and development that give Americans more good things than any other people on earth!

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sees some 150 men and women at work, looks at the presses that turn out over 4,000,000 pieces of printed matter a year and at the post office which dispatches 65,000 Rotary letters and parcels a month. He is astonished at the foreign-language editions of The Rotarian magazine, and at the quantity of correspondence with foreign Rotary Clubs. He is guided to the great file room where, sure enough, a smiling girl quickly thumbs through a drawer and pulls out *his* personal card with his complete name and record in Rotary.

Similarly, Kiwanis has headquarters hospitality at 520 North Michigan Avenue, and Lions at 332 South Michigan. Each is a "front" for its organization, and a good one. Exchange Clubs maintain offices at Toledo, Kinsmen at Toronto, Civitan at Birmingham, Alabama, Optimists at St. Louis, Co-Operative Clubs at Kansas City, Twenty-Thirty in Sacramento, California, and Junior Chamber of Commerce in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

From their various office files, executives have discovered the truly "average" service club member. He is age forty-three, married, has two and one-third children and one and two-thirds cars. He smokes, drinks very little, goes to church, loves to travel and go fishing, owns his home and all or part of his business firm, prefers a safety razor and a cocker spaniel, earns more than $6,000 a year.

He pays about six dollars a year to national headquarters. That means a gross of six million dollars from Americans plus another million from foreign affiliates. For this he gets his club magazine—the monthly Rotarian, Kiwanis magazine, Lion, or some similar publication—also a regular flow of other printed guidance in service. Organizers, trained project directors, trouble shooters, inspirational speakers, personal counselors, all travel constantly from headquarters.

International headquarters maintains only nominal direction for the women's auxiliaries of the clubs. Most towns have Rotary-Anns, Kiwani-Anns, Lionesses and such groups for the wives, but membership in them is optional and they are relatively inactive.

Service Clubs for Ladies Only

Women who are inclined to be more service-club minded have at least six groups which admit no men. These include the strong National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs with more than 102,000 members, also, Pilot, Altrusa, Soroptimists, and Zonta with less than 10,000 each. Their membership requirements and service ideals are comparable to the men's.

In general, women are not welcome at the men's sacred 90 minutes; polls show that even female entertainers are unpopular, and that a woman speaker is virtually taboo. But an occasional Ladies' Night is held to be a vital matter. Here, the sacrosanct husbands will try to "make it up to the wives" in style. That is, they spend money. But a careful study of results shows that while the wives are amused, they are seldom overwhelmed.

"We'll shoot this scene till we get it right! All right now, Gregory—try to remember that in this picture you're a nice guy"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

The typical service club can rock along for years making relatively little noise, then suddenly impress itself on the community with an impact that echoes nationally. Typical is an episode at Poplar Bluff, Missouri. A thoughtless public there this year voted down a mill tax to raise teachers' pay, even though teachers were getting less than clerks. A service club took that matter on as a project.

"Our study shows," the committee chairman reported soon, "that our people simply did not understand the situation, and that a very small percentage of them even bothered to vote."

"I move you, Mr. President," said one member, "that we dedicate ourselves to informing our people, and call another election as soon as possible."

It was done, and the raise for teachers went over big. So big, in fact, that the club's international office is now studying the matter, in response to inquiries from across the land. Campaigning for better-paid schoolteachers may be a major goal of this service club organization for 1948, in every state.

Biggest annual event in the life of any club organization is the international convention. This may vary in size from a hundred or so men, in the case of the smaller groups, to the 15,000 who regularly attend Rotary, Lions and Kiwanis. The big ones are held in big cities, sometimes abroad; Rotary, which goes to Rio in 1948, after San Francisco in 1947, has held conventions in Austria, Belgium, Canada, Cuba, France, Mexico and Scotland. Kiwanis has moved from Atlantic City to Chicago to Los Angeles in three years. Lions has been to Cuba and Mexico, met last summer in San Francisco and will go to New York City in 1948.

Every club in every city and town is expected to send one or more official delegates, and most do so. These gentlemen usually have their expenses paid and enjoy considerable honor, but have the least fun; theirs is the burden of attending every convention session.

The international complications took concrete form more than once during the war. One day the Rotary Club of Chungking, China, was in a peaceful session in a hotel, when—*wham!*—a bomb erased a building across the street. The Rotarians had been listening to a routine speaker, but of one accord they dived out for the shelters. Half an hour later the all-clear sounded, they filed back to their seats and the speaker resumed—"Now as I was saying, Japan will ultimately be brought to her knees, and—"

At conventions, the international organization always is tightened. Old problems are discussed—atom control, Communism, aids for ex-service men, inflation, reconstruction. Distinguished men speak, committees set their programs for the ensuing year. Politics comes to a climax also. Presidency of any major international is one of the high honors that can befall a male in our time.

Big three presidents for 1947-48 are Charles W. Armstrong, M.D., of Salisbury, North Carolina, heading Kiwanis; S. Kendrick Guernsey, an insurance executive of Jacksonville, Florida, for Rotary; and Fred Smith for Lions. Mr. Smith's business and address were announced as "the most popular millionaire in Lionism, with homes in California."

Membership Doubles in Four Years

The national field has seen all groups make spectacular growth since 1940. Lions have doubled their membership in the past four years, to become the fastest-growing group of all. But Lions are more "open" than the other big ones—Rotary, Kiwanis and Exchange. These three accept only the (theoretically) top two men in any one business or profession in a town. Lions will take a lesser executive if he is reasonably alert, up-and-coming, sociable, and has demonstrated any interest in community service.

The clubs represent, therefore, not a cross section of America but of American leadership. About 72 per cent of the clubs are in towns of less than 25,000 population, 38 per cent in towns of less than 10,000 and 20 per cent in towns under 3,000.

Outsiders constantly ask wherein the various international groups differ. They appear to have identical aims. The average club member himself can't answer. He senses no important rivalry or competition between the clubs. George Babbitt, the Rotarian, can visit any other club meeting and feel at home. Service programs seem identical.

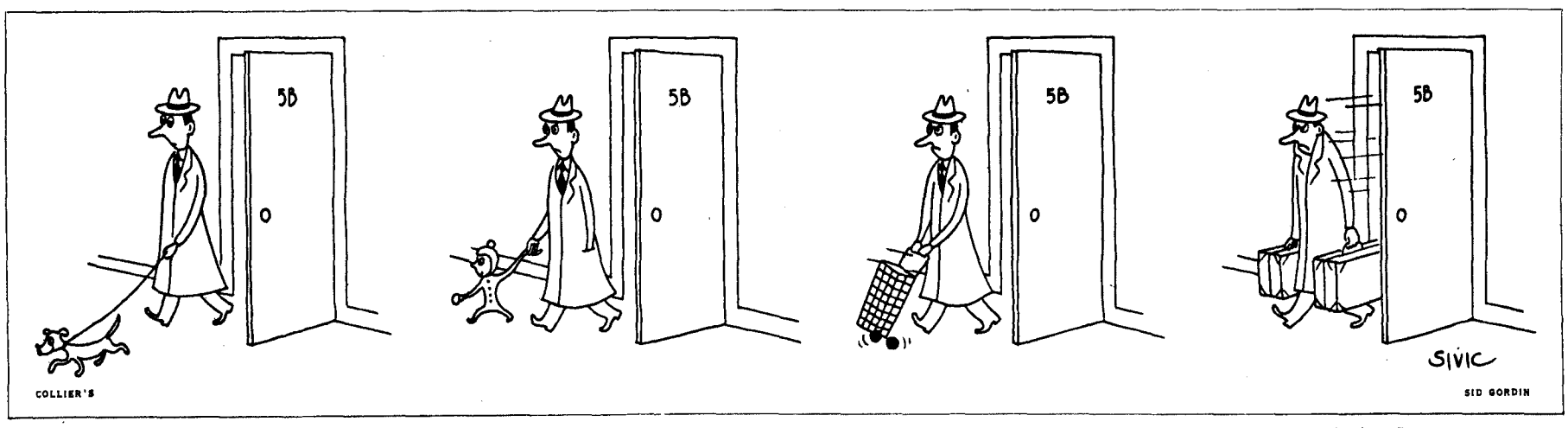
The matter came up at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, a few years ago when a traveling Rotarian barged into what he thought was an organization meeting for a new Rotary Club. They were assembled in a restaurant. He was invited to speak and did so.

For thirty minutes he expounded the ideals of Rotary and quoted the Rotary Code of Ethics. It was inspiring, but after he sat down—

"I'm mighty sorry, sir," the embarrassed chairman explained to him, "but this happens to be a Lions organization party!"

No panic ensued. A third man simply stood up, smiling. "It's all right," said he. "I happen to be the Lions district governor, and I can tell you that I never heard Lionism more beautifully presented. I shan't have to make my own speech now. I make only one change in what our guest has just told you; I urge you to read The Lion magazine instead of The Rotarian."

THE END



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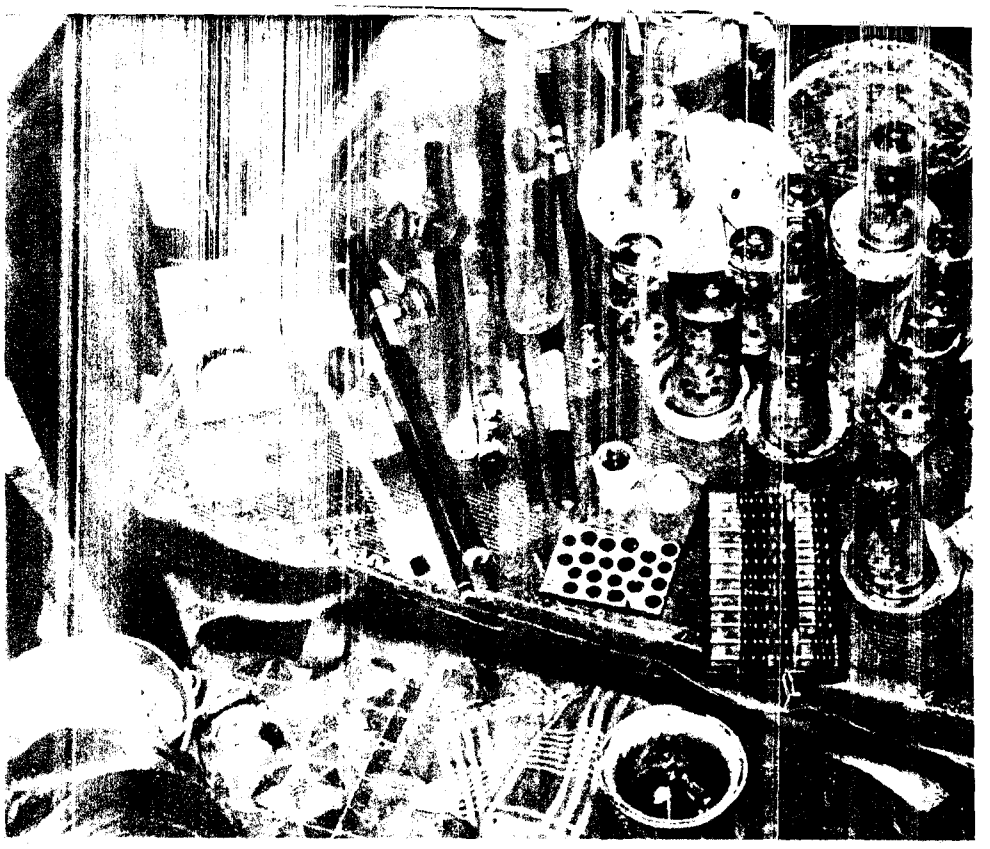
HONG KONG-BOOM TOWN

BY WELDON JAMES

Little damaged by the war, Hong Kong is now the glamor spot of the Orient, replete with business moguls, taxi dance halls, flourishing pickpockets and an opium traffic which is still thriving despite the police



This collection of confiscated paraphernalia includes 18 pipes, 15 lamps, 21 pot and one jar of opium. The small opium jars are in foreground, left of the abacu

Two Chinese "hitting the pipe" in an opium den in Hong Kong. Opium was legal here for 100 years, until the British returned in 1945 and banned the drug

Following a raid, a truckload of opium smokers is delivered to the police station, where they will be promptly bailed out by friends or opium dealers

FIVE miles out, the pilot dropped the Short-Sunderland flying boat down beneath the cloud bank to a bare 200 feet above the water. Then he twisted and turned her like a taxi between the scattered rock islands on the harbor approach, and plopped her down like a butter ball on the smooth water.

From the nose of the Sunderland, coming in, you could see Hong Kong, a jewel of a great city, rising from the blue water's edge into the deep blue-green of the abrupt mountains behind it. You saw a mass of solid gray and white and yellowed buildings at the base, four and five stories high.

"Greatest spot in the East," said the pilot, grinning appreciatively. "Get anything you want here. Gay. And peaceful—regular old prewar Paris."

Anything you want except a hotel room, he should have added. That takes a minor miracle. Enough people in the Far East, European and Oriental, agree that Hong Kong, with its twin sister across the bay, Kowloon, is the most humanity-flooded spot in the world. It had a population of 1,200,000 before the war. Today the overwhelmed police estimate it at something in excess of 2,000,000 and still growing.

You get the impact of this growth the moment you step off the Kowloon ferry onto the Hong Kong pier and wade through the noisy multitudes on narrow Queen's Road or Ice House Street or Des Voeux Road. Massive gray banks and hotels and varicolored Chinese shop buildings overshadow the streams of pedestrians, rickshas, bicycles and sleek new American and British cars.

The shouts of native hawkers, peddling everything from firecrackers to American fountain pens or the finest silks, blend with the pleas of beggars, the traffic shouts of ricksha boys and the incessant raucousness of automobile horns. The resultant bedlam is like none other in the world.

Hong Kong's pickpockets, of course, thrive as they have never thrived before. Incoming tourists are warned that the city has the most skillful operators in the world, and signs on busses, ferries and trolleys warn the public against them. A wallet in an unbuttoned pocket, a pen visible anywhere, an exposure meter tied to a camera strapped around one's shoulders (the thieves cut the cord and are off with the meter before the owner misses it) are open invitations to loss. The more experienced thieves can wrest a handbag from a woman or a wrist watch from a man and be lost in the crowd before the startled owner can shout, "Police!"

Legitimate business is booming, too, and in dollar value (but not in volume) exceeds the prewar level. In the cool Victorian vastness of the Hong Kong Club or the air-conditioned ease of the American Club, stout, pink-faced businessmen, sipping their gimlets, say Hong Kong comes closer than any other city in the Orient to being on its feet again.

The Crown Colony is flooded with luxury goods—to such an extent that some items, such as nylon hose (at $3), California oranges and canned fruits, sell in the shops below the government-set maximum. The best Scotch whisky is available for $5 a bottle, a terrific postwar increase, but wages and prices generally have jumped four or five times the prewar level.

Despite postwar inflation, prices and wages are relatively low. First-class hotel rooms are only $5-$8, a dinner and drinks at the smartest night club about $12, a middling good restaurant luncheon $1, and a ten-mile taxi ride only $2.

Except for a few things like spirits, cigarettes and autos, Hong Kong is essentially a free port, and the United States has a good share of the local business. Much of the present boom is due to what the locals for a hundred years have been calling "the troubles in China." After the war ended and Hong Kong was taken back from the Japanese, the British quickly restored law and order, efficient civil administration, a stable currency plus an adequate if partly rationed food supply and relief rations for the jobless. These things appeal enormously to thousands of people in strife-torn China, rich and poor, and to political and economic refugees from other Asiatic lands.

The current stability of Hong Kong appeals also to many of the foreign firms formerly centered in Shanghai. Buffeted by currency chaos and political uncertainty there, antiforeign

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Detective Inspector Willeston (lower left) searches for contraband as raided addicts look on from their bunks

Divan keeper (left), handcuffed to Chinese detective, is questioned by Inspector Willeston. He was fined $800

red tape, regulations and "squeeze," nearly 300 British, American and other foreign concerns have made precautionary registration in Hong Kong, and many have moved here, lock, stock and barrel.

Some of these find it possible to keep up a fair-sized business with China through Chinese intermediaries, official and otherwise, who can either oil the way through import restrictions or escape them entirely by the use of smugglers. Thousands of junks and sampans and small motor vessels make smuggling a difficult racket to control along the coasts and rivers of South China.

This influx of capital and of capitalists keeps the local night spots humming, the fashionable beaches at Repulse Bay filled, prices high, and everybody, rich and poor, European and Oriental, in a bad temper over the housing shortage. The poorest sleep in the streets (paying two cents a week to neighborhood racketeers who guarantee them the same doorway each night), the poor sleep dozens to a room in the Chinese tenements, and many of the rich, who cheerfully would pay for great houses, must content themselves with modest hotel rooms.

Chinese looters contributed effectively to this housing shortage of the rich. Within a few days after the Japanese surrender and before British control was re-established, they stripped and ruined scores of the more remote houses of the great taipans on the Peak. They took everything—windows, metal railings, plumbing, furniture, and all except the masonry—in a campaign far more destructive than Japanese artillery or the few American air raids on harbor shipping had been.

Hong Kong, little damaged by the war, blessed with a stable currency, not too much heat, and not too much inflation, has achieved almost a prewar glitter. The Chinese dance palaces are stocked with the prettiest and the best dancers the owners can import from Shanghai. Here the more beautiful Myrna Loy types collect $10 an hour for their company on the dance floor or at the tea table. The British wisely allow no liquor to be sold in such places, and the tea or coffee therefore costs about a dollar a cup. Americans, British and Chinese pack the dance floor, and the hostesses, who obviously learned a lot from the American troops in Shanghai, tackle prim colonials, acrobatic sailors, or international jitterbugs all in their stride.

The British still think that such places should close at midnight or one o'clock, and close they do. But the bordellos and the opium divans and the gambling clubs, a little hard for the small police force of 2,200 to cope with in a city of two million, continue to offer later entertainment.

Before the war the sale of opium was a government monopoly, but since 1945, the British have outlawed it. There were 600 or so dens or divans in the old days. Now, the police admit wryly, there are probably 600 or more—under private operators who think the government was a sucker to drop out of the rich trade—and every time the police raid and close a dozen joints, a dozen more open up elsewhere in the human jungle of the crowded city. But the police think they can make the trade so expensive that they'll "drive it back to China," and so they keep trying.

With the Police on a Raid

Come along on a typical opium-den raiding party. It's eight o'clock in the evening when the Black Maria, with Inspector Mackay at the wheel, leaves police headquarters. Superintendent Fraser, Detective Inspector Willeston and two Chinese officers complete the group.

Horn honking steadily, the van weaves in and out of the mass of strollers, pushcarts and rickshas.

"Have to rush it a bit," explains Mackay. "The bamboo telegraph started to work the moment we turned east from headquarters. Within ten minutes half the dives in this area will be deserted."

He speeds around another corner, then jams on the brakes. Out tumble all the van's occupants, including the Chinese, running as they land.

We split into two parties, racing down parallel streets. Fraser and the two Chinese officers rush down Kom U Street, the rest of us down Ko Shing Street. From among the Chinese spectators two men start to run as soon as they see us debark. "There goes the word," puffs Mackay, "but it's late—we have a chance."

He stops suddenly at a doorway on the left. I follow Willeston, racing on. Five feet ahead of the Englishman a Chinese pops out of an alley doorway on the right like a jack-in-the-box, and runs like a frightened deer. Willeston tumbles into the doorway just in time to grab two would-be fugitives, then sweeps the place with his flashlight.

The place is a narrow barnlike wooden structure, covering half an original alleyway for about sixty feet. Four Chinese, including the two Willeston collared at the door, look up at us with patient if somewhat pained expressions. One is a middle-aged, shapeless woman, the other a boy hardly fifteen. The other two are thirtyish and pallid.

There is a sickening, sweetish odor in the place. Each of three cubicles, barely curtained, contains a five-by-six-foot wooden bed, low and covered with a grass mat. There are several high porcelain "pillows" on each; a single bed, Willeston says, would accommodate up to five congenial persons at a time. But men only; the divans are not brothels.

On a table in the aisle along the cubicles are two opium pipes, inch-thick bamboo jobs three feet long, with ivory smoking tips and porcelain bowls. In the drawer of the table Willeston, now assisted by one of the Chinese officers, finds nineteen opium pots—thumbnail-sized porcelain bits with a smidget of thick, sirupy, brown-black stuff on top. Opium, it is, a tael in each pot: exactly 1.33 ounces guaranteed by a trade otherwise unacquainted with exactness. Each tael is enough for three good smokes—as effective for a moderate smoker, the inspector says, as three stiff whiskies for a moderate drinker.

There are five opium lamps on the matted beds: wicks dipped in a bowl of peanut oil, chimneyed by large inverted glasses. A small circular opening in the top of the chimney lets the smoke out—and provides a hot-point for the smoker to toast the opium in his pipe before whiffing it.

The divan (no one in Hong Kong seems to know why they're called divans instead of dens, but presumably

(Continued on page 65)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY R. A. WATSON

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A NIGHT AT THE UPROAR

Continued from page 23

minds wander musically. Some novel stuff resulted and they made records of it for their own amusement. One of these was heard by a West Coast recording director, who thought it might sell a few.

This was Red Wing. It was followed by Behind Those Swinging Doors, Pass the Biscuits Mirandy, Siam and other emotional efforts. No one paid much attention until July, 1942, when a record maker wanted something for the other side of I Wanna Go Back to West Virginia. A man named Petrillo forbade all musicians, after July 31st that year, to make records, so Spike was hastily assigned a number called Der Fuehrer's Face and went at it.

He made a version including a sort of Bronx cheer, and one without, figuring his bosses would take the cheerless version. They took the other one—and that's what started all the noise. The record sold a million, won Spike recording, motion picture and radio contracts.

After a while the man Petrillo said people could play for records again until he had another whim, and the City Slickers made Holiday for Strings, Cocktails for Two and many another zany job. The thing snowballed on Spike until he got to the point where he was working twenty-three hours a day, making all the wampum in the world and finding no time to spend it.

Some months ago he foresaw the waning of band popularity and organized a Musical Depreciation Revue. This threatened, and still does, to bring back vaudeville. It is built around the wrecking of such little gems as That Old Black Magic and Liebestraum, by anything from auto horns and old cans to cap pistols and police sirens.

Life has piled up on him in the past five years. His manager told him the other day that in just a few weeks his income had run around $165,000 gross. This included one fabulous week in Los Angeles where he played eight shows at the Philharmonic, made a movie short and did his weekly broadcast, cut records and managed, on the fly, to have a few words with his father and his daughter.

Service for a Traveling Man

Looking forward to the time when his popularity may wane, Mr. Jones has contemplated carrying along a permanent audience. This notion occurred to him one night in Minneapolis, when he got in late from Mitchell, South Dakota, found all the eastbound trains gone and practically had to buy a locomotive to put him into Chicago in time for an early matinee. The Minneapolis show ran three hours late, and toward the end a traveling man in the audience sought out Ralph Wonders, Spike's general manager, apologized for leaving prematurely and explained that he had to be in Chicago, four hundred miles down the track, in the morning.

"So do we. Stay and see the rest of the show," said Wonders, "and we'll take you into Chicago. We just bought a train."

The traveling man took the offer and showed his gratitude by buying a couple of orchestra seats for the Chicago show.

"Germ of an idea there," comments Mr. Jones.

During one show at the Michigan Theater in Detroit a lady in the audience gave birth to a baby. When news of the event was flashed to Mr. Jones, on stage, he courteously muted his instruments and eliminated several pistol shots until word was received that the mother and child had been taken to safety.

People sometimes faint during the shows and once, in a standee crowd in Calgary, a lady fainted standing up, having no room to fall down. Mr. Jones at once halted Holiday for Strings and bade the crowd disperse and give the patron room to collapse in comfort.

The first time in history that a pistol was fired as a note in music was in Hollywood in 1942, the selection being Red Wing. The results were so sensational that the present show often sounds like the Battle of Gettysburg. Sometimes poor ammunition nearly ruins a number.

So do other things. After one pistol shot, a number of dead ducks are supposed to fall from the upper levels, followed by a lone duck coming down on a parachute. Half the time the duck-man, up aloft, sends down the parachute first and ruins the gag. When this happens Mr. Jones blinks back a tear and sets his long jaw still more rigidly.

Spike gets ideas where he finds them. He was sitting down front one day listening to Igor Stravinsky conduct the Firebird. As Mr. Stravinsky moved about in the quiet passages, his shoes squeaked melodically and in rhythm. Mr. Jones beat it up the aisle at once and rearranged several classics to include shoe squeaks.

People with weird instruments are always turning up, trying to join the band. In Oakland a man appeared with thirteen tuned Flit guns, on which he played Humoresque with great clarity. Mr. Jones advised him to forsake music, but bought the guns for fifty dollars. Another Oaklander presented him at the stage door with two and a half octaves of tuned doorbells, which Mr. Jones bought for cash at once.

"No, I haven't exactly read Shakespeare but I think I know who he is"

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

Occasionally the Slickers run a Screwy Instrument Contest, in the faint hope that something screwier than what they already have may turn up. It never does. Winner of one contest was a young man whose instrument included rubber hose, a locomotive whistle and parts of an egg beater. No one else has been able to play the thing yet.

Sometimes whole industries go to work on instruments. The Plymouth car plant in Detroit once devoted the energies of hundreds of men for several days to production of an Exhaustaphone, which blew a wall out of the first theater in which it was played.

There are, naturally, no set hiring rules for the organization. People get hired by telephone or in other casual ways, sometimes sight unseen, sometimes on their looks.

Spike's telephone rang one afternoon and a man at the other end said without any preamble, "I can do eight human voices, eighty-five animal sounds and a hundred and twenty-five bird calls."

"Don't be fantastic," said Mr. Jones, who had neglected his Nature Study and Bird Walks when in school, "there aren't that many birds."

"This is Horatio Q. Birdbath," said the voice at the other end. "You wanna bet?"

He then proceeded to start imitating birds, beginning with the Alabama crested nuthatch and working along alphabetically.

Mr. Jones counted down to the goldfinch, which was number thirty-seven, and gave up.

"You win, Horatio," he said. "Rehearsal at ten in the morning."

That was how Purv Pullin was hired.

A Record Artist Is Born

On the other hand. . . . Spike was making a record one day and wanted a featured player—on the label, anyway. Out of the air he picked "Sir Fredric Gas." No such person existed, but people began asking who he was, and finally Spike began looking around for someone who seemed to fit the name.

He found him in the person of Earle Bennett, a young Kansan who had trained his own hair to look like a frightwig. He was hired on the spot—and luckily turned out to have other talents such as imitating a violin and doing monologues.

One of the minor annoyances of Spike's life are people who start a conversation with: "Why don't you. . . ?" Like: "Why don't you play on an old bedstead and call it 'Holiday for Springs'?" He gets a million ideas fired at him every year, thinks over some of them and adopts maybe one or two. Most of his productions are his own, gone over again and again until they bring the required laugh at the right time. Even then, no two shows ever are the same.

The revue has tried out several animals and now carries a pair of white homing doves and two small pigs. The pigs are rented for fifty dollars a week in each town, and S.P.C.A. rules make it mandatory to hire an attendant at thirty-five dollars a week more to take them back to the farm each night, it being considered a misfortune, for a pig, to have to spend a night in a theater.

"We experimented with an ostrich too," Spike remembers. "Tried to get him to swallow an orange in time with The Sheik—don't put an 'r' in that—of Araby, but he had no sense of rhythm. Would have been good if he had."

The ostrich was only one of life's disappointments for Spike. Every year he gets busier and busier and makes more dough and has less and less time to get any fun out of it. He has a big limousine, which he ships around and hopes someday to get an hour to drive. A luxurious home with a pool and paddock is useless to him—he is never there. He gets to see his eight-year-old daughter, Linda, the apple of his eye, about every six months.

Drinking? There isn't time for it, even if he wanted to. He wants to settle down and spend some money, so he lives mainly on two elderly private Pullmans, making such gloomy statistics as playing 139 towns in 165 nights, with Drawing Room A as Home, Sweet Home. The Pullmans, somehow or other, always get coupled onto milk trains or stop-everywhere locals and Spike, watching the streamliners flash by, often wonders what it's like to ride on one.

Spike's organization of the City Slickers was more or less an unconscious rebellion against the plague of hillbilly, wide-open-spaces, way-back-thar-yonder bands that began infesting southern California during the war. There were—and are—dozens of these bands, all equipped with gittars, Southern and Western folk songs—or unreasonable facsimiles—and leaders with synthetic Arkansas accents. Despite the evident success of these eerie musicians and singers, Mr. Jones determined to go to the other extreme—more to see what would happen than to make a ton of dough.

The thing has been going on for more than five years now, and deep students of music are still uncertain whether the Slickers' marathon search for Chloe and their gaudy gallivantings with the Glow Worm are more sophisticated than the Oklahoma Okra Diggers' wishing they Had Never Met Sunshine, or their grim account of the doin's on the Tennessee Central's No. 9. Mr. Jones, however, is no slave to illusion.

"It's all corn," he says, "only *we* spell it with a 'k.'"

THE END

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HOLE IN THE GROUND

Continued from page 46

Bill grinned. "It's like Lottie says. A mine owner won't want to be living in a tar-paper shack. We might as well build well while we're about it."

That's the sort of thing that got us. He was so all-fired sure. So far as Bill Lang was concerned, that gold in the mountain was money in the bank. He acted just like a rich man. Not that he put on airs, because men with plenty of money don't have to. He just had that self-confidence of a man with plenty in the bank.

That winter he came onto the granite fault forming the right-hand wall of his tunnel. That was his first sign. But it was four more years before he struck water. The way I look at it, anybody can strike water, digging into the mountain. So Bill Lang finally had water for his plumbing, and some for irrigation. But to show how he believed that dream, he'd dug a little ditch in the floor of his tunnel, right from the first, to carry the water.

Well, some folks began thinking maybe Bill's dream meant something, that maybe he wasn't touched in the head. A few people tried to get him to form a company, and sell stock, and let them work in the mine and take part of their wages in stock. But Bill wouldn't have it. And after a while people were glad enough they hadn't invested in that hole in the ground. Bill kept working away at that mine, year after year, and he never did get anything out but rock.

Yes, he claimed that he came on the signs. You can go up there now and see what he called the letter L and what looks like the map of the state of Nevada on the wall of the granite fault. A man looks long enough at some wrinkled rock, he can see anything.

SO TEN years went by, and twenty years, and thirty years and forty years, and Bill Lang was still working away at his hole in the ground. He'd raised eight kids, and year by year added onto the house until it was the way the architect had planned it.

And because of that hole in the ground, Bill and Lottie didn't treat their kids the way most ordinary folks do. These kids, you see, had all this money in the bank. They were rich. So they had to have music lessons, and they had to learn table manners, and when they were big enough they had to go off to college. Served Bill and Lottie right, some said, when the boys turned out to be doctors and lawyers and teachers and chemists, and not a one stayed on the farm. And finally the last girl married up to some boy she met at school, and the old folks were alone. And Bill getting along now, and what did he have? Nothing. He and Lottie hadn't saved up for their old age. They'd spent it as they got it; they had that gold in the mountain. And now Bill was getting along to where he'd ought to quit working. But he didn't have anything.

And I remember the day—it was last summer—when Bill came in the store here and sat down on an old nail keg. And I noticed he was getting old, and he'd ought to be quitting work. Finally he said, "Well, I hit it."

"Hit what?"

"I come to the obsidian. The end of the tunnel. It was there, just like I'd dreamed. But the gold wasn't. I kept on going—I hit the obsidian couple months ago—but the gold ain't there." And he sat on the nail keg a while longer and then got up and went out.

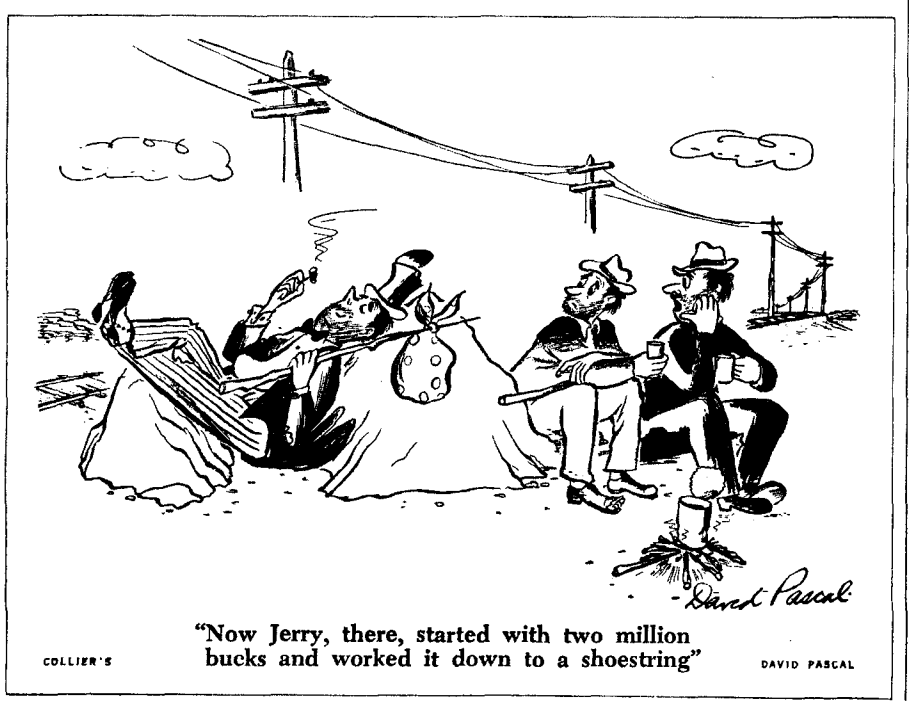
And so pretty soon Bill and Lottie up and moved to California. Long Beach.

Their place deserted? Empty, you say? Why would it be? It's the only farm in this sun-blasted valley with irrigation water. Of course it's not deserted. They sold out for fifty thousand dollars before they went to Long Beach to lay around in the sun the rest of their lives and go to concerts and pitch horseshoes and whatever people do with money when they retire and go to Long Beach. Sure, fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. But there's those irrigated orchards and that fine big house, a stream of water coming out of that hole in the ground. Water is gold in this country.

And I guess it's like Lottie said, when she and Bill stopped in here to say goodby that last day. They'd raised eight kids and given them all the idea they were something a little special, that they had to aim high. And they'd built up a place that was just like money in the bank, any time they wanted to sell out.

In a way, I guess Bill Lang wasted a lot of time digging that hole in the ground. But he had his dream. He was happy with his dream. For forty-three years he knew he didn't have to worry. And now he's retired and gone to Long Beach, and he understands the gold wasn't there in the mountain in an oak chest. The gold was how he looked at things. It was confidence and security. It was the joy of the search. It was being happy. And when you add things up, what more is there?

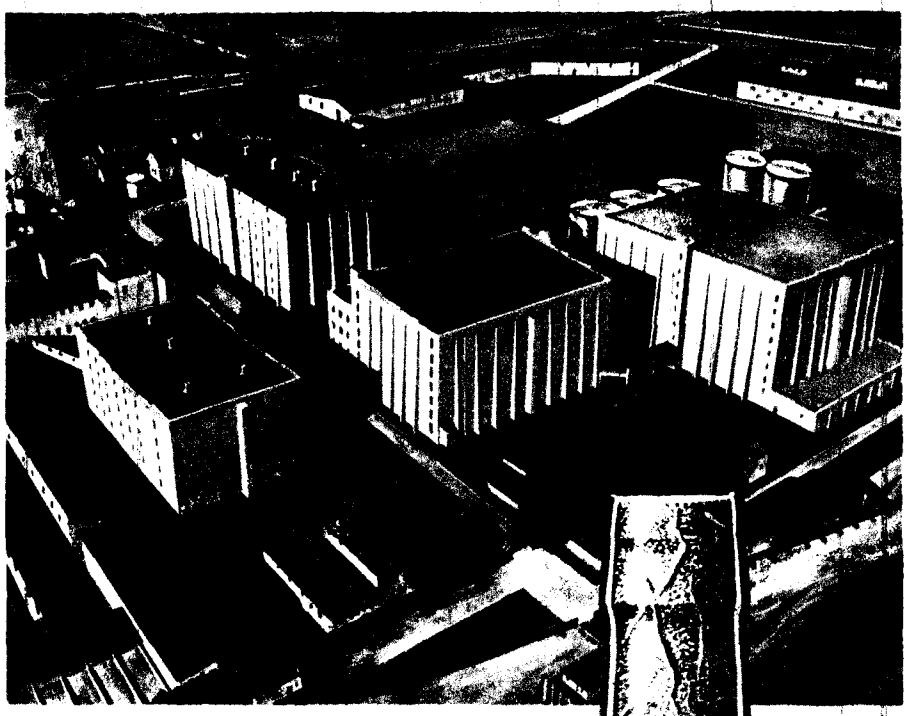
THE END



"Now Jerry, there, started with two million bucks and worked it down to a shoestring"

COLLIER'S DAVID PASCAL

The Distillery Behind the Bottle



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CONGRESS' CONSCIENCE IS SIX FOOT SIX

Continued from page 17

"No matter," said the judge. So Herter languished in the clink for one more night before he was allowed to continue on to Switzerland.

The next few months were hectic ones for young Herter. He tried to get into the Army several times, but on each occasion he was turned down because of his great height and his weak bones. He went back into the diplomatic service.

In France, he met an attractive young American girl, Mary Caroline Pratt, and came back to the U.S. to marry her in Brooklyn, New York, on August 25, 1917.

Comfortable Circumstances—Plus

Since Miss Pratt happened to be the granddaughter of Charles Pratt, one of the founders of the Standard Oil Company, and the daughter of Frederic Pratt, head of Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, Herter from that point on was in even less danger of starving than before. To his own not-inconsiderable belongings, he added the use of the de luxe Pratt farm in Millis, Massachusetts, the huge Pratt private hunting preserve near Walterboro, South Carolina, and the Pratt superfishing camp in Maine.

Despite all this, he continued in the diplomatic service, and things generally continued to come easy to him. Later that same year he stumbled on the aforementioned German Communist coup and, as a reward, the State Department made him assistant to Henry White, one of the American commissioners to the Peace Conference in Paris.

It so happened that Minister Joseph C. Grew, secretary-general of the Peace Commission, was a bit deaf and found it difficult to hear what was going on at the proceedings. So he delegated Herter to fill in for him, and again a kid in his early twenties found himself handling one of the most important diplomatic jobs in the world. The same thing happened when William C. Bullitt was sent to Russia, and Herter, a sort of utility infielder, took over his Division of Current Information in the Peace Commission.

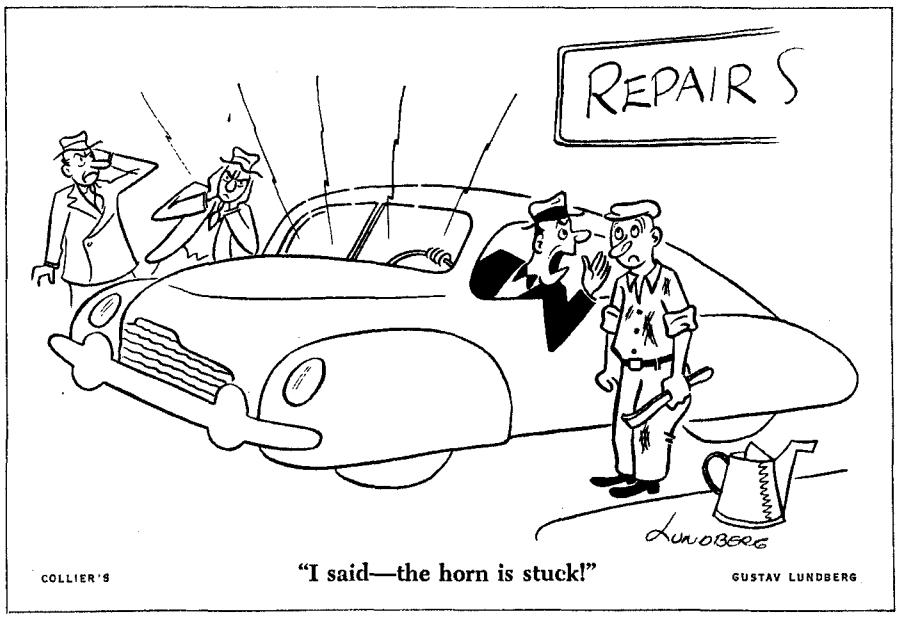
In 1920, Herter came back to the United States for a rest and just happened to pick up the information that Herbert Hoover, then head of the American Relief Administration, was looking for a secretary. Herter walked in, applied for the job, got it and shortly was headed back to Europe. He meandered all over the Continent with Hoover, helped him swing the little-known $25,000,000 loan to Soviet Russia when 10,000,000 people were starving to death in that war-ridden land, and sat in for the relief administrator in an important meeting of all the U.S. commercial attachés in Europe.

When Hoover became U.S. Secretary of Commerce in Harding's Cabinet in 1921, he brought Herter along with him as an assistant, and painstakingly taught his towering young lieutenant how to organize and attack a problem along engineering lines. Herter and Hoover parted company officially in 1924, but this work-philosophy of the California engineer who was to become the 30th President of the United States remained firmly pasted between the ears of young Mr. Herter, who never had used a slide rule before in his life.

After leaving Hoover in 1924, Herter settled down in a comfortable house on Boston's ultrafashionable Beacon Street, and like a lot of other young men with a lot of money, began to cast about for something to do. First, he attached himself to a bewildering number of boards of directors, schools, hospitals, foundations and committees, including a pair called The Harvard Epilepsy Commission and The Committee to Visit the Harvard Dental School. Then he and a Yale man named Richard E. Danielson bought Theodore Roosevelt's old magazine, The Independent, and proceeded to drive it into further financial distress. Herter described this journal as "a weekly devoted to expressing our personal political and social views, in which the American people did not seem to be much interested."

In 1927, Herter and Danielson tried their wares on the American people again, this time in the form of a magazine called The Sportsman, wherein Herter expounded at great length on such matters as $1,460 shotguns with Minerva carved on the stock in bas-relief, the ecstasies of sitting in water up to one's neck in a duck blind, and the characteristics of the withers of a jumping horse.

Finally, in 1930, Herter's old elongated roommate, Henry Parkman, Jr. (already a state senator), persuaded him to give up this foolishness and run for the Massachusetts House of Representatives in solidly Republican silk-stocking Ward 5, where he couldn't possibly lose. Half convinced, Herter entered the race, and won in a walk. He was launched in politics.



COLLIER'S "I said—the horn is stuck!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

During a twelve-year hitch in the state legislature from 1930 to 1942, Herter had a varied and speckled career. He backed proportional representation for Massachusetts cities; he gleefully led the attack on Boston's Democratic Mayor Curley when financial irregularities were uncovered in the East Boston Tunnel and the Kenmore Square Subway projects; and he ended up on the A.F. of L.'s list of not-*too*-conservative Back Bay blue bloods. In one election, even the C.I.O. offered to back him. He got labor on his side by making Massachusetts the second state in the country to pass unemployment compensation laws, and by getting down from the Speaker's chair in 1942 to jam through increased old-age benefits over Republican Governor Leverett Saltonstall's veto.

It Was No Job for a Poor Man

On the other hand, he infuriated labor by sponsoring bills outlawing sit-down strikes and fixing financial responsibility on labor unions. Nevertheless, he kept getting elected (not many politicians in Massachusetts could afford to live on the $1,000 annually paid to representatives), and his prestige as a Hoover-type organizer kept rising in the legislature.

By 1938, Herter was considered one of the ablest members of the Massachusetts House, and he was elevated to the key Ways and Means Committee. In 1939, he became Speaker of the House. He is remembered by Mrs. Edna C. Barry, secretary to innumerable great and not-so-great Massachusetts Speakers, as "one of the three smartest men ever to sit on the rostrum."

He is remembered by some of his colleagues as being stiff and formal and a leader whom you could see in his office "by appointment only." He also is remembered as the man who, when everybody in the House was groggy one 4 A.M. after 36 hours of debate on an Old Age Assistance Bill, arose and coolly summed up both sides of the argument, as if he had spent the preceding day and a half reclining in a Turkish bath.

In 1942, with the United States again in a war, Herter again tried to get into the Army. But again the Army doctors looked at him and sent him elsewhere. He ended up commanding several platoons of writers as Archibald MacLeish's deputy in the Office of Facts and Figures (later the OWI). During this period, he was able to keep his job as Speaker of the House in Massachusetts, because the Attorney General of that state vented his spleen on bureaucracy by ruling that Herter's office in the OFF was not an office. The OFF job didn't last long anyway.

In 1942, the Republican machine in Massachusetts gerrymandered a Congressional district out of existence for the apparent purpose of getting rid of a young New Deal congressman named Tom Eliot and an eccentric old bearded Republican congressman named George Holden Tinkham. The new district, embracing wealthy Brookline and Newton and only a few poor Boston wards, presumably was made to order for Herter. He won in the predominately Republican district without too much campaigning, and has increased his plurality substantially in every Congressional election since.

During his first few years in Washington, Herter kept comparatively quiet and dutifully devoted himself to such matters as the sale of merchant vessels, and Indian rights to salmon traps on the rivers of Alaska. This, plus a spot on the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, was all that the Republican leadership would allot to him. From the few speeches he had made, it was difficult to determine his political philosophy. He said, at various times, "I pledge myself to support the foreign policy of Franklin Delano Roosevelt," and "The Roosevelt Social Security Act is the most colossal and most dishonorable hoax ever perpetrated on the American people."

He engaged in violent warfare on the floor of the House with Representatives John Rankin and Mendel Rivers in an attempt to push through the Permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission Bill; and he shocked some of his Republican colleagues by getting up and praising Britain's Socialist government soon after the Labor party was voted into office. Herter served on the important wartime House Committee to Investigate Food Shortages, went to Europe to look into the doings of UNRRA, fought against wool subsidies on behalf of Boston's wool dealers, and battled furiously to get Boulder Dam renamed Hoover Dam.

However, it was at home and behind the scenes that he developed his reputation as an extremely able young congressman. At home, he outdid the most skilled Boston politicians by running a series of "clinics" in each of the neighborhood schools of his district, to which, on appointed days, anyone in the neighborhood could come to see Herter personally to register squawks or request favors. He still does this, and during the session he sees as many as 200 constituents during a 12-hour Saturday hitch.

An Italian-American druggist named Frank Anastasia wanted to charter a ship to take food and clothing from the Italians in the district to their relatives in Italy. Herter couldn't get a ship, but he arranged visas, export licenses, etc., for Anastasia to make three separate trips. Result: several hundred Italian votes at the next election.

Finding a War Hero's Effects

A prominent woman Democrat came to Herter to beg him to try to locate the belongings of her dead soldier husband. Herter got the War Department to scour a dozen Army depots all over the world and finally came up with the war hero's things. Result: Herter had an active Democratic campaigner in his corner when the next election came around. Other congressmen do this, but not on such a scientific basis—and few of them can boast an increase in plurality from 3,000 in 1942 to 41,000 in 1946.

Behind the scenes in Congress, Herter began to develop a reputation as a good convincer-by-conversation, a hard worker, a dependable man in carrying out party assignments, and one of those rare congressmen with real foreign affairs savvy. He became listed as a lineal political descendant of both Herbert Hoover and Wendell Willkie, a combination about as rare as a Brooklyn Dodger fan who also roots for the New York Giants.

Massachusetts Republican Club director John Nolan explained this with, "Herter inherited the organizational and investigational ability from Hoover, and the humane international outlook from Willkie." In September, 1945, then Minority Leader Joe Martin listed Herter among the best representatives of both parties in the 79th Congress.

Herter's real prominence came about with the start of the 1947 session. First, he was named to the powerful Rules Committee. Then he dropped a bombshell with his bill to investigate methods of providing aid for Europe—weeks before Secretary of State Marshall came up with his proposals. When Herter first mentioned the subject of European relief there was an interesting reaction. On the floor of the House, Representative Rankin of Mississippi said, "I never intend to vote a single dime to feed Communism throughout the world."

Representative Phillips of Tennessee said, "Does the gentleman go so far as to set up a world-wide WPA to feed all the nations of the world?"

And Representative Rich of Pennsyl-

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vania inquired, "Isn't this a matter that should be taken care of by church organizations?" Nevertheless, the Herter Bill, H. R. 173, was introduced the next day, April 23d, and approved by the Rules Committee. After that, according to a member of the Rules Committee, the bill ran into outraged indignation from the Foreign Affairs Committee, which felt that the bill aimed to usurp its authority. So H. R. 173 was snugly laid away in a pigeonhole.

Then came the Truman Doctrine to aid Greece and Turkey, and the Marshall Plan to feed the hungry people of Europe and stop Communism. At this point the Republican leadership apparently realized that the Democratic Administration was beating them to the punch with a very important issue. There was a meeting of the leadership, which an eyewitness reports as follows: "We've got to get a bill," said one of the Republican bigwigs.

"We've *got* a bill," said Speaker Martin. "Herter's."

"But how about the objections of the Foreign Affairs Committee?" asked another of the leaders.

"Herter wants a special committee to go to Europe and make recommendations for legislation," said a third Republican. "Let's give him that committee, make him vice-chairman, and give the normal chairmanship to Charles Eaton, head of the Foreign Affairs Committee. Eaton can stay here and 'coordinate.' "

With this compromise, the Herter Select Committee on Foreign Aid was a reality in a matter of days. A few weeks later, 17 carefully chosen congressmen and a staff of skilled consultants, all commanded by Herter, were on their way to Europe to look into the actual needs of the nations eligible for aid.

Aside from the prodigious indoctrination schedule which Herter set up for the committee, some interesting things happened on this trip. At first, the countries visited were polite but indifferent, taking it for granted apparently that this was just another Congressional sight-seeing junket for American country boys making their first trip abroad.

His Knowledge Commanded Respect

It didn't take them long to catch on to Herter's purpose. When he realized how much Herter knew about the subject, Jean Monnet, France's recluse financial expert, broke traditions by rushing in from his country home to have dinner with Herter in Paris. The same thing happened in the Netherlands, where after a few words with Herter, Minister of Foreign Affairs Baron van Boetzelaer van Oosterhout sent for Dr. H. M. Hirschfeld, head of the Netherlands delegation to the Paris Conference.

In England, the country's top Conservatives—Anthony Eden, Lord Woolton and R. A. Butler—came to Herter and said, "It will be disastrous if anything is said in connection with the loan about the Socialistic policies of the Labor government. This would hurt the Conservative party and drive the government even further to the left. The British are a proud people, and they don't like anything that implies they can't handle their own affairs."

In Warsaw, according to a member of the committee, there was a near cataclysm. Stanislaw Szwalbe, Vice-Marshal of the Polish Parliament opened the conversation by asking Herter, "Why is the United States building up Germany at the expense of Poland? We can produce as much coal and wheat as the Germans. Does your whole approach simply mean that you're trying to make the Germans strong again?"

Before Herter had a chance to answer, U.S. Ambassador Stanton Griffis broke in. "Before Mr. Herter answers that question," he said, "suppose you answer a few yourself. Why does the Polish press violently attack the United States every day? Why do you always side with Russia at the United Nations? Why is this the first time I've been able to get in to see any of you in the government?" That was the end of the interview.

All this time, the Herter Committee was split up into subcommittees, and each covered a different section of Europe, following a rigid schedule that scarcely gave them time for afternoon tea. One of the hardest-working members was August H. Andresen of Minnesota, hardly an internationalist, who headed the special Agriculture Subcommittee and had a delightful time poking around the farms of Europe examining cattle, wheat fields and Minneapolis-made farm machinery.

European Aid Without Strings

When the committee reassembled to go home, Herter's toughest battle began. He fought against businessmen congressmen who wanted all foreign aid to be contingent on promises that there would be no further nationalization of industry in the countries helped; against conservatives who wanted other strings attached, including one which insisted on no criticism of America in the press; and against farm-state congressmen who wanted the governments of the countries aided to cease telling their farmers what to plant.

Finally, in Washington, the Republican leadership, for reasons of its own, told Herter not to bother to file a report at all. At this point, according to committee members, one of the most extreme and powerful isolationists on the committee jumped to his feet and pounded his desk. "No!" the isolationist roared, "We did a good job and we're going to make recommendations even if we work day and night for a week!"

It was then that Herter knew he had scored a major victory. The committee, composed of most shades of political thought in the Congress, handed down unanimous recommendations for foreign aid, answering most Congressional objections, and closely paralleling many of President Truman's recommendations.

Today, Herter lives with his wife in a modest house in Georgetown in the outskirts of Washington, and scarcely ever gets to shoot ducks in the fabulous Pratt hunting preserve in South Carolina. Occasionally the Herters are visited by their married daughter, and by their three grown sons, all of them Harvard men.

But nearly all of Herter's time is taken up now scurrying about in what is affectionately y-clept The Washington Rat Race. The way the rat race operates, it may be that someday Herter will be called the dupe of his own Wall Street advisers who recommended that foreign aid be administered by a Wall Street-run government corporation—as a sort of Society for the Protection of Investments. Or it may be that he will be called the man who poured billions down the Communist drainpipe in Europe.

But right now, more and more of his colleagues are calling him the New England conscience of Congress. This, they say, stems from the fact that Herter talks about starvation like a man who has seen a lot of it.

In Russia, after World War I, Herter floated down the Volga in a barge to observe the distribution of American relief supplies. He had a car on the barge, and every once in a while he left the ship and drove into the ravaged interior for a hundred miles or so. One day he came to a village in which not a single soul was left alive. The hunger-racked corpses of the inhabitants were piled about the trunks of the trees in the village, and the bark was eaten off each tree for as high as a man could reach.

"It is scenes like this," says Herter, "that develop a conscience."

THE END

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The new rice processing method of M. Yonan-Malek (above) may up the world output of that food staple by 25 per cent

REVOLUTION IN RICE

Thanks to the persevering efforts of an art lover the world's output of rice may be increased 25 per cent. Mr. Malek's amazing invention will help feed millions now starving

BY FRANK J. TAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

THE rice eaters of the world outnumber the wheat eaters, the corn eaters, the potato eaters or the legume eaters. Unfortunately, the rice-eating peoples knock the bulk of the nutrients out of their staff of life when they polish off the bran.

By a simple process, which he calls "malekizing," M. Yonan-Malek drives the nutrients inside the rice kernels before they are polished. That changes white rice from a mere stomach filler to a complete food, and, incidentally, increases the world rice output, through milling, by one quarter, without planting a single additional acre.

If this seems a bit fantastic, so does M. Yonan-Malek himself, a self-assured, youthful-looking Persian-American still in his thirties, until you start checking on him and his process. Then read the reports from the food laboratories of the University of California, the University of Arkansas, the National Research Council, or the U.S. Army Quartermaster.

The fantastic aspect is that Mr. Malek started out with no intention whatsoever of revolutionizing rice. In fact, when he went horseback riding that Sunday morning back in 1938 with his friend Murray Brookman, all he wanted to do, besides stay on the horse, was sell the fine art in the museums of this country to the ninety out of a hundred people who never put foot inside them.

Mr. Brookman, who was a big food man in San Francisco, was talking about the pity of millions of pounds of rice going to waste in the upper Sacramento Valley, where the growers had a bumper crop, and Mr. Malek asked why they didn't cook it and put it up in tins.

"You can't can rice," explained Mr. Brookman.

"I don't see why not," persisted Mr. Malek.

"If you can find a way to can rice, you'll be doing something the biggest canners in the country can't do," said Mr. Brookman.

That evening Mr. Malek, still cogitating the problem, went for a walk to think things over. By the time he had walked up over Twin Peaks and back, it was three o'clock in the morning, so he got out some of his mother's pots and jars, cooked some rice in the kitchen and canned it. The next day, when he opened the jars, he understood why nobody canned rice. The stuff was a solid mass, with the consistency of a gum eraser. Every day Mr. Malek canned some more rice, varying his formula or temperatures a little, and each batch came out the same, except that some batches, when kept in the jars longer, fermented and turned sour and sometimes blew up.

Now young Mr. Malek is not only a Persian and a Presbyterian but he is persevering as well. In the old country, the Maleks were chiefs or rulers. Presbyterian missionaries persuaded Malek's parents to come to the United States for education in several Southern colleges. With the four young Maleks they arrived in Richmond, Virginia, where they lived for several years before migrating first to Chicago and finally to San Francisco. Anyway, after making a shambles of the family kitchen, Yonan consulted a can company, which agreed to can some rice for him in their food-testing laboratory.

While he waited for results, Malek made a house-to-house survey to find out why housewives didn't use more rice. In his native Persia, people ate up to 200 pounds of rice per capita

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each year, and in the Orient, notably South China, Burma and India they consumed over a pound of rice per day per person, when they could get it. Orientals garnered almost half their calories from this one food.

In the United States, the consumption was five pounds per capita per year, and still is, although in Louisiana, the average hits 40 pounds, and in the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, it is 20 pounds. In California, one of the four big rice-growing states, the others being Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, it was only nine pounds. After he had interviewed a few dozen housewives, Mr. Malek understood why. They, too, couldn't can rice without having it come out a sticky, gummy mass.

When the test cans of rice from the laboratory arrived, Malek hopefully opened them. His face fell. The rice emerged in solid rolls, with all the kernels starched together in a lump.

At this point, the average person would have called it a day. But not M. Yonan-Malek. Digging into libraries, he read every line about rice he could find. He learned, to his amazement, that there were over 3,000 varieties of rice grown.

Reasoning that there must be one among all these rice types that wouldn't become jelly when canned, Malek visited the State Agricultural College rice experimental station at Biggs in the Sacramento Valley, and for the first time saw rice growing in paddies. The director got together samples of some 20 varieties for Malek to try. When he canned them, one type, known as Patna rice, from India, came out of the can less gummy than the others.

Malek had come across an old diary of an English traveler who described how the natives of Assam, where Patna rice is grown exclusively, parboiled their rice in the hulls before drying and milling it. This and the Englishman's comment that there was no beriberi or pellagra in this section of India sparked an idea. Malek wrote the experiment station for some paddy rice, with the husks still on. The director sent a small bag, prepaid fortunately, for by this time Malek was down to his last dollar. He persuaded interested interns in a near-by hospital to steep the rice for hours in a sterilizing vat. Then he spread it on the roof of his house to dry.

Lucky Find of a Hand Mill

At this point, a new hurdle loomed—how to mill the husks off the rice. None of the California mills were set up to handle such a small batch of rice. Luckily Malek found a scientist who had picked up a hand mill during his travels in Asia. Finally he had some home-processed rice ready for canning. He took it to the can company laboratory, and they put it in tins. A few days later when he opened them, the rice rolled out, each kernel as free from the others as so many peas.

Malek rejoiced. He had found the secret of canning rice. Friends advised him to go down and see a patent attorney. Instead of the end, this proved only the beginning of his adventures in revolutionizing rice, because the fussy patent attorneys wanted a chemical analysis of the canned rice. This meant an investment of several hundred dollars, and Malek had spent his final dollar. He made a deal with a local chemist who was conducting extensive experiments involving feeding hundreds of white mice and rabbits. The chemist was snowed under, so day after day, Malek fed the rodents in exchange for an analysis of his rice.

This satisfied the attorneys but not the California Rice Growers Association, to whom Malek offered his process. The directors wanted a more official analysis from Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, of the University of California, one of the top authorities on vitamins. This meant nine months of testing and a $5,000 outlay of cash. The association financed the analysis and also put Malek on a small retainer, dispatching him to southern California to oversee the canning of 10,000 cases of rice for a sales test in the Los Angeles market to see if housewives would buy canned rice.

At the cannery, Malek found he was not only overseer but cook. He cooked rice day after day in 500-pound batches, and helpers put it in cans. When he finished the 10,000th case, he went to a hospital. He was routed out by the association's manager, who was counting on the handsome young Persian-American to promote sales.

The outbreak of war rescued him. Malek hustled off to Washington to offer his process and samples of processed rice, both dry and canned, to the Army. By this time he was convinced that what the world needed wasn't canned rice, but dry processed rice. He was bolstered by Dr. Morgan's laboratory findings, which had revealed that malekized rice retained up to 65 per cent of the thiamin of raw brown rice, 80 per cent of the niacin and 90 per cent of the pantothenic acid, or more than double the vitamin content of ordinary polished rice.

The processing under steam pressure drove the vitamins out of the bran into the kernel itself. More important, the processing sterilized the germ in the end of the kernel that made rice germinate, it disintegrated the bran oil that often became rancid and it left the kernel a surface so hard that rice weevils were unable to eat their way into it.

Things began to move fast for M. Yonan-Malek. The Quartermaster's food-research officers, seeking ways to get better foods to the Pacific area, ordered 5,000 bags of processed rice to be shipped and tested in all areas of Army operation.

In San Francisco, the draft board decided that the time had come for Malek to don a uniform. Before he could report for induction, he was summoned out to the San Francisco Presidio, where the colonel in charge of the Cooks' and Bakers' School had heard about him. The colonel was testing processed rice under orders from Washington, and he talked Malek forthwith into enlisting. In the school, Malek rose to rank of sergeant, then was assigned to Fort Meade, Maryland, as instructor in the school of dehydrated foods.

Meantime, although Malek had offered his patents for processing rice to the Army free, and the Army accepted with thanks, the process was an orphan. Finally, to get things rolling, Colonel Paul P. Logan, assistant to the Quartermaster General in charge of improving the Army's diet, secured Malek's release, so that as a civilian he could get some processing machinery built for the rice millers. The Army wanted processed rice so badly that it was offering a premium of two dollars a bag for it, with no takers because no mill could handle the job.

After being turned down by one harassed manufacturer after another, Malek induced the General American Transportation Corporation of Chicago, builders of tank cars and food-processing equipment, to design and construct the huge pressure steamers, rotary driers and coolers needed by the millers to process the rice. Meantime, the California Rice Growers Association had spent half a million on a processing plant at Sacramento. It was completed just as the war ended but in time to process most of the last two California crops. General American is now equipping other mills.

This country's seventy-seven-million-bushel rice crop is only a drop in the bucket compared to the world output of 6,950,000,000 bushels, which makes rice far and away the world's top cereal. Despite high labor costs, American farmers can grow rice more cheaply than foreign growers by taking short cuts. They plant the inundated rice paddies by broadcasting seed from airplanes, whereas in the Orient, women and children transplant each grain by hand from rice nurseries. The American farmers grow rice in vast level fields, flooded by pumps, while in the Philippines, Java, Japan and many parts of China and India, the rice thrives on laboriously contoured hillside paddies, water trickling from level to level.

Wherever grown, the rice is a swamp plant, which likes to stand 120 days with its toes in four or five inches of water, its roots getting air by means of tubes in its outer leaves. In the U.S.A., farmers drain their fields, as the grain turns golden brown, and, after the ground dries, harvest the crop with combines, but the Orientals gather rice by hand.

Need of Machinery Is Urgent

Where this country has only a score of rice mills to equip with processing machinery, China has six hundred, India more yet, not to mention Burma, Indonesia, the Philippines, Japan, Italy and the lands around Malek's native Persia. To cope with these mountains of rice, Malek licensed General American Transportation Corporation, with agencies around the globe, to manufacture processors and to license mills everywhere under his patents.

Meanwhile, General American's engineers perfected smaller, less expensive processing units, for the smaller foreign mills. Rice millers everywhere are clamoring for the units, because processing automatically increases the whole grain rice yield twenty-five per cent. The seven layers of bran ordinarily buffed off in the nineteen routine hulling, cleaning and polishing operations of the standard rice mill are injected into the kernel, making it larger and more nutritious.

It looks as though everybody ought to come through this rice revolution thoroughly happy and ahead of the game, but that's not so. So many generations of rice eaters have eaten polished white rice that the customers, in this country and most others, look down their noses at the more nutritive golden brown kernels of processed rice. Malek thinks this is an old prejudice that goes back to the days of Pharaohs. It seems that in ancient Egypt only the Pharaohs' millers were permitted to mill white rice, and for Pharaohs only. It was like that for centuries, until the French and contemporary revolutions, when the common people asserted their right to eat "Pharaoh's rice."

Malek, who was sure he would be free to go back to popularizing art when he concluded his big deal with General American, found that he was wrong again. He had to remain on the staff as consultant, the bright young man in charge of ways and means of restoring the customers' taste back to natural rice, from Stuttgart, Arkansas, to Bombay, India. Malek is launching his gospel campaign in the United States, where he says no one need sell himself short of calories or vitamins on meatless or eggless days, because a handful of processed rice, with some cheese or chopped ham, sea food or tomatoes or raisins or what not, is a complete meal.

"Rice blends with almost any other food you can name," said Malek. "Look at what the Chinese do with it, and the Hindus and the Spanish and the Persians. Americans can do even more, because they have so many complementary foods to add to their rice dishes."

When I asked him if he had finally abandoned this art notion, he said no, he would use his royalties to set up an art foundation to do the job. He had already established contacts with the National Art Gallery in Washington, D.C., and with the movies in Hollywood. Persistent, these Persian Presbyterians!

THE END

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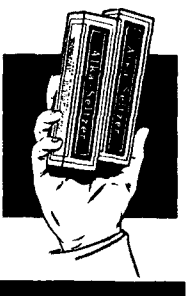

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IT ISN'T JUST SAYING, "NO"

BY JOHN JEFFERSON

YOU'RE sure of yourself when you walk into the studio because you've been in radio for ten years, and another half-hour dramatic show is just an other half-hour dramatic show.

The director greets you, "Hello, kid. Glad to have you with us." Even though you've never met him before, he is familiar because he is a director who specializes in being a nice guy.

The other actors say hello to you and you say hello back. You take a script from the pile on the table.

"You're playing Cory," the director tells you.

When the actors finish marking their parts so they can see quickly which lines are theirs, the director lays his stop watch on the table.

"Let's try it for size," he says. That makes you feel even more at home because all radio directors say something determinedly casual before a table reading.

The part you are playing is named Cory, but you have played this part hundreds of times before on other shows when it's been called David, Jack, Hugh, Danny, etc.

Like all first readings, it's a stumbling affair; like all directors, he smiles at the end.

"Good, good," the director says.

As he's picking up his stop watch and his script to go to the control room for the first microphone run-through, he turns to you: "You're on the right track, baby. That was fine. There's just one little thing, though—"

You nod slowly to indicate the spirit of co-operation.

"It's page—ah—" He fingers through his script and stops suddenly. "Page seven!"

"Seven," you repeat, briskly shuffling your pages.

"Center of the page. Where she says, 'Will you have a cigarette?' and you say, 'No.' Find it?"

"I've got it."

"It was the first time you've read through the show and I didn't want to stop you." He pauses to smile encouragingly at you, and you smile back. "Now, it's a little more than just turning down a cigarette. After all, you've walked five miles across those fields to get to her house. Sure, you'd like a smoke. So you're not really saying, 'No,' to that cigarette. Actually, what the word means is that you're telling this girl that you don't want any part of her, or her rich parents, or this ornate mansion she lives in. See what I mean?"

You nod in a businesslike way; you murmur, "I understand."

"Good, good," he says. He grins. "We've got to bring out the values on this show. That goes for everybody."

Everybody says something co-operative, and the director heads for the control room.

Once on mike, you feel easy. There are no interruptions until the girl reads her line, "Will you have a cigarette?" and you say, "No."

"Look, kid," the director's voice booms through the talk-back from the control room. "I don't want you to think I'm picking on you, but you still haven't got it. Don't be belligerent about it when you turn down the cigarette. Maybe it's my fault, baby. Maybe I threw you a curve at the table."

"Look, kid," says the director, "I don't want you to think I'm picking on you, but you still haven't got it"

You murmur that it's all right and he didn't throw you a curve.

"Don't get mad at her. After all, you're the lead and we've got to like you. The way you said, 'No,' that time, I thought you were going to slap her in the teeth."

He smiles at you, and you murmur, "I see."

"Now try it again. And don't forget that you've thought this all out. You're pensive. I threw you a curve at the table. It's my fault. Okay. Let's go back."

The girl says, "Will you have a cigarette?" and you say, "No."

From the talk-back in the control room: "Hold it. Look, kid, don't play under. You're playing under. You sounded indifferent. You sounded as if you didn't care about anything."

The director grins at you, and you grin back.

"This means a lot to you, turning down the plush setup that a marriage to this girl will give you. You're thoughtful, all right; that's fine. But don't lose the overtones. This wasn't an easy decision to reach. But you're an idealist, and you've made up your mind. You're not just turning down a cigarette, kid. Let's try it again."

The girl repeats her line and you say, "No," again.

"Nnnnnnnot quite," the director drawls. "Almost. That was almost it, kid. But now you're getting a touch of sadness into it. You sound just a little sorry for yourself. That's a basic 'don't' in acting. Quickest way in the world to lose the sympathy of an audience is to have sympathy for yourself." He winks at you. "You're the least of my worries on this show, though. You'll get it. We won't bother going over it again. We'll start from after Cory's refusal of the cigarette. Okay. Let's go."

TIME passes swiftly, and there is practically no direction given during the rest of the run-throughs.

"Okay, kids," the director says, "let's dress it."

After the dress rehearsal, the director comes out of the control room.

"That was fine. We're going to have a good show," he says. "You were all so good, I can give you a thirty-minute break. Please be in the studio fifteen minutes before air time. Please!"

You start to leave, when the director takes your arm and leads you into a corner.

"About that place where the girl asks you if you'll have a cigarette and you say, 'No.' Remember it?"

You nod to show that you remember it.

"Well, the way you did it on the dress rehearsal"— He pauses—"was perfect!" He's smiling broadly. "It was perfect, kid. Keep it just that way on the show!" He slaps you on the back and leaves.

At first, you're delighted. Then you think: What way? How did I say, "No," on the dress rehearsal? What did I—

You stay behind, and when you're alone, you start trying to figure out what you did on the dress rehearsal. You try to hear the lines in your mind to remember how the girl read her line because that will affect the way you say, "No." After a while, you begin to walk up and down the studio reading the lines aloud; you keep offering yourself a cigarette and saying, "No."

When the cast and the director return, you have to stop because it might look funny.

"Watch it!" the announcer says. "Thirty seconds."

From the control room, the director smiles out at everybody. There is the usual needless clearing of throats. You go into a corner and hold your breath as long as you can because your heart is beginning to pound.

NOW the show is on the air! You pick up your script from the table. Your hand is shaking. This puzzles you because you haven't had the shakes in years. You let your hand drop by your side so no one will notice. Your knees start to jiggle. You walk up and down, but the jiggle stays.

It's coming close to your first scene. There's a short scene with the girl before you enter her living room to turn down the cigarette. You approach the microphone. You can hardly catch your breath. All you keep thinking is how you're going to say, "No."

You look into the control room, waiting for your cue. The director beams at you and nods brightly. You know what that means: He's saying that he knows you'll get the "No" right and that he's got faith in you.

The cue comes. You're tense now; you promptly fluff your first line. You don't care. You're waiting to get that "No" right. That's all that counts—

It's coming up now. Very close. You're just a few lines from the girl's "Will you have a cigarette?"

Four lines to go—three—

You're shaking all over. The words keep blurring on the script. Two lines to go—one—

"Will you have a cigarette?"

"Yes, thanks."

There follows the longest pause in radio.

Now you realize what the expression means: "I wish I were dead." But you don't dare die; you don't dare do anything but keep reading your lines. . . .

Just to let everybody know that you're easy about things, you wait until the show is off the air before you hurry to leave the studio.

You haven't hurried fast enough. The control-room door swings open and the director comes tearing out. He grabs you by the shoulder.

"Listen, kid," he says, and you can't remember when you've heard anyone sound so excited, "that switch of yours was for the record book."

All you can do is stand there and try not to have any expression on your face.

"That 'Yes, thanks' struck the keynote. The whole show came to life right then and there. When you accepted that cigarette, you were the most reluctant guy in the world. You may have gone through the motions of saying, 'Yes,' but every listener knew you hated doing it. It was in your voice. That set your character, baby. You played against the lines, and that's fine radio. Why, it was better than the dress rehearsal!"

When he laughs happily, you laugh a little, too.

"Now you've found out why I work on details. Now you've found out why I like to bring out the values in a line. Words don't count, kid. It's the little old values every time."

He slaps you on the back. Then he walks over to congratulate the other actors.

And you know that you'll never be quite sure of yourself again.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

POUSSE-CAFE

GENTLEMEN: Re Keep Up With The World (Nov. 8th), where you describe the length of time it takes to make a pousse-café:—from 15 to 20 minutes. My thirty-five years' or more experience in handling alcoholic beverages has taught me to make this concoction in less than two minutes' time.

JACK WEISSE, SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS,
New York, N. Y.

ONIONS, STINKWEED AND SNEERS

TO THE EDITOR: I have just finished reading Greenwich Village: Tourist Trap (Nov. 29th) and I can't say that I enjoyed the subtle sneers or the big build-up given the fakers and phonies. Whoever wrote the article carefully excluded the cultural activities of the Village and only briefly mentioned the earnest artists. Since the article came out, the Waldorf Cafeteria has posted a cop in the place to prevent the shouting arguments you describe. Your magazine has just helped speed up the decline and fall of Bohemia. Onions and stinkweeds to you.

JOHN A. KEEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR
OF THE ONLY POETRY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED IN GREENWICH VILLAGE,
New York, N. Y.

HISTORY LESSON

DEAR SIR: In The Week's Work (Nov. 29th) it is stated that the first white dinner jacket was brought to America all of 15 years ago. With no desire to detract from a good story, it is a bit of history that such jackets were used in the Philippines' American colony during the early part of this century, not long after our occupation of the Islands. Possibly the civilian inspiration came from the semiformal white mess jackets worn by Navy officers.

As Philippine novelties, some of these jackets came to the States with returning owners. I brought one from Manila to Illinois in 1917.

R. N. CLARK, Hendersonville, N. C.

. . . Tell Mr. Shane (The Week's Work, Nov. 29th) that "light-years" is a measure of distance and not time. One light-year is the distance light travels in a year at its constant speed of approximately 186,000 miles per second. Mr. Shane's Week's Work should include some reference work in mathematical terms—if he *will* use them.

EINSTEIN, JUNIOR, Buffalo, N. Y.

Shane says space is eating up time, so he's not going to worry!

CAT FIGHT!

DEAR SIR: In regard to the attacks on Marcia Kent Douglass' wonderful article How To Double Your Income (Oct. 18th), may I remark, "Me-ow, me-ow!" (The Week's Mail, Nov. 29th). It is the style today to cry the blues, and go about screaming, "Things are so *high*, we *must* have more money!" Then along comes someone who calmly says, "*I* make ends meet," and boy! Lookit 'em pounce on her! More power to you, Marcia!

MRS. F. W. YOS, Lincoln, Nebr.

BARBERIAN

MY DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I see Virgil Partch is now a barber (page 74, Nov. 29th). He wouldn't last long in Mass. under their rules of health and sanitation. The comb should never be carried in back of his ear.

MRS. GILBERT MILLS, JR.,
Fitchburg, Mass.

OUR FARRR-FLUNG READERRRRS

DEAR FRIENDS: Thanks and appreciation to Nord Riley, author of Uncle Harry's Swan Song (Nov. 1st), the most humorous piece of writing I have ever come across in any magazine, American or British.

Now, you stalwarts of The Week's Mail department, who always have the answers to the $64 questions, I need your help. How does the word "ofay," used in swing-music circles, originate? Then the term "kibitzing" disturbs my peace of mind.

Finally, a mild admonition for lack of any ice-hockey articles or yarns in Collier's. One short article in two years (am I right?) is scant rations for the "fans."

ALAN S. DONALDSON,
Dundee, Angus, Scotland

Ofay is Negro slang for a white habitué of Harlem. A kibitzer is Yiddish slang for a helpful onlooker at a card game—i.e., someone "suffering from an interferiority complex." Collier's will have a hockey story shortly.

WHAT'S A ZILLION AMONG FRIENDS?

EDITOR COLLIER'S: Jim Marshall ain't done right by our 200-inch telescope. In The Big Eye (Nov. 29th) it says "maybe a billion miles" and means "years, in light." The final paragraph of the article reads "billions of years ago, *trillions* of miles away." Why, bless your heart, a billion light-years is approximately 5,580,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, or in simple language, five and a half septillions of miles—

WM. H. MCMASTERS, Belmont, Mass.

Ignorantly, we are reminded of the woman who screamed when the lecturer said that human life would be extinct in 5,000,000 light-years. When asked why, she replied: "For a moment I thought you said 5,000,000 years!"

WOMAN FIGHTS BACK

DEAR SIR: Mr. R.D.D. of Boston (The Week's Mail, Nov. 15th) gives a list of what a gal must have to qualify for the title of Mrs. R.D.D. Here is where he can find these qualities:

Kindness—Mrs. Roosevelt
Mild Disposition—Queen Elizabeth
Womanly Wisdom—Esther Williams
Intellectual Curiosity—Mme. Curie
Wit—Clare Boothe Luce
Taste—Mrs. Harrison Williams
Manners—Emily Post
Originality—Duchess of Windsor
Talent for Living—Kathleen Winsor
Humility—Sister Kenny

The problem resolves into where Mr. R.D.D. can find all these rolled into one.

Too bad I'm married!

E. H. L., Garden City, L. I.

Womanly Wisdom—Esther Williams

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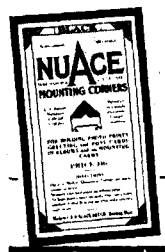

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THE BULL SALESMAN

Continued from page 26

"Cattle range and sugar plantation combined?"

"Yes."

"Well now, the cattle's what I'm interested in. I'm one of those critters I guess you don't see too much out of Texas—I'm a bull salesman. I mean a real one. 'Course, a lot of puns have been made on that subject, but I don't mind." The gray eyes were bright with humor. "There might be some truth in them, too. You got any Herefords?"

"As a matter of fact, I have."

"I got a couple carloads of the best damn' Hereford bulls on earth. They're on their way here now; I'm bringin' 'em in by the Missouri Pacific, and they'll be here in a couple of days. I tell you, Mr. Barton, you can't beat these Hereford bulls for breeding. *You* know that."

I was interested in cattle too and we went into the subject thoroughly. Wagner was a born talker. He knew the cattle business from beginning to end, and he hadn't been there five minutes before I knew I was going to buy some of his bulls. Why, I couldn't even wait for the train to pull in on the siding.

Dusk was closing in around us. Now and then I heard colored Nettie moving about in the kitchen. There was no other sound in the house and the only sounds outside were those of evening, the tree frogs and some late birds. Old Daisy had moved a little and was almost lost in the shadows.

"How'd you like a little drink, Mr. Wagner?" I asked at last. "I've got some old Kentucky bourbon here."

Old Henry C. scratched his head, chuckled softly. "I'm not a drinkin' man," he said, "but show me the time when Henry C. Wagner refused a spot of good bourbon. Good bourbon to me is better than Napoleon brandy."

I GOT up, went into the house, asked Nettie for some ice and water and came back with a decanter and two glasses on a silver tray that I picked up from the sideboard. I put the tray on the white wrought-iron, glass-topped table. Wagner eyed the decanter.

"Looks like Sandwich glass," he said, "with a hollow stopper. About eighteen thirty, I'd guess."

"Exactly right," I said, and tried not to show my surprise. "My wife picked it up someplace in New England. But I'm curious; how'd you know?"

"Just general information. I'm one of those crazy cusses who knows a little somethin' about everything and nothin' about anything. Was born in Texas, brought up by my grandmother in St. Louis who tried to make a gentleman of me. Uphill job. Went to Princeton for a year about the time George Washington was surveying—or so it seems when I look back. Worked my way to Europe on a cattle boat and lived a while in Paris where I accomplished absolutely nothing. Didn't try to, but wouldn't take anything for the experience. Came back and landed in Chicago where I married a girl with a face like an angel and a disposition like a king cobra. The only thing she ever did for me was give me a thousand dollars when she left which I sank into Parchey's Liniment and Pain Cure. Ever hear of it? Great stuff once in the West. Everybody told me I was a damn' fool—all it did was make me rich. But that was after she'd taken the baby—prettiest little girl you ever saw—and divorced me. I lost everything I had—on the wheat exchange—tryin' to get richer. So I went back to Texas. An' here I am. I haven't got a thing on earth but these beautiful Hereford bulls and twenty-seven dollars and eighteen cents in my pocket. But I'm the happiest man you ever met."

Nettie brought the ice and water and went back to the kitchen. On her way she turned on some lights in the living room and oblongs of yellow light fell through the open doors all across the front of the house and lay on the floor of the gallery.

"If you don't mind," Wagner said, "I'll take mine straight."

I poured his drink, made myself a highball and we sat there in the dark. Old Shep, my pet collie, came quietly from the dark and stretched out near us. Now and then a car went along the main road past the opening in the trees at the end of the avenue. Idly I watched the cars and knew Wagner was relishing his visit.

"Lovely place," he said at last. "Lovely. I gather the Missus isn't here?"

"Gone," I said. "For good. Left more than a year ago. It's a little too far from New York down here for week-end house parties. So, to make her happy, I let her get a divorce."

"Women," Wagner said. "God!"

"And, in addition to no house parties, the local gentry are too occupied with their Creole ancestors and their own descendants to pay much attention to outsiders. I came here twelve years ago and always felt at home, but she never did. You belong or you don't—"

"I know. But women! I've spent half my life chasing them and the other half running away from them. What a life! A man with hair on his chest is never out of *trouble. Heard mine died a while* back. Her folks did write me that. Now, thank the Lord, I'm through. I'm sixty-four years old and *finished.* That's why I'm happy."

A car, driving slowly, passed the end of the avenue. I noticed it, forgot it the instant it was gone behind the trees across the front of my land. Then it backed up and turned in. I wasn't expecting anyone.

"Looks as if you've got company," Wagner said, and made a halfhearted attempt to rise. "Guess I'll be shoving on."

"No hurry," I said. "Let's see who this is."

The car stopped on the drive near the edge of the gallery. It was a small car with dried mud on its fenders and it was pretty well beaten up. I rose, and as I started toward it the door opened. Two long slim legs, followed by a skirt, a flimsy yellow blouse, and a blond head came out. With a free, swinging stride the girl came across the drive, her high heels biting at the shells, and stopped between the columns. She was standing in one of the rectangles of light and the light was full on her pretty, brash, pink face. I may be mistaken, but I thought I heard Henry C. Wagner pull his breath in.

"Mr. Barton?" the girl said.

"Yes."

"It's me. Flora Robilot. Mama asked me to stop on my way home and tell you she'd be here about eight in the morning to spray your closets and take a look at your blankets. She says moths are terrible this year. She says she knows you've got a spray gun but she wants to know had she better bring some fluid?"

"I'm not sure what's here, Flora. Yes, she'd better bring some fluid."

For a fleeting instant she just stood there, waiting.

"Okay. *Thank* you, Mr. Barton."

"Thank you, Flora." I didn't ask her to sit down; I never had.

ONCE in a while she dropped by on some errand like that, and always it was the same. She'd seen Wagner too and she'd seen our glasses. One word from me and she'd have spent the evening with us. But I didn't say it. With that marvelous stride of hers she went back to her car, got in, slammed the door and ground down on the starter. Then she leaned across the seat and called, "So *long,* Mr. Barton!" Then she was gone; the red taillight grew smaller and smaller, disappeared under the trees.

I poured us each another drink. Wagner tasted his, cleared his throat. "Now take that case was just here," he said. "I believe we were talking about women. She, regrettably enough, is—and I hate to say it—a typical product of the present age. She smokes, drinks and goes about half naked. They all do. That's supposed to be attractive nowadays. And if we men don't like it, we can just lump it. Oh, I know that little dish like a book; seen a thousand like her, absolutely man-crazy. But—did you ever see better-looking legs?"

I chuckled and realized that Nettie was standing by the door. "Dinner's served, Mist' Bawton," she said. I looked at my watch; it was eight o'clock. Suddenly, I knew that Laura would be proud of it; the routine that she had installed and so rigidly kept operating was still running of its own momentum.

"I'd like to have you stay for dinner, Mr. Wagner," I said.

"Well now, that's certainly kind of you. If you're sure it won't put you out, I'll be delighted."

We went in, washed our hands and sat at the table. Nettie had lighted candles. Wagner saw the two finger bowls

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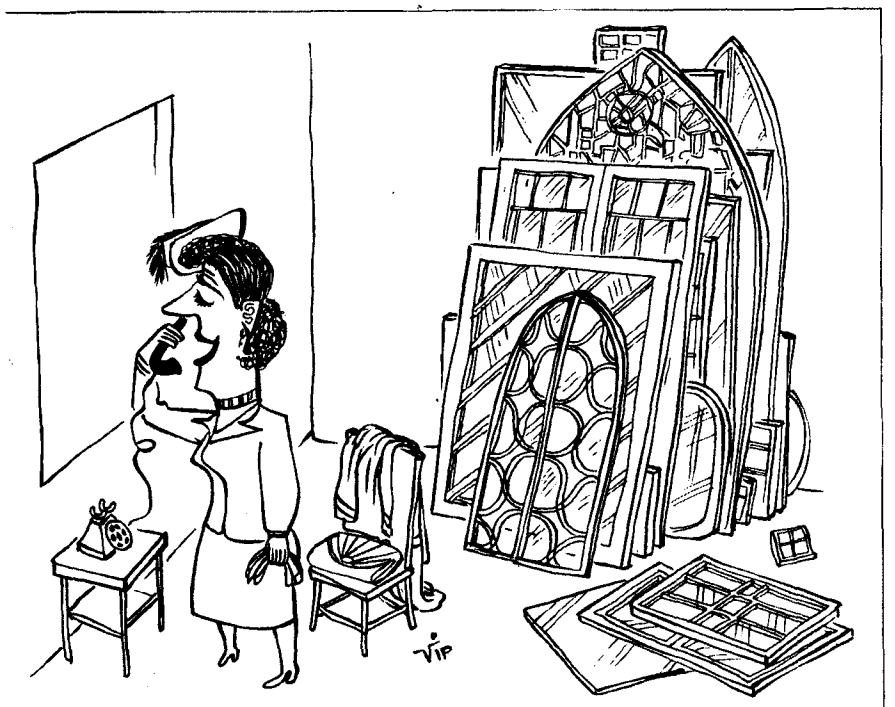

"Don't you worry, darling. I was only window shopping"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

on the serving table and his eyes shone. He said it "took him back" and pleased him to know that civilization wasn't "quite dead yet." Then he brought up Flora's name again.

"Cajun?" he asked.

"Who?"

"That Flora Robilot?"

"Oh! Yes, her mother is. But the young ones, at least around here, have pretty well got away from the old dialect. This isn't the real Cajun country anyway."

"What's she do? Waitress?"

Again I was surprised at his acumen. "Her brother runs a juke joint down the road. The Dreamland. You know, beer and sandwiches. I believe she is waiting table there now."

"Looks to me as if she's had that car in the ditch."

"And probably will again."

"The car hers?"

"I believe it is," I said.

AFTER dinner we went back to the gallery and I took along a box of Havana cigars. Again Wagner settled in the chaise longue and from the way he smoked I could tell he was at peace with the world. For a time we smoked in silence. "This is the first time I've really *dined* in many a day," he said. "It takes me back and I'm grateful to you."

"Not at all," I said. "I get tired of eating alone. I was wondering where your daughter is. You spoke of her as a baby."

"She's dead," he said. "Carried away when she was seventeen with pneumonia. I saw her the year before she went. I was in Dallas then, doing a little promoting in the asphalt business and she came down to see me. A sweet girl—nothing like this Flora that was here. This was before that daughter of Eve who was her mother went on to her reward—as the ministers used to put it when I was a boy. Don't know what they say now. No, I'm all alone, and I tell you it's a wonderful kind of freedom."

Along about ten o'clock I said, "Mr. Wagner, I've got plenty of room here. Would you like to spend the night?"

He said he would. He said it simply and naturally. So he found his horse, unsaddled her and came back to the house carrying old-fashioned saddlebags. From these he withdrew his shaving things, a clean shirt and socks. I took him up to the guest room which was just as Laura had left it; even some of her monogrammed towels, shifted around now and then by Nettie or Mrs. Robilot, hung in the bath. Wagner said good night and closed the door. In a little while I heard the water running in his shower and the old man was singing Shine on, Harvest Moon in a slightly cracked voice. He particularly liked the line that ended: "For me an' my gal."

The next morning I found the door to his room open and Wagner gone. Everything in his room was exactly as it had been; even the bath mat was folded on the edge of the tub. I went down and asked Nettie, who lived on the place with her numerous family, if she'd seen Mr. Wagner. She said she hadn't. I looked out front and his horse was gone. It was not until I went out the kitchen door to get my car that I discovered his saddlebags against the house on the back gallery. I had no idea whether he'd be back or not; perhaps he'd left the bags as a gesture.

A little after noon I was on my way home from town when I passed the Dreamland Café. This place was nothing really: just a white frame building with its roof outlined in neon, but it stood on a sharp curve in the concrete highway and you had to slow down to pass it. To one side was a little grove of moss-hung trees with a few old Garrett Snuff signs nailed to them. Day and night there were always cars parked on the gravel in front of the Dreamland, and I don't care when you passed you could hear the juke box playing.

I was so used to the place that I almost never looked at it. But that day I glanced over through the white shimmering heat, saw the cars, the trees, and then my eye caught something else. A sorrel horse stood patiently, its head lowered as if it had been there for some time, on the dry sandy earth under the oaks. Suddenly, I remembered Flora Robilot, her long legs, her yellow blouse, her blond ringlets. They had done their work. Chuckling to myself, I pulled the front wheels of my car back onto the concrete and drove on home.

I spent most of that afternoon with Hicks, my cane-field foreman, but along about five o'clock I was so curious to know whether or not Wagner was coming back that I went to the house. He wasn't there. I picked up the New Orleans morning paper and took it to the gallery and read it. I'd just about given him up when, a little before six, Wagner turned in from the road.

Again he rode up to the edge of the gallery and I got up to meet him.

"Evenin', Mr. Barton," he said.

"Well," I said heartily, "I wasn't sure whether you'd be back or not." I was genuinely glad to see him. "Come on in. Unsaddle Daisy and come on in."

But he kept his seat. "I don't want to overstay my welcome," he said cautiously. "There's no call for you to take me in, you know."

"I know that. But I'd like you to stay," I said.

He dismounted then, unsaddled Daisy and I went and got the bourbon. When we were seated I asked him if he'd had a good day.

"Wonderful. Just wonderful. Everything clicked. I went to town and saw the railroad people and they expect my cars in tomorrow morning around ten. If you're a mind to, and can spare the time, I'd like you to go down there with me when we unload. I lined up a man today to help me. Mr. Barton, I want you to see those bulls."

"I want to see them."

DURING dinner I asked him why he'd left so early in the morning and he said it was because he didn't want to upset me or the cook. I believed him. I asked him to stay for breakfast the next day and he said he would.

"There's no place around here to get breakfast," I said. "Or lunch either, that I can think of."

That was his cue and he took it.

"Oh, yes." He gave me a half-sly glance and went on casually. "I dropped in at the Dreamland today around lunchtime. Egg salad and deviled ham. Sand for America's backbone! But I ate it. And I saw your little friend Flora there. Seems she remembered me from last night."

I didn't know what to say. Old Henry went on.

"I sat down in one of those back-breaking booths and she came over to take my order. 'Hi, Grandpa!' she said. I looked her up and down. 'You know what?' I said. 'What?' she said. 'I think you got out of the wrong side of your crib this morning!' "

He broke into a hearty laugh and I laughed too.

"And after that, you got on like two peas in a pod?"

"Exactly.". . .

After I got in bed that night, I thought of old Henry C. Wagner and Flora Robilot. He was old enough to be her grandfather. For all his knocking about the world, it seemed to me inevitable that she would make a fool of him. He was sharp, yes, but so was she. And she had weapons that he did not. I liked him and I felt a kind of concern for him. Then I told myself that I was the fool, rolled over and put them both out of my mind.

The next day I drove Wagner down to the siding and we were there when his bulls came in. I've seldom seen anybody more excited than he was. They were beautiful animals all right; we looked them over carefully and I bought six from him on the spot. News had got around that he was expecting them—he'd seen to that before he came to my house—and there was a good crowd waiting. Emil Trellant was there and old man La Tour from Eden Plantation and even Mrs. Andileck with her overseer from over near St. Francisville. Old Henry was smart; he brought in no scrubs; his bulls were just as good as he said they were, and by twelve o'clock, with the sweat standing out on his dry skin, he'd sold every bull he had. You could see he felt like dancing a jig. I didn't blame him; he'd made quite a bit of money.

I took him home with me to lunch and he had hardly finished before he was up and out saddling his horse. He wouldn't even wait for me to write him a check, but went back and herded the bulls that I had bought.

We took them down past what I call Black Water Bayou, and when we turned them out into my little range back of the cane lands I was as proud of them as he was. Then we went to the house, he followed me into the office behind the liv-

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COLLIER'S

HOST'S SPECIALTY

KEN RICHARDS

ing room and I wrote the check. When I held it out to him he wouldn't take it.

"I want to give you those bulls," he said.

I was astounded. "Man, you can't do that!" Finally, I made him take the check.

"All right," he said, putting the check into his rusty-looking old wallet, "but I'd like to ask you to do something for me. Lord knows, you've done enough already, but I'd like to ask you to keep a couple hundred dollars for me. Some of those people paid me in cash. You can put it in your safe and forget it. I'd just like to know it's here, that's all. You never can tell what'll happen to an old fool like me and I might need that money very badly some time. Will you do it, Mr. Barton?"

I didn't want to. I suspected that he was trying to make me a gift of it. But he kept on and finally I agreed. So we took an envelope, put his two hundred dollars in it, I sealed it and then wrote across it: "This money, $200.00, is the property of Henry C. Wagner and is to be used only by him or for him." Then I signed my name and wrote the date under it. I opened the safe, made him watch me put the money in it and locked the safe again. He seemed satisfied.

But he wasn't satisfied to spend the evening again with me on the gallery. He kept drumming his fingers on the arm of his chair and finally stood up.

"Mr. Barton," he said, "if you'll excuse me I think I'll take a turn down the road. Think I'll hike down to the Dreamland and see what's goin' on. Guess I'm a little restless tonight. Would you like to go?"

I declined. Old Henry picked up his hat.

"It's a mile down there," I said. "A mile there and a mile back. Not a bad walk after all the exercise you've had today. Would you like to take my car?"

He wouldn't do it. Then I offered to drive him there but he wouldn't let me. So, feeling strangely sorry for him, I watched him set off down the avenue. But this time I knew he'd be back; his horse was here and his little bit of gear.

I didn't hear him come in that night. The next day he came home with a new suit and a new blue tie.

THIS went on for exactly six weeks. Sometimes he had dinner with me, sometimes not. He struck up a little deal with Nettie and she did his laundry. I got so I took him for granted and I was glad to have him come and go; he broke the loneliness for me. Then one night when it was so hot I couldn't sleep I got up and went out onto the upper gallery. While I was sitting there, a car stopped out on the road. It was too dark for me to see anything but its lights, but suddenly I knew that Flora was bringing old Henry home. In a few minutes I heard his step on the shells. Even before he came, I'd never bothered to lock the doors; he came in quietly, padded up the stairs and went into his room. I wondered how his money was holding out and how much of it Flora had already got.

The next night about ten o'clock I was working at my desk in the office when the telephone rang. As the bell jingled, I realized suddenly that I actually hadn't laid eyes on old Henry C. for two days. And I knew that that call had something to do with him.

"Hello."

"This Mr. Barton?" It was a man's voice; I didn't recognize it.

"Yes."

"You don't know me, but I'm calling from the Dreamland Café. Fred Robilot asked me to call. You a friend of Mr. Henry C. Wagner?"

"Yes, I am," I said. "He's staying with me."

"I think you better come down here, Mr. Barton. Right away."

"What's the trouble?"

"Been an accident. I think you better come right on down."

I said I would. I drove fast and before I got to the curve I could see a lot of people standing by the road near the trees beside the Dreamland. Those red-and-blue neon tubes threw a ghastly light over everything. I pulled up and stopped, and even before I got out I could see what had happened. Somebody had missed that curve and had crashed headlong into one of those solid oak trees. The front end of a car was telescoped against a trunk. I knew whose car it was.

I got out and went over to the wrecked car. Flora stood in the crowd beside it, with her brother, screaming hysterically. She had on a yellow dress and there was blood on it. Her face was badly cut and bleeding. But the ringlets hadn't been touched. The front right-hand door of her car was open; I pushed through and looked in it and saw Henry C. Wagner crushed down on the floor. He was wearing his new suit and his blue tie. He was absolutely still. I noticed that the juke box wasn't playing. . . .

Two days later we had a little service at one of the churches in town. Flora was there in a dark dress with her mother and brother, her face done up in bandages. A dozen or so habitués of the Dreamland came silently and awkwardly into the church. It was a sad, solemn little occasion. I had bought a lot for him and so we buried him there in the stillness under the trees in the churchyard. The minister and I were the last to leave. When we reached the iron gate, I handed him twenty-eight dollars and forty-two cents. That was exactly the amount I had found in the pockets of Henry C. Wagner's new suit.

On my way home, I stopped at the undertaker's in town and asked him how much his bill was. He had already figured it. "One hundred and ninety-eight dollars, Mr. Barton, including everything." He rubbed his hands together. I passed over to him a sealed envelope that had some writing on the face of it, and turned and left.

I SETTLED back into my quiet, companionless old groove and didn't see Flora again until a month later. Then one evening just about dark a car turned in, came up to the house and stopped. I was inside but I heard it.

"Mr. Barton?" a woman's voice called from the dark.

I went out onto the gallery. Flora was standing beside a brand-new car. "May I come in a minute, Mr. Barton? I just got to talk to you."

She came in and I asked her to sit down. She took the chaise longue.

"What is it, Flora?" I noticed that the bandages she had worn at the funeral had been removed from her face, that she had a long scar across one cheek and another across her forehead. Her cheap prettiness was ruined.

"I just wanted to tell you that that accident wasn't my fault. We weren't drunk or anything. It just—happened. But it never would of happened if that old fool hadn't been trying to make love to me—"

I interrupted her. "Where did you get that new car?"

"I *bought* it."

"Where did you get the money?"

"Well—" she was sulking now, "Pop gave me some money from time to time—"

I stood up. "You were paid for your company, Flora. More than paid. I don't think we have anything to discuss."

"You don't, do you?" she cried, and jumped up. "Then look at my face! *Look* at it! I suppose you think a new car pays for *that!*"

"What did you come here for tonight?"

"I'll tell you why I came! You've still got the old fool's horse, haven't you? I want that horse so I can sell it and pay the money to my doctor."

"Good night, Flora," I said, and went into the house.

The next day I sold the horse and sent the money to the church from which we had buried Henry C. Wagner. All that was a few years ago, and now I find I don't think so often any more of the little bull salesman. In fact, about the only times I ever think of him are when I go in and out of the kitchen door and see a pair of old saddlebags still lying there against the house on the back gallery.

THE END

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HONG KONG—BOOM TOWN

Continued from page 53

e beds are the answer) is a dingy, utilrian, cheerless place. Nothing but an ium dream could transform the bare alls and the dirty cotton curtains into Oriental palace with silken drapes and dfuls of lovely daughters of the East. In pops Superintendent Fraser, puffg but proud: Two smokers had escaped his end of the alley, on Kom U Street, he had overtaken the third, and this ckless one, his pockets full of money, s collar now firmly in Fraser's big fist, the admitted keeper of the divan. He a good haul: The smokers will be fined bailed out for only $25, but a divaneeper is good for $1,000 or a year in il (a Hong Kong dollar is worth 25 cents New York, but more here).

The prisoners squat on their haunches aiting to be searched; then they hold eir hands high above their heads—and their hands begin to waver, Fraser nds them skyward again with the simple estured threat of a slap. He throws eir papers, cigarettes and small wads f dollar bills on a table, and a Chinese fficer gathers them up.

"By law," Fraser explains, "everything an opium divan is confiscated—furnire, partitions, drink, opium, pipes, mps and anything a smoker has on him. lakes it quite expensive if one is caught. nd sometimes a nice haul for the govnment."

The officers march the prisoners down the street intersection, with the keeper andcuffed, and they clamber into another van summoned from headquarters.

A Study in Crowd Psychology

It's a strange scene. All traffic has topped. A throng of perhaps 2,000 Chiese are massed in a respectful square und the two police trucks, and hunreds more peer down from the balconies f the four-story buildings. Some laugh nd chat, obviously enjoying the show. Others look grim, or sullen, or just plain nscrutable.

The second van pulls off with the prisners, Fraser takes the wheel of ours nd we are off again on another tip honking through the now milling crowd. The enter Street address is a washout. We ace up three tenement flights, checking ach floor. All we find are dozens of Chiese families, packed in like sardines, miable, smiling and polite, obviously mused and pleased to see the police are arking up the wrong tree.

"Spite business," says Superintendent Fraser sourly as he climbs back into the van. "We get quite a bit of that. Somebody who hates the landlord, or maybe the fourth family on the third floor, will give us the 'tip' and hope the 'raid' annoys hell out of them. And us."

The next place is different. It has a bit of everything. We whiz down Des Voeux Road, or what the Chinese call Tin Che Lo ("Electric Car Road"), veer to the left before an oncoming double-decker trolley, pull to a sharp halt on dark Wing Lok Street, not far from the odorous water front.

The joint is known to be on the second floor, and the building to be open at the rear; Superintendent Fraser and the two Chinese officers race around to the back, while Mackay, Willeston and I vault the front stairs.

There are two doors on the hallway, and Mackay takes the first, hammering mightily. Someone inside asks, "Who's there?"

"Police," shouts Mackay. *"Hoi mun*—open up!"

A tiny panel in the door slides back, and a scraggly bearded Chinese face appears at the prohibition-type peephole, takes a quick look at Mackay's uniform. There is a fumbling delay with the lock, and the door opens.

Mackay takes a quick look at the space to the right, obviously a Chinese living room, well furnished, with two innocent-faced young men seated at a card table. He turns to the barred door on the left, hits it once and shouts:

"Mo yoik—don't move! And hurry it up or I'll smash the door in."

The door opens, revealing a long divan with four cubicles, curtained this time with silk. Ten scattered Chinese, some sitting, some standing, some still abed, remain motionless—but the eleventh is heading for the rear.

Mackay flies through the crowd with amazing agility, catches the fugitive short of the window and fire-escape landing at the rear, sends him sprawling with a smart slap. The Chinese lies where he fell, rubbing his cheek and looking sorrowfully up at the towering inspector.

"Mau tai—squat down," Mackay growls. The Chinese all obey. "And if one of you moves—" he gestures with his hand.

"Nice place, this," observes Superintendent Fraser, surveying the cubicles, the large living-room space with its tables and chairs and mah-jongg sets and the kitchen at the rear. "No coolies here. That man"—he points to a fat, glum-looking fellow in a tight-collared black silk gown—"that man's a merchant or the like. Maybe the others are too."

The silk-draped beds are low double-deckers. There are Chinese paintings on the walls, landscapes mostly, and in the big corner desk the searchers find masses of papers, a thick envelope of black, powderlike wolframite ore ("Escape money," said Fraser, "worth a lot"), playing cards, several tins of British cigarettes and fourteen pots of opium. The beds yield four lamps and two of the long ivory-tipped pipes.

"Probably a club, as he claims," Fraser says, after quizzing the shrewd-faced, ingratiating young Chinese who'd identified himself as the keeper. "But a divan's a divan. We'll haul them all in."

How Addicts Get Bailed Out

By the time we get back to the police station, as Fraser had predicted, the bail-out merchants are there. No coolie addict was so poor a risk, it seemed, that a friend or someone in the trade would not post and let him forfeit his $25 bail; some divans, Fraser says, guarantee this service as a matter of business insurance.

But the keepers, as is the custom, are fingerprinted and held. This being their first recorded offense (and conviction being certain), they will pay a fine of no more than $1,000 or spend no more than a year in jail. A second conviction would bring a similar sentence, plus one far worse: an eviction notice in a house-short city.

And a second conviction for a Chinese not born in Hong Kong would bring worse than that: banishment back to hungry China, with a five-year term in Stanley Gaol ("the King's hotel," the Chinese call it) awaiting any banishee's return.

Opium was legal enough in Hong Kong for a hundred years—and was the foundation of many a British (and American) fortune. Before the first World War, when the colony was accustomed to farm out the franchise for the trade to one syndicate or another, more than half its revenue came from the opium traffic alone.

In the 1920s the government made the trade a state monopoly—and the police raids then were revenue jobs against the unlicensed. They began doctoring the stuff, too, to make it less palatable, with the pious if temporarily profitable hope of ultimately reducing its hold on the ordinary addict.

After the Japanese took Hong Kong in December, 1941, they flooded the city with both heroin and opium, shipping it down from North China, which, with India, still supplies the smuggling rings today. The British reversed a hundred years of history when they returned in 1945, and outlawed the smoking or possession of the drug.

Hong Kong is the boom town of the Orient today, the only city in the Far East approaching the bright-light bustle of "the good old prewar days," and its British stability has lured thousands of wealthy Chinese families as well as thousands of hungry coolies from what the colonials here for a century have been calling "the troubles in China." That stability has also quieted, at least temporarily, Chinese demands for the return of Hong Kong to China. As long as the civil war rages and economic chaos impends, most Chinese seem to think the Union Jack looks all right over the City of Refuge.

THE END

"It was very easy. I'm the Mrs. Holmes who sent in the questions"

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MARSHALL PLAN

IF THE struggle now in progress between George Catlett Marshall and Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin isn't unique, it is hard to find the historic parallel. Two old soldiers, men of action, are engaged in an argument over ideas. The ideas are as deep and as charged with emotion as religion; as basic as the springs of life itself. The decision ultimately will be rendered by the world audience listening to the argument. Only Eskimos, the dwarf blacks of the Congo, and a few other primitive peoples are not concerned with the outcome.

These two men, one a former theological student from Georgia in southern Asia, the other a Pennsylvania-born graduate of the Virginia Military Academy, embody two conflicting creeds of human behavior as different as the ideals of Mohammed and Christ. For the first time in written history the entire world is pretty well divided into two camps.

Marshall and Stalin are struggling over something called the Marshall Plan. Marshall has asked nothing for himself or for his country. The record is so simple as to be disarming. On June 5th last, General Marshall went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to receive an honorary degree from Harvard College.

Famous men sometimes have to make speeches when they accept academic degrees. General Marshall made a short speech.

We keep the record clearer if we recall at this point just what General Marshall suggested in his Harvard speech. Here it is briefly:

1. Europe will be short of food and other necessities for three or four years.

2. Before the United States gives, more European countries should find out what they can do for themselves and one another.

3. Europe should plan for itself.

4. When Europe has planned for itself, the United States should give what friendly aid it can.

On being asked, Secretary Marshall said he had in mind all of Europe, including both Soviet Russia and Great Britain. Nobody could then have known that Russia would not like the suggestion. Russia had been enthusiastic in accepting Lend-Lease during the war.

Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary, flew to Paris to visit Mr. Bidault on June 16th, eleven days after General Marshall's speech at Harvard. The Britisher and the Frenchman agreed to seek Russian help in writing a note to Secretary Marshall. On June 27th, Bevin, Bidault and Mr. Molotov began to discuss what Europe should do and say about supporting its own people. Soon Mr. Molotov let Mr. Bevin and Mr. Bidault know that Russia was hostile to Secretary Marshall's suggestion.

The Russians decided to call this "American imperialism." They began to say, and say furiously, that the Marshall Plan was a way to establish American capitalism on European countries. If that were true, it would be serious, but fortunately it is not true. Look at the record.

On July 3d after Russia refused to co-operate with Great Britain and France, Bevin for Great Britain and Bidault for France invited all European countries except Spain, which is a dictatorship on Fascist rather than Communist lines, to meet in Paris to consider General Marshall's suggestion. Sixteen nations came—all except those under Russian influence, and Spain. Those sixteen nations agreed upon a report that is now the Marshall Plan, even though General Marshall had nothing to do with its preparation.

The sixteen nations made a four-year plan to bring about European recovery. Their recovery program is based on four points. Each country promises:

1. To modernize its equipment and to try to increase its production especially in agriculture, fuel, power and transportation.

2. To create and maintain internal financial stability.

3. To develop economic co-operation between the European countries.

4. To try to find a way to pay the debts to the United States by exports from Europe or elsewhere.

To modernize, to produce more, to become financially solvent, to practice economic co-operation and to pay the debts owed the United States and Canada is a pretty solid program for recovery. To achieve this the European countries plan to work harder than ever before in peacetime. To the extent that's possible, each country has planned to increase its production year by year. That is the heart of the program laid out by the sixteen nations and now called the Marshall Plan.

For France or Italy or Switzerland or Denmark to seek to produce enough to feed and clothe and shelter its own people is certainly not to injure or to threaten Russia or any of the satellites of Russia.

It is difficult for the average American to understand how this kind of Marshall Plan could injure any country except possibly the United States. Surely it is difficult for an American to understand in what way Russia would be injured if Frenchmen or Austrians or Italians were able to eat a little better this winter because of American generosity, or were able to produce more abundantly with better machines obtained through American loans. It is conceivable that American loans might not be repaid, as it is fairly certain that the Lend-Lease gifts and loans will not be repaid.

The Russians and some of their satellites profess to believe that loans and gifts from American nations will somehow cloak the advance of American commercial imperalism. Of course this fear is fantastically unreal. Europe has nothing in the way of territory that the United States wants. Europe has no prosperity that we covet. Americans would like to trade with prosperous European countries, but surely nobody is injured by the exchange of goods between prosperous peoples.

The rational and solid ground of Russian opposition to Western Europe's desire for recovery could lie in the thought that a hungry and economically demoralized Europe might provide much more fertile seed beds for Communist propaganda. Communists who study their Karl Marx could have such expectations. At any event, up to this writing the Russians have not given a more understandable explanation for their furious opposition to the Marshall Plan.

If an Adolf Hitler, insane adventurer, had not a hungry and a disorganized Europe to inflame with hatred and envy, perhaps there might not have been a second World War. We can say nothing more certain than perhaps, but somehow a majority of Americans came out of this second World War with a belief that a hungry, disorganized, miserable Europe full of hate and envy is no guarantee of peace and prosperity to the United States. So that's about where we stand today.

General Marshall appears to have assumed that our compassion as human beings, moved by the hunger and wretchedness of those in Europe, would irresistibly induce us to help. General Marshall also seems to have assumed that our hardheaded realization of our need for the recovery of the free and democratic peoples of Europe would persuade us to calculate the risks required if free and democratic European people are to be self-supporting and independent. He seems to have guessed that, once confronted with the facts, Europeans themselves would choose to do what is necessary to recover, and we would do what we can to help them recover.

After long deliberation Generalissimo Stalin decided to challenge General Marshall, and so the argument continues. American aid or European hunger will win. We have the first vote.

W. L. C.

WASHINGTON PARTY LINE

RIGHT now, it's fifty-fifty that Gover Tom Dewey will duck the April Wisconsin Presidential primary. So of his closest advisers are counseling it.

Wedged between Stassen on one hand and M Arthur on the other, Dewey's chances are very certain in this crucial showdown. A defeat co wreck his whole campaign. That's what happer to Willkie in 1944, when he was licked by Dewey the Badger State.

Of course, a duck-out would also entail ris Opposition camps would raise a big hullabal But Dewey strategists are theorizing that such t would be less painful than an outright defe Dewey, himself, is still undecided.

But the very fact that Deweyites are discussi withdrawing from the Wisconsin primary demc strates the inherent weakness of his candidacy.

THE day after the State Department revers itself and allowed its former seven employe discharged on security grounds, to "resign," t seven sent their lawyers a case of 12-year-old Iri whisky. Former Assistant Attorney General Thu man Arnold and ex-OPA Director Paul Porter h handled the celebrated case free of charge.

Fondling the liquor, Arnold remarked, "This w mighty nice of them. And thank Heaven, it's Iri whisky and not vodka."

WISPY Harry Bridges, West Coast C.I.O. lon shoreman czar, and burly Dave Beck, Seatt West Coast A.F. of L. teamster boss, are squari off for a knockdown battle.

The two labor tycoons have long been at dagg points. Their brawl may affect this year's Pre dential contest.

Beck made the first overt move right in Bri home town, San Francisco. Beck sent some o teamsters through a picket line thrown around a b department store by Warehouseman's Local No. one of Bridges' unions. Police averted a bloo fight.

The timing of Beck's attack on Bridges is ve significant. It occurred shortly after Dan Tobi aged national teamster ruler, had the union's co stitution amended so he could appoint Be national executive vice-president. Known as t "crown prince amendment," it was put through insure Beck's succession to Tobin.

CONGRESSIONAL SCORE CARD: This is t way congressional insiders are marking up the sco card on the key issues of the session:

The Marshall Plan will be passed, but will *not* t administered by the State Department. A ne agency will do the job.

Taxes will be cut, including a husband-wi income-split provision, over the President's veto.

The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act will b extended by a close margin.

Rent controls will be continued another year.

Consumer rationing and wage ceilings will *n* be approved.

The Taft-Hartley Labor Act will *not* be amende

Total federal appropriations for fiscal 1949 wi top $40,000,000,000.

CHIC, witty Mrs. Julius Krug, wife of the towe ing Secretary of Interior, put one gushin dowager in her place in a way she shouldn't forg for some time. The incident occurred at one c those jam-packed social affairs that clutter up t Washington scene.

Encountering Krug, the dowager exclaime "How are you, Mr. Secretary. It's so nice to se you. And where is your lovely wife this evening?

"Right here," broke in Mrs. Krug sweetly. "Don' you remember? You've already met me three time tonight."

ROBERT S. ALLEN

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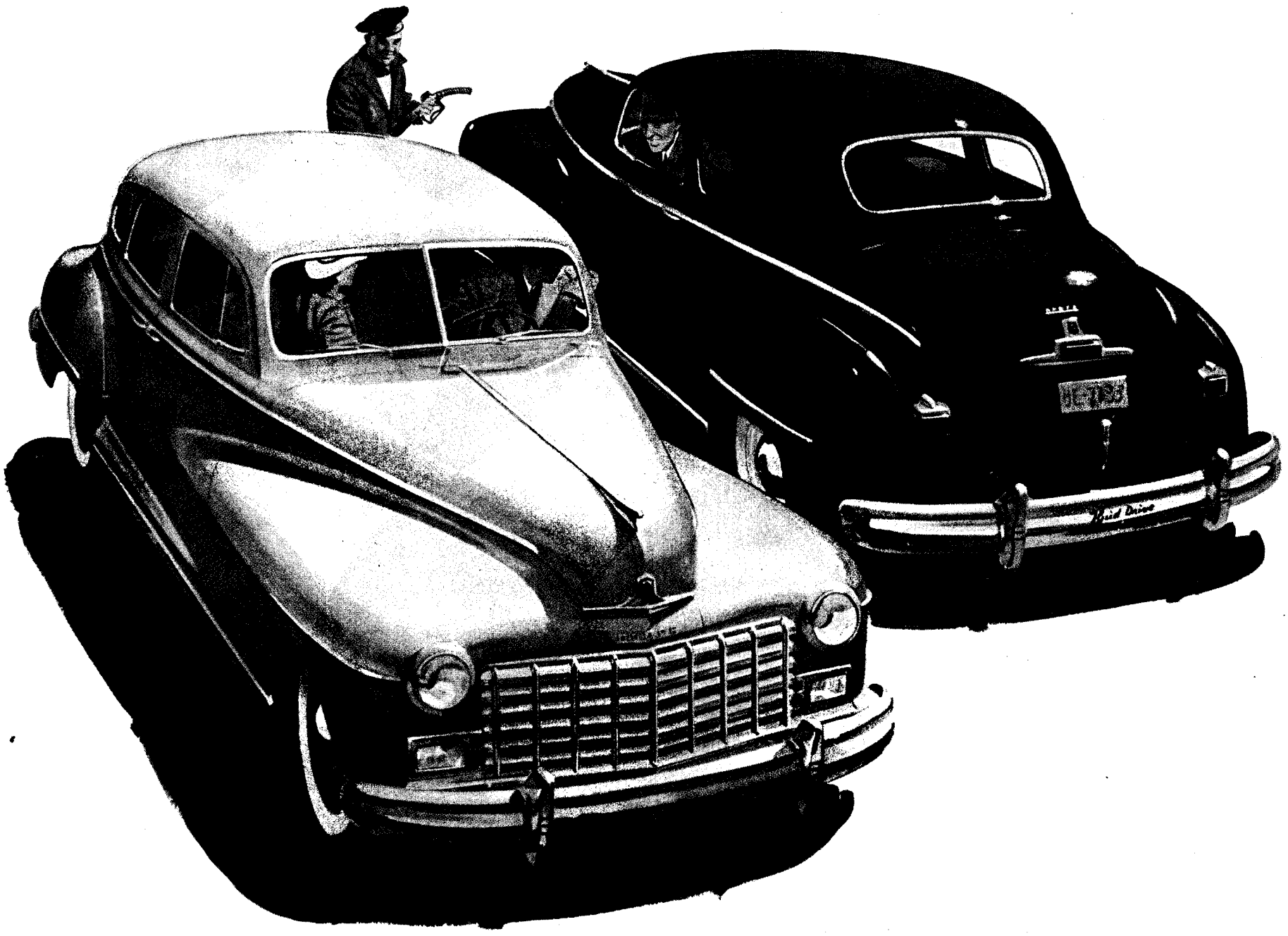

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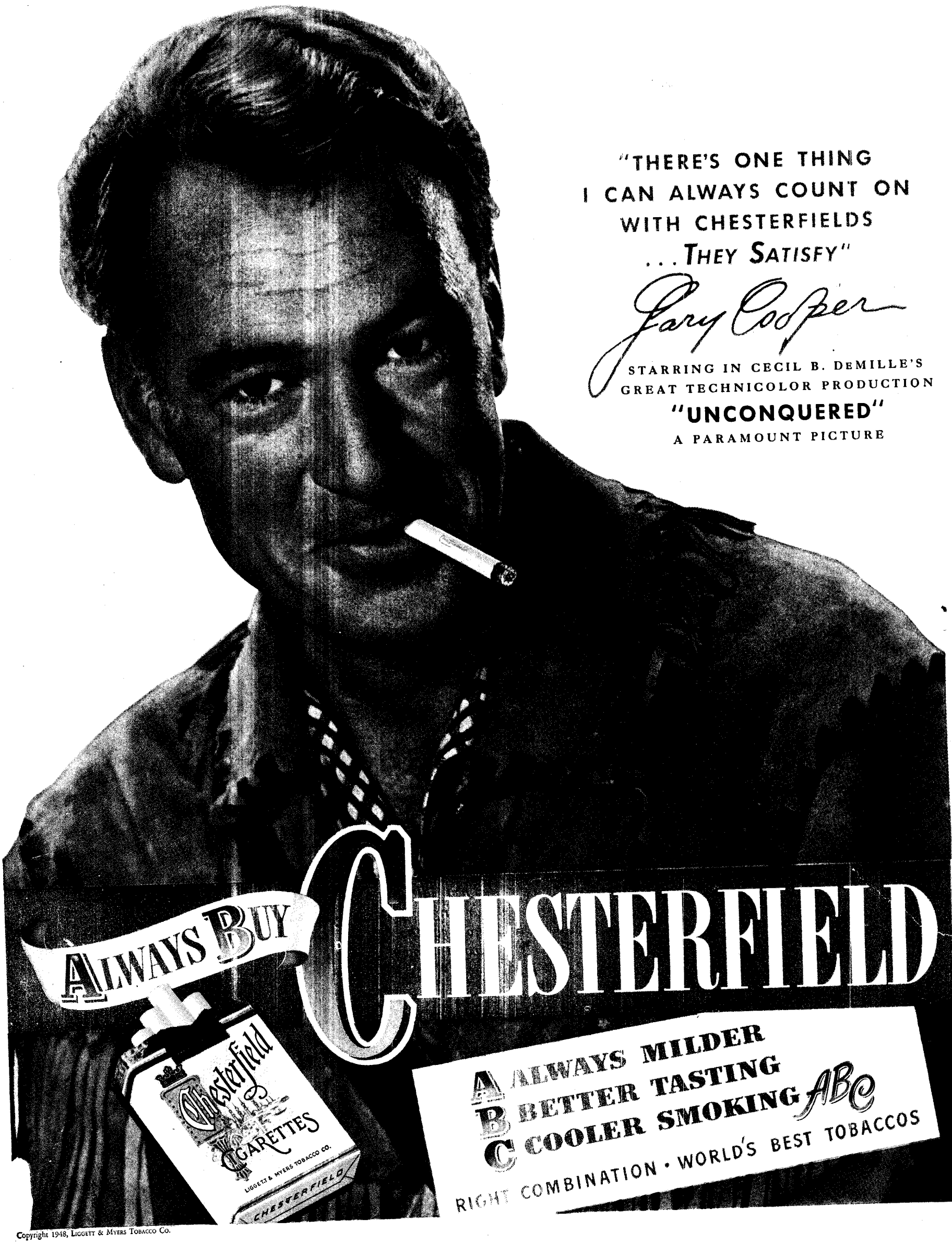

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